

POEMS OF THE PAST
By
MOI-MÊME.



4508
C35



WITHDRAWN

Gary Moffet
Archibald
Memorial

POEMS OF THE PAST

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Archibald
Memorial

BY

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THE OPENING LEAFLET.

THOUGHTS, oft penned in some stray leisure hour,
Here interwoven without skill or art,
Fain would, like the uncultured way-side flower,
Impart a passing pleasure to some heart.

A lightsome gleam upon some dreary way,
A cheering hope beyond this world of care ;
A soothing balm some sorrow to allay,
And make life's burdens seem less hard to bear.

What life hath ever flowed unchequered on,
And hath not in it blended light and shade,
Some little cloudlet, ere the day hath gone,
As ripples o'er a placid tide have strayed ?

Truth is beauty, and all beside, deceit,
How fair soe'er its aspect may appear ;
Save religion, all is cold and incomplete—
A specious good, possessed in doubt and fear.

Let virtue but assert her power and worth,
As doth the blessed sunlight from the sky ;
How quickly are dispelled the shades of earth ;
The tear is dried, and hushed the weary sigh.

A thousand simple blessings that bestrew
Each lowly pathway, heretofore unseen,
Religion's pure ray reveals at once to view,
And life grows fairer, brighter, more serene,

POEMS OF THE PAST.



EVENING THOUGHTS.

A SILENCE is o'er the landscape now,
A spell is felt of a wondrous power,
Not a twitter of bird, on branch or bough,
To break the hush of the twilight hour.
The flowers have folded their leaves awhile,
As tho' the repose they needed, too,
Until 'neath the morning's radiant smile
They re-open—freshened in scent and hue.

The busy day, and its countless cares,
Its scenes and faces both sad and gay
(So swiftly passed, almost unawares),
Now rise before me in calm array.
How short it seems since the rising sun
Had ushered it in so joyously;
Since I knelt, to ask for the day begun,
A blessing that rightly spent it be.

In the retrospect—what do I see,
As I question my heart on the grace bestowed?
Has it brought me much for eternity?
Or its fleeting hours, have they vainly flowed?
Was “God” my motto, my ruling thought,
While I laboured on through the by-gone day?
Or was it a vain esteem I sought,
Which melts like a morning mist away?

In the sphere of duty to me assigned,
How much of life's joy did I try to shed ?
When faint hearts sank, and when sad repined,
Did I try on their path a few flowers to spread ?
How many a weary toiler trod
On my chequered way since the morning's sun,
Whom I might have closer drawn to God,
Ere the day had passed, and its work was done.

In the little crosses that came to me
In my path to-day from a Hand above,
When hard they pressed, did I try to see
In their bitterness, even, a Father's love ?
Oh, precious shadows ! to me more fair
Than the brightest beams of a noon-day sun,
Which screen from a false, deceitful glare
The good which, perchance, I may have done.

In the silent counsel, my heart and I
Now hold together, at eve's decline,
It tells me, alas ! with a pensive sigh,
How much more merit might have been mine !
How many treasures throughout the day,
Riches for heaven, I might amass,
Which slipped from my feeble grasp away—
Like a dream did its brief, swift moments pass.

Regretful, but fervent in faith and hope,
No gloom shall the day's shortcomings cast ;
With the morrow again I shall try to cope,
And, mayhap, reap more ere its hours are past.
In His vineyard, and under the Master's eye,
Shall the heart grow weary, the eye grow dim ?
Oh, no ; I must ceaselessly try and try,
Counting no cost while I work for Him.

W A I T.

TINY seedlings lie unheeded,
 Hidden in their mother earth,
 Scattered there, and then forgotten,
 Till some day they spring to birth;
 Or, perchance, who there had sown them,
 Watched their progress—thought it late;
 Eager wishing here avails not,
 They shall yet unfold—but wait!

All the good and gentle teachings
 We are trying to impart;
 All the little seeds we planted
 In the soil of some young heart,
 May to us seem void and fruitless,
 And our care and sorrow great;
 We shall yet see precious blossoms—
 Flowers of virtue—if we wait!

If an erring soul you're trying
 To recall from paths of sin,
 And o'er its delays are sighing—
 Ere you know it, you shall win.
 Grace is slow, but surely working
 On the guilt, perhaps of years;
 Wait!—though long they may be lurking,
 Soon shall come repentant tears.

If some cherished hopes are faded,
 And to grief you fall a prey,
 Though the present seem o'ershaded,
 Wait!—the cloud will pass away.
 Though your pathway now seem dreary,
 And you miss the love that blessed.
 Still be hopeful, grow not weary—
 Toil shall yet give place to rest.

Changeful as the skies above you
Are the smiles and frowns of friends;
“Is there none,” you ask, “to love you,
With a love that never ends?”
Yes! when e’en no ray is peeping
Through the gloom that shrouds your fate;
Think not still that God is sleeping;
Still be patient—calmly wait!

STANZAS.

Of all the words sweetest and dearest,
That greet me wherever I roam,
One word to my heart comes the nearest,
And what is that sweet word? ’Tis “Home.”
Bright dreams are forever entwining
Their links thro’ its magical sound,
For there, peace and love are combining,
Sweet joy and contentment abound.

The toil-worn emigrant leaving,
With sad heart, his dear native shore,
Do you ask that, for which he is grieving?
His “home” he may never see more.
Be it lowly or rich, it has ever
Been Eden on earth to his heart;
Each tie to it, now he must sever,
For this does each bitter tear start.

The mariner, tossed on the billow,
Though much he delight in the main,
At night, when he rests on his pillow,
Revisits his old home again;
Sees dearly-loved faces around him,
Sweet familiar voices he hears:
Ah! slumber’s frail fetters have bound him,
Too soon the short dream disappears.

The soldier, though fearless in braving
The battle, or facing the foe,
Undaunted by flash of steel waving,
Still, one saddened thought does he know—
Not death, for he shrinks not from danger,
But death where no tear-drop may fall
On his grave— all unknown, near the stranger,
Far from home, far from friends, far from all.

The minstrel, in foreign lands roaming,
Whose plaintive notes sound like a dream,
As their melody floats thro' the gloaming,
“Home’s” memories then are his theme.
Mark the pathos thro’ every chord stealing,
His eyes e’en with tear-drops are dim,
Awakened is now every feeling
And fond recollection in him.

In this wide, wide creation there is not
A place where we find sweeter rest,
A haven more sure than this dear spot—
“Home’s” hearth, mid the friends we love best.
Best lessons we’ve learned in youth there,
Beside a beloved parent’s knee;
For wisdom and virtue and truth, there,
Were blended with childhood’s bright glee.

“Home, home!” is the heart’s cry ascending,
Suggesting that Home of the blest,
Towards which we are ceaselessly tending,
For here we are exiles at best.
Life’s toil shall have ended for ever;
No partings, no sorrows, no care,
In Heaven, where shadow shall never
Find entrance—our true home is there.

A PROBLEM.

'MONG the childish queries of long ago,
My wandering fancy fain would know
(While gazing upon Creation's face,
So full of loveliness and grace),

Can He who has painted it all so fair,
Has framed and moulded with so much care,
Has fashioned it—oh, so wondrously—
Can that great Creator think of me?

So mere a speck on this planet cast,
On this earth, so limitless and so vast,
And, in my waywardness, prone to stray
From the order which all things else obey.

No longer the misty doubts of youth
Arise before me to dim the truth.
I know, Who watches the tiny nest
Where the sparrow "hath found herself a rest."

Who teaches her all the science she needs,
Whose bounty unceasingly clothes and feeds,
Who shields from the storm, that roughly blows,
The humblest wayside flower that grows.

Ah, how can distrust or doubt be mine,
When around me I see such mercies shine?
They, too, are but parts of a glorious whole,
But what, when compared to my precious soul?

O'er all, the Creator's name we read,
On earth and ocean and spangled mead,
Yet one thing, alone, in all nature's plan
Is made to His likeness—*the soul of man.*

Then He sees His own blest image shine
In this great, immortal soul of mine!
Purchased, redeemed, and His heavenly heir,
Can I doubt that of me my God has care?

His wisdom and power are well displayed,
In the myriad wonders His hand hath made,
But not all the beauty of this vast globe
Can compare with the soul's baptismal robe.

Which, though it may catch some earthly stain,
In the precious blood is renewed again—
Renewed and cleansed in that saving tide
That copious flood from the Saviour's side.

The problem is :— that to so much love
My heart does not more responsive prove,
And, alas ! at times, should discord be
In creation's perfect harmony.

IN MEMORIAM.

D.C.

A SCORE of bright, unsullied, cloudless years
Had barely glided o'er his youthful brow,
When white-winged angels, heedless of our tears,
Our home's best treasure bore away—and how ?
Ah ! silently and calm they summoned from his side
In manhood's prime, a parent's hope and pride.

Regardless of the anguish of that parent's heart,
The reaper came and culled his fairest flower ;
In vain was human solace to impart
A fitting balsam in that darkest hour,
When all life's hopes had suddenly grown dim ;
When all his heart prized most seemed lost to him.

Lost—ah ! no, and well bereaved ones knew
The Master fondly claimed that cherished youth.
Whose guileless years so gently, swiftly flew,
Where shone uprightness, manliness, and truth ;
Whose brief, bright life but for awhile was given,
And deemed less meet for dreary earth than Heaven.

Though shadows dark and unforeseen should cloud
The hearth so lately radiant in his smile ;
Though many hearts 'neath sorrow keen are bowed
And all seems loneliness and grief awhile,
Still shall his precious memory impart
A silent comfort to each mourning heart.

How oft and lovingly shall we recall
His graceful, manly form—each lock and tone ;
The joyous laugh—the warm heart—all, all,
Which have, alas ! so early from us flown :
Nor need we skill of artist to employ
To trace a portrait of our precious boy.

No more his manly form those sports shall grace,
Where mingling with a buoyant step and light,
The healthful hue upon his handsome face
Was oft a loving father's fond delight ;
Combined with spirit brave and fearless might be seen
In him a winsomeness of look and mien.

All that, to us, is anguish deep and pain—
A cross 'neath which we strive to meekly bow ;
To him, oh, happy thought, is real gain :
His filial love is well requited now.
The tender Saviour to His home above
Invites—and Mary welcomes him with love.

Oh ! yes ; beyond the portals of the tomb
Are joys more blissful than our fondest dream—
When Faith's clear beacon doth dispel the gloom,
And Christian Hope doth shed its bright'ning beam.
O hearts bereaved ! to whom do you consign
Your treasure ? To the keeping of a Heart Divine.

A TRIBUTE TO NANO NAGLE.

(Centenary, 1878.)

WHAT language can picture, what pen can portray
The glories of her whom we honour to-day ?
What words, howe'er glowing, to virtue so bright,
Can give half their lustre, their warmth and light ?
Bright star ! tho' a century o'er thee has sped,
Still brightly as ever thy radiance has shed—
Nay, even more radiant, more intense to-day,
Seems the glow which thy brightness still flings on
our way.

Oh ! blest was the hour, when yielding to grace,
Thy heart to each noblest feeling gave place ;
When life's gayest charms seemed on thee to smile,
To thee they appeared all delusive the while.
No longer can earth and its pleasures enfold
A heart which has bravely escaped from their hold--
A heart which their strongest attractions has spurned,
And now to the poor and the lowly is turned.

Oh ! blest was the hour, when answering that call,
Youth, fortune, and talents, home, comforts and all,
All that life had of brightest, that richly was thine,
Was to God's poor devoted, and laid on His shrine.
How toilsome soever before thee the track,
Thy spirit, undaunted, ne'er paused to look back ;
With a zeal ever burning, a love all divine,
In thee the apostle and mother combine.

A century ago, when oppression would fain
The young mind in ignorance try to enchain ;
When penal enactments the Irish would crush,
And the voice of instruction in vain try to hush,
Then nobly 'midst perils thy footsteps had trod,
For thy labours bore ever the impress of God ;
And, year after year, did thy great work expand,
Till the cloud was dispelled which had hung o'er
our land.

Not only the poor and the friendless were sought.
But the outcast, by thee, to repentance was brought ;
Unheeding the taunts of the worldly and proud,
Unheeding the jars of the pitiless crowd,
With footstep for ever unfaltering and sure,
No spot was for thee too remote or obscure,
Sweet angel of peace ! on thy mission of love,
Shedding blessings around thee where'er thou dost
move

No terror retarded—thy weapon was prayer,
And God gave His lights and His grace to thee
there.

Unceasing thy efforts His love to impart—
“ Souls, souls ! ” was the cry of thy generous heart.
Though tiny the germ, though feeble the ray,
We behold now its fruits—it has burst into day ;
For tho’ rude was the soil, yet not sterile nor cold—
The seed thou hast cast has brought forth hundred-
fold.

A century has passed, but thy name still lives on,
And thro’ ages to come, when we, too, shall have
gone,

Thy memory, dear Foundress, immortal shall be,
Thy children, in thousands, shall look up to thee.
Then, as now, shall thy spirit in freshness revive,
And thy work, gaining vigour, still gloriously thrive ;
And countless the souls whom thy daughters shall win
From error and darkness, from sorrow and sin.

The joyous “ Te Deum ” now falls on the ear ;
A chorus of jubilant voices we hear ;
While with hearts overflowing, with gladness replete,
Those wreaths, Nana Nagle, we lay at thy feet.
Look on us to-day from thy bright home above,
And cast on thy children a fond glance of love ;
Bless our labours, that we may unflinchingly tread
In the path thy example before us has spread.

LOOK UP !

WHEN pursued by doubt and fear,
 Look up !
 When dark shadows hover near,
 Look up !
 When no pitying ray can fall
 Thro' the gloom which, like a pall,
 Seems to thee o'erhanging all,
 Look up !
 A sweet, still voice calls out to thee,
 Look up !
 'Mid sorrows still courageously,
 Look up !
 To this dark and dreary night,
 Shall succeed the cheering light,
 Of a day serene and bright.
 Look up !
 Should vain terrors cloud thy hope,
 Look up !
 Should'st thou feebly with them cope,
 Look up !
 Still hold fast that precious beam,
 Dimly burning tho' it seem,
 Soon shall on thee brightly gleam,
 Look up !
 When the cross shall press on thee,
 Look up !
 More than ever trustingly,
 Look up !
 Think of Him who bore His own,
 Without solace—all alone !
 'Neath a weight to thee unknown.
 Look up !
 Cold or ardent in thy love,
 Look up !
 In joy or trial from above,
 Look up !

Take what Heaven sends to thee ;
 Let thy motto "Fiat" be ;
 Ever still unswervingly,

Look up !

A Father's tender heart is nigh,

Look up !

And o'er thee bends with anxious eye,

Look up !

Soon shall come a sweet relief ;
 Soon this passing hour of grief
 Shall to thee seem light and brief.

Look up !

SABBATH BELLS.

THEY tell of rest. With listening ear,
 Delighted, doth the toiler hear
 Those pitying tones, which bid him close
 His labours for a day's repose.
 A respite sweet, which will beguile
 His mind from countless cares awhile,
 Nor may one gloomy thought forecast
 To-morrow's labours while they last.

They tell of peace. As doth the breeze
 Around us play its melodies,
 And every floweret, leaf, and spray
 Drink in its softly-whispered lay,
 So do those bells, with silvery sound,
 Make deeper e'en the stillness 'round.
 Oh ! blessed hush ! with potent art,
 Thou quietest the restless heart !

They tell of hope. Oh ! yes, for there
 Is breathed a holy psalm of prayer ;
 Nor doth each soft-pealed, dulcet note,
 Upon the noontide, idly float ;

An eloquence of silent power
Speaks to the heart in that still hour,
When gently, softly, 'round us swells
The music of those Sabbath bells.

They tell of Heaven. For ne'er, oh ! ne'er
Shall end the blissful Sabbath there,
When life shall lay its burden down,
And cross shall be exchanged for crown,
When feet which climbed life's rugged steep,
And aching hearts, that could but weep,
And wearied hands, whose toil is o'er,
Find tranquil rest for evermore.

Peal on, sweet bells, your tones have much
Of God's all-sanctifying touch ;
Ye bid the restless world to stay
Awhile upon its onward way,
And win some new and precious grace
To strengthen for life's toilsome race ;
To strive, with firmer, holier will,
Life's glorious purpose to fulfil.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

FAIRER than flowers of spring-time
In freshness and in hue,
Sweeter than rose or violet,
In fragrant odour, too,
Brighter than summer sunshine,
The glow which they impart,
Those happy, happy dwellers
Within the tranquil heart.

Unchilled by blasts of autumn,
Unheeding winter's gloom,
In memory's haunted bowers
They wear a fadeless bloom ; .

Though years may cast their shadows,
And age its furrows leave,
No shade to dim their lustre,
Those hidden gems receive.

The sable garb of sorrow,
At times, may wrap them 'round,
But when again unfolded,
Scarcely altered are they found.
The holy air of calmness
Which they are wont to breathe,
Shall soon restore those immortelles,
The peaceful heart which wreathes.

Ah ! cherish them as priceless,
Those happy thoughts which dwell,
From human gaze deep hidden,
Within the heart's lone cell.
They are the copious well-springs,
Whence words of kindness flow,
And which, o'er all our daily lives
A tinge of gladness throw.

Then, treasure them in memory,
Nor let the world's chill air
Blow rudely on them, lest it blight
Or mar their beauty there.
No nearer friends, nor dearer,
E'en when we seem alone—
That heart is never lonely
With happy thoughts her own.

WHO ARE LIFE'S VICTORS ?

THE conqueror, in the pride of power,
In all the flush of victory's hour,
Who sees his foes, enfeebled, quail.
His prowess who hears thousands hail ;

Who now beholds, with flashing eye,
A gay and glittering pageant vie,
In striving homage to bestow—
And yet is he a victor? No.

Ah! from this pinnacle of might,
While dizzied with his lofty height,
He cannot see the tearful eye,
Nor hear the orphan's anguished cry.

Nor does he know how keen the dart
Which pierced the widow's broken heart.
That shout of conquest—ah! she hears
It, mockingly fall on her ears

Whate'er of glory now is shed
Is circling round her cherished dead,
Whose life-blood purchased his renown,
And won the conqueror's dear-bought crown.

He on whom fortune's hands bestows
The gifts of honour, wealth, repose,
Who, tho' with ease and affluence crowned,
Is heedless of the woes around.

Whose hand is ne'er outstretched to bless
Or aid the needy in distress;
Who 'mong his fellow-men is seen
With head erect and haughty mien;

Who scans with cold, disdainful eye,
Each poor, less favoured passer-by,
That, dearer far to Heaven may be—
Oh! surely not a victor he.

Who, with unfaltering courage, tries
Above life's petty cares to rise,
And, trustingly, from day to day,
With firmness treads life's toilsome way;

Is not elated or dismayed,
In joy or trial, sun or shade ;
Who only counts that day alone
Wherein some kindness he has shown,
Regardless of earth's ills or strife ;
Who journeys calmly on through life,
Unheeding cloudy skies or fair—
Oh ! he alone is *victor* there.

A S M I L E.

We sometimes sigh, we know not why,
And feel our spirits dull, the while ;
Like sun's bright gleam on silent stream,
Comes then, the radiance of a smile.

It brightens, cheers, dispels our fears,
Rekindles, soon, hope's fading ray ;
The murky cloud which, like a shroud
Hung o'er us, quickly melts away.

When friends of old to us seem cold,
And we feel like some lonely isle :
Nor sky, nor trees, nor summer breeze
Can cheer us like a friendly smile.

We hardly know, whence comes the glow,
Which to our drooping hearts it lends ;
With joy we find, that still are kind
Those who had been our early friends,

The tear may fall at sorrow's call,
And soothe the heart bereaved, awhile,
Tho' griefs there dwell, the gloomy spell
Is broken by a cheery smile.

At once we feel around us steal
Sweet sympathies we fancied dead,
And should a tear e'en then appear,
Joy mingles with it, ere 'tis shed.

From youth to age, thro' all life's page,
No arts, as soon from cares beguile;
Nor songs of birds, nor balmy words
Possess the magic of a smile.

A paltry thing for muse to sing,
And yet, how amply it supplies
Whate'er the want of favours scant,
A gift, with it, we doubly prize.

But some will say, "alas! there may,
Beneath its brightness lurk a wile;"
We never fail, still, still to hail
The sunshine of a joyous smile.

Tho' but a ray of parting day—
A golden glow, ere sun is past,
In it we bask, nor do we ask
How long the radiant beam will last.

A TRUE HERO.

No sword he wields, no helmet does he wear,
No martial prowess won for him a name;
No brilliant pageant rose to greet him there—
A priest—who shrinks from honors and from fame.

And yet in human form, a very angel he,
As 'mid the wounded and the dead he moved;
In each a cherished brother does he see,
And night and day his heroic love is proved.

His pure, devoted heart no terror knows,
Nor wounds, nor maladies his soul affright;
From ward to ward with tireless zeal he goes,
Diffusing 'round him comfort, hope, and light.

Before him lie the victims of a war;
His blood-stained cassock, too, its token bears,
And still his only warlike weapons are
His ritual and the sacred stole he wears.

For days his wearied frame no respite knows,
At night no soft, refreshing slumber greets;
From couch to couch of suffering and of woes
He gently moves and nought but anguish meets.

His presence cheers, his voice sweet hope inspires,
Oh! who can tell the glorious victories won?
The conquests which this humble priest acquires,
His toilsome daily task thus nobly done.

Beside the dying soldier does he kneel,
And whispers words of comfort in his ear—
Words which have power to strengthen and to heal,
Which soothe each pain and banish every fear.

Old bearded warriors kissed his hand with love—
For, was he not to them an angel Heaven sent,
Who tho' on earth had fixed his hopes above,
And now whom Providence to them had lent?

In life's meridian still, his haggard face
Betokened cares and toils which knew no rest,
Yet stamped with true nobility of grace,
Who, more than he, a hero's soul possessed?

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

LIKE the simple wild flowers which are growing,
In woodland and meadow and glade,
Their beauty and fragrance scarce knowing,
While flourishing best in the shade.
Like them are those virtues half-hidden,
Which know not the lustre they shed,
Which quietly spring up unbidden
To brighten the path which we tread.

To hide e'en the thorns that strew it,
At times lest their sharp points depress,
How oft has it chanced ere we knew it,
Our griefs on a sudden grew less.

Like angels as gentle and fearless,
They glide in our midst all unseen,
Shedding joy on the hearts of the cheerless,
Where lately but sadness had been.

And gently the salt tear of sorrow
They dry ere the mourner can know,
How came he so quickly to borrow
The balm which has soothed his woe.
What has lifted the pall which hung o'er him,
Revived all the hopes which were dead ;
Which regilds the future before him,
Where sunshine for ever seemed fled ?

The work of the toiler is lightened,
The helping-hand lent is scarce known,
The home of the wretched is brightened,
By some little kindness there shown.
The mite—not from affluence given,
The smile, where no gladness exists,
The kind word, reminding of Heaven,
Are sunbeams dispelling earth's mists.

Yes ! they are the seedlings which ever
Sweet flowers a hundred-fold yield ;
Which blight or decay can touch never,
And know not the power they wield.
Too trivial to gain admiration,
Too timid to grow in earth's glare ;
They win not the same estimation
As virtues of aspect more fair.

Still, are they the violets concealing
Their charms—while fragrance alone
(Their sweet modest presence revealing)
Their beauty and power makes known.
How blest is the life unobtrusive,
Wherein little kindnesses live,
How vain is that life and illusive
Who knows not the pleasure they give.

A SIMILE.

WITH weary looks, and eyes tear-dim,
A youth glanced o'er a piece of land ;
It was the task assigned to him—
To plough and sow with careful hand.
A pond'rous, costly task it seemed,
And one beyond his boyish strength ;
Of no bright harvest had he dreamed,
Nor sanguine of success at length.

“Impossible !” he sadly cried,
“So vast a work I dare not try.”
His nerveless arms fell at his side,
And wearily he heaved a sigh.
With sad and darkened brow, he told
His sorrow to his aged sire,
Whose words of counsel were as gold,
And soon, with strength, the youth inspire.

“My son,” he said, “why look on all
The bulk of what thou hast to till ?
To each day let a portion fall,
And do it, with a cheerful will.
Though small thy day's work shall appear,
If done, with steady hand and sure,
Success is thine, nor need'st thou fear
A plenteous harvest to secure.”

At morn, we view the weary day,
The tiresome works in it comprised,
And oft, with sluggish hearts we lay
Our crosses down, as giant-sized.
Ah ! could we view it hour by hour,
And fill with good that little space,
A secret joy—a new-felt power,
Of weariness would soon take place.

No longer should we burthens deem,
 What with a ready hand we do ;
 Nor should the prospect tiresome seem,
 The present only kept in view.
 Each portion of the Master's field
 With loving care minutely tilled ;
 How rich the harvest then revealed—
 The promise faithfully fulfilled.

Let us but patiently bestow
 A little toil upon life's field,
 And God will cause the seeds to grow ;
 Be ours the culture—His the yield.
 A cheerful, brave, and ready heart
 Will be victorious in the strife,
 And countless worries will depart,
 Which on our path before were rife.

LINES ACCOMPANYING SHAMROCK.

I SEND you the tiniest plant that grows
 On the soil of our dear old land,
 Yet, fancy beholds now the starting tear
 Awakened at sight of this emblem dear,
 As you clasp it in your hand.

It will then have crossed the Atlantic main,
 To a land where freedom dwells,
 And while on the stormy ocean tossed,
 Have much of the bloom and verdure lost
 It took from its native dells.

Still, still, it will speak to an Irish heart
 As an old, familiar friend,
 As it fondly bears in each leaf and spray
 The loving messages which to-day,
 From the hearts at home I send.

'Twas nursed in no hot-house or parterre,
But bloomed near the streamlet's bank ;
And there, 'neath a changeful, Irish sky,
As each joyous wavelet hurried by
Of its crystal waters drank.

The friendly glow of an Irish sun
Had warmed it o'er and o'er ;
'Twas fanned by the breeze of Old Ireland's hills,
As it nestled beside her sparkling rills,
As it grew on her emerald shore.

Ah ! yes, 'tis a holy and hallowed thing —
This shamrock from Erin's sod ;
'Twas the symbol St. Patrick had used of old,
That great, great mystery to unfold —
Three Persons in one God.

And why is it culled with such tenderness,
Since no fragrance it imparts ?
'Tis Erin's emblem ! and this is why,
With no brilliant hues to charm the eye,
It is so dear to Irish hearts.

FIAT VOLUNTAS TUA !

Fiat voluntas Tua !
The Saviour teaches there ;
I sit at His feet,
And those tones so sweet,
Dispel from my heart its care ;
Ah ! Lord, what woe did'st Thine not know
In those three long hours of prayer ?
Fiat voluntas Tua !
Whatever my lot may be ;
In trial or pain,
Why should I complain ?
Was the cross not borne by Thee,
And Calvary's hill more rugged still,
Than the pathway trod by me ?

Fiat voluntas Tua !

When darkness shrouds my life ;
When each gleam that cheered
Shall have disappeared

'Neath the shades of doubt and strife.

Did'st Thou not oft bear of gloom Thy share,
'Mid the sorrows around Thee rife ?

Fiat voluntas Tua !

The lesson at times seems hard,

When, day after day,

Life's wearisome way

Has in it so much to retard ;

Yet do we not hear a soft voice near—

A promise of sure reward ?

Fiat voluntas Tua !

When death, the mower, shall come ;

When with sad surprise,

And with tearful eyes,

We follow our loved to the tomb ;

Though our hearts bereaved shall for them have
grieved,

Our " Fiat " shall rise thro' the gloom.

Fiat voluntas Tua !

Ah ! cowardly heart of mine,

Which knew not how

To His will to bow,

And prone so oft to repine.

From suff'ring or toil, thou must ne'er recoil,

Since they come from a hand divine.

Fiat voluntas Tua !

Whatever may yet befall ;

To each wish of thine,

Do I now resign

My life, my death, my all,

The lesson is taught, and ne'er shall aught

My spirit again appal.

LISTEN !

WHEN you feel your spirit joyous,
As you gaze on nature's face,
Decked in all its peerless charms—
In its brightest summer grace,
Be not then content with loving,
Yielding to the spell it weaves,
There is language, if you listen,
In the gay and perfumed leaves.

There's a voice in every flower,
Telling of the artist's touch,
Which had given to it its beauty,
Which had formed and framed it such.
How minute soe'er the blossom,
Which you cull from the sod—
Listen! it is gently telling—
Preaching to you of its God.

As the brook, with merry laughter,
(Like a sprightly child at play)
Bounds along, in careless freedom,
Sparkling in the sun's bright ray.
Listen to its murmuring cadence,
As it tells its secrets, too,
Ceaselessly of its Creator,
Restful heart—'twill speak to you.

Listen to the angry tempest,
As it breaks on sea and shore ;
Think you, it has not its meaning,
While you tremble at its roar ?
Ah ! it speaks of Him who rules it,
Who may menace in His wrath,
Still who guards the humblest creature
Whom you meet upon your path.

While the zephyr gently fans you,
While it plays upon your brow,
Listen to the words it utters—
“God is breathing in me now.”
Yes—in all this wide creation—
Land and water—sky and air,
Countless tongues keep on repeating
“God—our God—is everywhere!”

JESUS AUTEM TACEBAT.

He stood in that hall of judgment,
With tranquil mien and bow'd ;
He heard the taunting queries
Of an impious prince and proud ;
Neath the scornful eyes which scan Him,
He heard the lawless crowd—

The cries of a cruel rabble,
By angry passions stirred,
The shouts of “crucifige,”
The meek Redeemer heard ;
And yet He stands all silent—
He utters not a word.

They offer a mimic sceptre,
To mock His royalty ;
They crown with a wreath of thorns
His sacred brow—and, see !
They show Him derisive homage—
To Him they bend the knee !

In a garb of mockery clothed,
From Herod's court they lead—
Still that deep, mysterious silence,
As though He did not heed.
Jesus as mute as ever—
Defence He does not need.

Nor excuse, nor plaint, nor murmur
Escaped those lips divine ;
While those who beheld Him, marvelled
To see such meekness shine.
O patient and humble Jesus,
Model our hearts on Thine.

Who to the dumb hath given,
Of old, the power of speech—
Whose increated wisdom
To highest heaven doth reach,
Would now, to our rebel natures,
A modest silence preach.

We have gazed on the God-like actions—
The miracles which drew
Admiring eyes upon Him ;
Now let us pause and view
This calm and wondrous silence.
It seems a marvel new.

O innocent, silent Saviour !
Teach me, when I shall speak,
Defence where Thine honour needs it,
Nor self-defence to seek.
'Neath even unjust reproaches,
A silent heart and meek.

GIFTS THROUGH MARY.

BEFORE her altar we kneel to pray,
In the dewy morn, at noon of day ;
When the evening Angelus rings, once more
Her sculptured image we kneel before,
To beg her blessing, to ask her aid,
Loving and trusting, and ne'er afraid.
Twining the roses, to her most dear—
The sweet " Hail Marys " she loves to hear ;
Twining them, too, with such filial love,
That she gathers them into her heart above.

We quit her shrine with a new, fresh heart,
To the bustle of life anew we start ;
The toil of the day, with its weary hours,
Begins—and a thorny path is ours ;
Perchance, not a ray there of sunlight, too,
Yet we labour, we struggle, we bravely do ;
Still more, we feel comfort amidst it all,
For our morning's promise we oft recall.
We saw not the shadows that o'er us hung,
'Tis that Mary's mantle was round us flung.

When the tempter urged us from right to stray,
And renewed his insidious arts each day,
With many and many a covert wile,
Our wayward hearts to again beguile ;
Succumb, oh ! never. One glance of love,
One prayer to that mother heart above,
And the mists are gone that were o'er us spread,
And light on our souls again is shed ;
Once more do we recognise and bless
This new proof of Mary's tenderness.

That trial which tasked our utmost strength,
At first which pressed, tho' we rose at length,
And with heart resigned and unaltered brow
To the hand that sent had learned to bow ;
As we thought of the griefs of that virgin heart,
Which of Calvary's woe bore so great a part.
Whose sinless life was one doleful view
Of sorrows and pains of the darkest hue.
Whence came the grace that sustained us then ?
'Tis that Mary's pleadings were heard again.

When our failings sadden the Saviour's heart,
And cause us to keep from His love apart ;
When our own hearts feel but unrest the while,
And we miss our Mother's approving smile.
Grace touches—repentant we kneel once more,
And her gentle pleadings again implore.

Again does her gaze of tenderness
Rest on us, to strengthen, to cheer, and bless.
We kneel to our God with a contrite prayer,
And meet with compassion and pardon there.
We ask but one more, one crowning grace,
Sweet Mary, to die in thy fond embrace.

GRANDMOTHER'S PRAYER-BOOK.

It is a dim and faded thing, with worn and dingy
look,
Yet dearer far than words can tell is that time-
honoured book ;
Upon its old and well-thumbed leaves my fancy
loves to trace
The mild look of her soft grey eyes, her kind, ma-
ternal face.

Oh ! who can tell the treasures she has culled in
every page ?
It was her monitor in youth, her solace in old age.
What sweet and tender lessons oft within its depths
she read,
Which on her good and gentle life, a guiding light
had shed.

When doubt or darkness shadowed her and crosses
hemmed her round,
How oft, within its worn-out leaves, a balsam she had
found.
Each simple prayer for her was full of loving unction
then,
To cheer her weak and drooping heart, and chase the
gloom again.

Each day she sought it faithfully, as though within
it lay
A hidden mine of treasure which enriched her day
by day ;
Yet with no niggard clasp, she held the wisdom
which she drew,
For, with its teachings oft she tried our young hearts
to imbue.

At last a firm friend it grew, that volume dim with
age ;
When other friends had failed to soothe, each grief it
would assuage ;
Each Heavenly name there written had her heart's
best feelings stirred,
So dear, so familiar it seemed, so like a household
word.

Ah ! yes, I seem to see again dear grandmother once
more,
This valued heirloom in her hand, and o'er its pages
pore ;
And many a loving, simple tale of her who loved it
well,
Of joy and sorrow, hope and fear, this time-worn
book could tell.

THE BROOK

BUT lately held within icy chains,
On its surface scarce a quiver,
Its freedom it once again regains,
And eagerly seeks the river.
See how it bounds o'er its craggy bed,
As of further bondage it knew no dread ;
And that motionless, silent, slumb'ring stream,
Now starts into life like a fairy dream.

No water lilies, nor cowslips gay,
On its grassy banks to meet it;
No bright, glad sunbeam is seen to stray
From the wintry sky to greet it.
Still onward it gurgles as cheerily,
Buoyant and wild in its new-found glee,
By mosses and cresses, o'er stone and crag,
With a speed that is never seen to flag.

List to the brook on its breathless way
(Its waters hourly swelling),
A something of meaning it seems to say—
A tale of the past seems telling—
An old, old tale—yet forever new,
While it hurriedly murmurs, “Adieu, adieu !”
In its ceaseless, soft, sweet monotone,
There dwells an eloquence all its own.

It tells us of joys and of sorrows, too,
Along with time's streamlet borne,
While its onward course does it still pursue,
Nor stops to repine nor mourn.
In an icy thrall so long held fast,
It hastens now to repair the past,
Ardent and eager, with hope renewed,
And heedless of winter's frowning mood.

Not a pebble lies hid 'neath its wavelets clear,
Not a ruffle to mar its beauty;
While frost-crested still are its borders near,
The current fulfils its duty.
As I linger and gaze on it—pondering,
It looks to my fancy a speaking thing;
As I listen awhile to its cadence soft,
Stilled, stilled are my restless longings, oft.

To the chain of my years, another link
 Time adds to extend its measure,
 And while o'er its records I glance and think,
 I sigh for the swift-flown treasure.
 Half-pensive echoes steal on my ear,
 E'en now, as I welcome the new-born year.
 May its current as even and tranquil be
 As the brooklet—as true to its destiny.

MORNING THOUGHTS.

ANOTHER day. Is it not a gift of love,
 A blessing from a loving Father's hand?
 Now all creation looks to Him above;
 All earth awakes at His divine command.
 The sable folds of night are softly furled:
 See—the glorious sun again illumines the day,
 And light resumes its empire o'er the world;
 All things to Him their grateful homage pay.

As doth an anxious, watchful mother shield
 Her tender offspring from the noonday glare,
 So 'mid obscurity is God's dear love revealed;
 He guards us in our slumber, with paternal care.
 And at our waking moments, does He not invite
 Our hearts to Him? Each oft-recurring need,
 Each cross which lies upon our path ere night,
 In His wisdom, well does He foresee and heed.

Surely, if nature inanimate, proclaim
 Its Maker's praise in song of matin bird;
 In glorious dawn lit up by sudden flame;
 In opening flower by breath of zephyr stirred,
 In sudden sparkle upon ocean's brow,
 In incense-laden, balmy morning air,
 O soul of mine, it is but meet that thou
 Should'st kneel to thy Creator in heart-felt prayer.

And kneeling—offer fervent thanks to Him—

Thy God, whose creature, nay, whose child, thou art ;
When all around thee was obscure and dim,

Then wert thou sheltered in His Sacred Heart,
The more to secure for thee a tranquil sleep,

With night's dark mantle did He thee surround,
Then placed His angels near, to guard and keep,

Lest aught disturb thee 'mid the "hush profound."

Let heart and voice of mine ascend on high,

And beg a blessing on the coming hours ;

Uncertainties ever on life's journey lie,

And thorns lurk among its brightest flowers.

To God be given those first fresh fruits of morn—

Each earliest thought, each breathing of my soul ;

Does He not grant to me this day new-born,

Whose hours are subject to His wise control ?

Many are the trials, sharp and unforeseen,

Which so oft mark the progress of a day,

On Him—the Arbiter of all events—I lean ;

My Light to guide, my Solace and my Stay.

While from the awakened Earth up-springs to Heaven

One grand oblation, o'er the fragrant sod,

Shall all I am and have not now be given,

Together with the opening day, to God ?

LITTLE LISTENERS.

TINY forms are grouped around me,

Earnest, upturned little eyes,

Now are fixed in mute attention,

Now in wonder and surprise.

While I tell them simple stories

Of the Christ-Child's tender love,

Who, to take the form of childhood,

Left His glorious home above.

And the crystal tear-drops moisten
Brows of fairest, freshest hue,
As I tell them of His boyhood,
And His boyish labours, too.
Born like to earth's meanest mortals,
Docile, through the after years,
To His own, but chosen creatures,
When their slightest wish He hears.

How he ever cherished childhood,
As the age to Him most dear,
Saying, "Suffer little children,
Precious children, to draw near."
Then His arms divine would fold them
As the chosen ones of Heaven,
Spotless hearts, whose youthful freshness
Charms divine to them hath given.

There they sit, those artless dear ones,
Merry voices hushed the while ;
With unwonted staid demeanour,
And alternate tear and smile.
Wondering with a childish wonder,
Laughing with a buoyant glee,
Drawing ever near and nearer,
Till they nestle close to me.

Still the liquid eyes bent on me,
Looking all absorbed the more,
Dreading lest my tale should shorten,
Asking questions o'er and o'er.
Scarce is each narration ended,
Than their gleeful accents then
Burst forth with redoubled ardour,
Glad of freedom once again.

Childhood ! what shall typify thee,
Clear and truthful as art thou,
With the stamp of thy Creator
Fresh upon thy guileless brow ?
Not the bright and bubbling brooklet,
Nor the perfumed buds of spring,
Rightly can recall thy freshness,
Sweetest theme which muse can sing.

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

Now the cheery voice of spring
Bids the slumb'ring earth awaken,
And its earliest treasures bring.
Nature, off her gloom has shaken,
Gladsome shall our welcome be
To the buds and blossoms peeping
O'er the soil so timidly—
Adieu ! to Winter's frowns and weeping.

See ! the shifting clouds reveal
Sunbeams coming forth to meet them ;
Mark, how eagerly they steal
Down to lowly earth to greet them.
Leaf by leaf shall soon unfold
'Neath those genial rays and warm
And admiring eyes behold,
Buds of every tint and form.

Bright young blossoms we shall see
(No rude blasts their youth to chequer)
Gaily robing shrub and tree,
Nature asks them to bedeck her.
The glorious sun would, too, impart
Its light and warmth to beautify them ;
Whatever charms they lack, the art
To cheer kind spring did not deny them.

Sweet buds and blossoms! could they know
The joy their presence has imparted,
Their fresh and smiling faces show
That dreary winter has departed.
The countless titles which they bear,
What need to say till sun and showers
Unfold the various hues they wear,
And we behold them full grown flowers.

But lately had decay outspread
Its dusky hue o'er vale and mountain,
And hushed as are the silent dead,
Seemed ice-bound rivulet and fountain.
And now at Spring's glad voice they start,
Forgetting wintry gloom and sadness;
Dear buds and blossoms! to my heart
You're welcomed with unwonted gladness.

Ah! there are treasures winter took,
Which spring can ne'er again restore us—
The gentle voice, the kindly look,
The loved ones fancy brings before us.
Those buds and blossoms which the tomb
From hearts had early separated;
Another spring of endless bloom
For those dear spirits had awaited.

A MAY TRIBUTE.

HUSHED are the fierce winds of winter,
Gentlest breezes now play,
Odorous spring-flow'rs 'mid sunshine,
Welcome the coming of May.

April, with artist-hand, 'twineth
A fresh, blooming wreath for her now,
Which, as she steps from the threshold,
She places with love on her brow.

Nature is joyously 'wakening
From months of a dreary repose ;
Longing to pour out her treasures,
Her sweet scented gems to disclose.

Bright are the blossoming branches,
Touched by the sun's golden gleams ;
Glad is the chant of the wild birds,
Glad are the rippling streams.

Violets, cowslips, and daisies,
Lifting their heads o'er the mead,
In their diamond-like eyes as they glitter,
A welcome to May do we read.

Month ! thou art truly the fairest,
The fittest to choose for our queen,
Bringing rich gifts to her altars,
'Neath thy light-tinted mantle of green.

Shall we not wake to thy beauty,
Cull from thy generous store ;
Haste to the shrine of our Mother,
And place thy sweet offerings before.

And yet there are gifts she awaiteth
More eagerly even than thine—
The gift of our heart's pure devotion,
The incense of prayer at her shrine.

Month—radiant with light and with beauty,
Laden with perfume and love ;
Pour forth thy choicest of flowers,
Waft all their fragrance above.

There does she gaze on us earthward,
As, with loving hands, we entwine
Garlands for Mary, our May Queen,
Thanks to those offerings of thine.

THE POOR MAN'S PRAYER.

It comes from the depths of a humble soul
 Enriched with a priceless worth ;
 Nothing to hamper or check its flight,
 And savouring nought of earth.
 No clogging riches, no misty pomp,
 To hinder its upward course,
 From simple faith, up-springing to God—
 Its single end and source.

His oratory—his lowly room ;
 He kneels on its earthen floor,
 And there does he lovingly press his lips
 On his crucifix o'er and o'er.
 Counting those precious wounds that bled,
 And the eyes in death grown dim ;
 Gazing on it, till the Crucified
 Is imaged again in him.

No lone recluse in his hermitage
 Is freer from earthly care,
 When he kneels in his toils and poverty,
 To offer his simple prayer.
 Distrust ! 'tis a foreign word to him,
 He hopes with undying hope,
 'Mid the passing trials, with which each day
 The poor man has to cope.

Like unto another Nazareth,
 Wherein Mary knelt and drew
 On her the eyes of the Trinity,
 Wherein Jesus daily grew.
 Nay, like to a very heaven below,
 Is the home where the poor man prays,
 For there, as among the angels bright,
 Is the incense of prayer and praise.

In rural cot, or 'mid city's din,
 'Mid silence or turmoil rude,
In the depths of his soul, whene'er he prays,
 There is always solitude.
No vain anxieties haunt his mind,
 No gnawing cares pursue ;
Ambition, with all its gilded baits,
 Ne'er "mocks him with a view."

No envious movements disturb his breast,
 Content with his lowly lot,
The poor man sighs for no wider sphere
 Than his own, though humble spot.
He knows how dear were the poor to Christ,
 How He hallowed their poverty ;
Nor would he exchange for a monarch's wealth
 His fortunes, though scant they be.

He prays for the noble heart which shared
 With him in his hour of need,
Which prompted towards him each cheering
 word—
 Each generous, kindly deed.
Ah ! yes—with a singleness rarely known,
 Does the heart of the poor man pray,
And straight to God, from a lively faith,
 Does his prayer ascend each day.

SIDE BY SIDE.

A GRASSY mound of verdant hue,
 A simple cross of stone,
(Unnoticed there save by a few),
 These mark his grave alone.
No epitaph is o'er him traced,
 No pompous titles show,
That rank or wealth had ever graced
 His lot on earth below.

A peasant here is laid to rest,
Who lowly lived and died,
And yet, upon the same earth's breast
A rich man rests beside.
What has he borne from earth away,
Beyond the child of toil?
A shroud alone is theirs to-day,
Alike their share of soil.

The poor man and the man of wealth,
Were viewed by death alike;
That sturdy reaper came by stealth,
And both he dared to strike.
What, though oblivion cast round one
Its sombre, silent shade;
For both, earth's pilgrimage is done,
And side by side they're laid.

No worldly goods had one to leave,
No riches to forsake,
No faded hopes o'er which to grieve,
No earthly ties to break.
Perchance, some gentle faithful tear
Upon his grave may fall;
How little, still, to bind him here,
Since heaven for him held all.

The nobly born—how small a space
Does earth on him bestow,
His titles time shall soon efface,
His rank how few shall know.
For him, how wisely hath it been,
If death's approach should find
His heart unfettered to each scene
Which he must leave behind.

The willow's drooping branches weep
Above their cells of clay,
Alike the ivy guards their sleep,
Nor questions—who were they ?
The night winds chant their requiem o'er
The peasant as the peer,
Nor heeds their destinies before,
Since all are equal here.

LIFE'S BURDENS.

ARE there burdens to be borne ? Better not the task
postpone,
Youth and manhood are the seasons which the best
resources own.
They who bravest strive in spring-time life's rough
hill to nobly climb,
Rest the sweetest, sing the lightest, in the tranquil
autumn time.

Life hath many rapid changes—envy not, should
fortune smile
With a brighter glow on others, while thou'rt left
in shade the while.
Let it shine benignant on thee, or consign to labour
still,
There is that which will uphold thee : 'tis a strong
and cheerful will.

Shun unworthy, vain repinings ; they but mark the
coward heart.
Learn to view the bright side only—life itself will
teach the art.
Hast thou not the blessed freedom from a thousand
sorrows, which
'Midst the goods of fickle fortune, ever must befall
the rich ?

When to-day becomes to-morrow, and the trial shall
have passed ;
When the burden has grown lighter and the sun peeps
forth at last,
Then the retrospect but brightens what the future
had in store ;
And experience comes to aid thee, while its bitterness
is o'er.

Life hath many grievous burdens, from its morning
till its close ;
Much of anxious toil and sorrow, many bitter, bitter
woes ;
Much that friends may e'en not lighten, that no words
can e'er assuage ;
Griefs that loomed upon its pathway, on from child-
hood to old age.

Who lifts the burden cheerily shall not have long to
wait ;
The sweet reward of patient hope is well-nigh at his
gate.
Who meets life's ills with earnestness, with calm and
smiling brow,
Hath proved himself a conqueror—is e'en victorious
now.

MY FAVORITE SONG.

SEARCH your varied store among,
Cull for me my fav'rite song ;
Like a sweet refreshing prayer,
Is its old familiar air ;
Touch with tenderness each note,
Softly let its echoes float.

A song, not gushing in its flow,
Never heating by its glow,
Gentle as a summer breeze
(Whispering softly thro' the trees),
Gentle as a murmuring stream,
Stealing o'er me like a dream.

A song, wherein sweet music dwells,
Silvery as the chime of bells,
Whose resistless, gentle power
Calms, in passion's wildest hour ;
Softly lulling thought to rest
In the tired and anxious breast.

Strains which soothingly beguile
From life's petty cares awhile ;
Weaving thro' their melody
Happy memories for me ;
Gently lifting heart and mind,
Leaving some sweet thought behind.

Simple words, but eloquent,
To it pathos will have lent ;
Let the harmony not cease,
Till my heart has re-found peace,
And, no more by cares oppressed,
Feels a calm and soothing rest.

WE KNOW NOT.

A HERALD seems the morning sun,
At least of some bright hours,
And yet, perchance, ere day is done,
The sullen shadow lowers.
We know not, if the tranquil night
Precede a calm to-morrow ;
So mingling here are gloom and light,
Are blended joy and sorrow.

Swiftly each fitful, passing ray
Our pathway has forsaken ;
The clouds which lurked upon life's way,
The sunbeams have o'ertaken.
Yet, while we look on all as drear,
And mourn the joy as fleeting,
Again doth brightly re-appear
The gleam we saw retreating.

From God we hold life's every good,
Life's every joy and pleasure ;
How vain the effort, if we would,
Their bourne seek to measure !
We know not ! He alone doth know
The progress and the ending,
Of all our projects here below,
Where light and shade are blending.

How feeble are those thoughts of ours,
When through the future prying,
We own our weak and scanty powers,
While to His wisdom crying.
We learn how few the things we know,
And yet, with more abiding
And humbler trust, to God we go,
In His designs confiding.

Distrusting all that leads from Him,
That swerves from life's great duty ;
Unheeding, if our sky be dim
Or robed with light and beauty.
Our narrow vision cannot see
'The ills or joys that 'wait us
(Though fancied but too oft they be),
That sadden or elate us.

We know not aught God hath in store ;
His wisdom only knoweth,
But firmly trust in Him the more,
From whom all good gifts floweth !
Each day His benedictions fall
(By us too oft unheeded).
Great God ! Thou seest, knowest all,
And givest what is needed.

LIVING POEMS.

THOUGH sweet is the sound of the brooklet
As it strays o'er its pebbly bed,
And joyously laughs, while the sunlight
Its brightness around it doth shed.

Though plaintive the lingering echoes,
Which softly are heard on the shore,
From the song of the mariner wafted,
As he plies through the wavelets his oar.

Though cheery the notes of the wild bird,
As they gush forth untutored and free,
There are tones far more buoyant and gladsome,
Whose sounds are still dearer to me.

'Tis the music of children's voices,
Which rings through their holiday mirth,
And blends with the breeze its soft ripples,
Ah ! they are the poems of earth.

Breathing the freshness of nature,
More truly than language can say,
Yielding more melody, even,
Than poet can sing in his lay.

As hither and thither, like sunbeams,
They flit o'er our life's pathway here,
How oft do they chase, from the homestead,
The dark shades of sadness and fear ?

Unconscious of sorrow—'twere better
Disturb not their sweet dream awhile ;
Too soon shall their young hearts be clouded,
When childhood hath ceased to beguile.

How jealously angels are watching,
Lest aught should their loveliness mar,
Lest notes more discordant and earthly
On songs of such beauty should jar.

Those are the living songs—breathing
The melody, angels have taught ;
As yet—of life's care or its burdens,
Their spirits no shadow have caught.

GLEAMS THROUGH THE MIST.

EVERY life hath cloudy moments,
Its alternate joy and gloom,
Making, in each onward pathway
Painful landmarks to the tomb.
Destined is our share of sorrow,
Wisely portioned ; yet, we know
We may shed a sunlight on it
While we tread this world below.

Look around—the faint, the struggling
Meet life's cruel blasts and cold,
Seeking ever for the brightness
Of the kind word you withhold ;—
Genius, mayhap, in its germ,
Lacks a cheering, fostering ray—
Nipped is soon the early blossom,
Soon consigned to sure decay.

No one cares. How full of sadness
Is the bitter, gloomy thought;
Every ardent hope is vanished;
Every project held as nought,
And the earnest, youthful worker
Slackens ere his race hath run,
Nought to strengthen or encourage
In life's combat just begun.

As the fragile plant is nourished
By the rich, soft dews of night,
And its every tint enlivened
By the morning's golden light;
As the thirsty sapling craves them,
And will brook no long delay;
So the young heart needs the sunlight
Of a kind word, day by day.

Joys and sorrows interwoven
Are the chequered lot of all,
Still, we may, where'er we wander,
Let some gleams of brightness fall;
And our own hearts feel the gladder
In the tranquil evening hours,
When we think we've shed some blessings,
Cheered some drooping wayside flowers.

Know we not that each a guardian,
Fondly watching o'er it, hath?
Oh! how sweet to know that angels
Unawares lie on our path.
Shall we deem it, then, too lavish,
Words of kindness to bestow,
When those patient, loving spirits,
With such care recount and know?

A SUMMER BREEZE.

How welcome, in the sultry, noontide hours,
 The gentle breeze which softly steals around ;
 Cooling with its breath the fragrant flowers ;
 With music in its sound.

Quickening the rippling streamlet, as it goes
 Meandering, in a drowsy, sluggish mood ;
 'Wakening from its mid-day dull repose,
 The woodland solitude.

The drooping foliage quivers 'neath its touch,
 A thousand tints anew are there displayed ;
 Who would have dreamed its magic power was such,
 On landscape and on glade ?

One quiet hour, I sat awhile in thought ;
 No leafy branches lent their friendly aid,
 To screen me from the glare. In vain I sought
 A pleasant cooling shade.

When, soon, a gentle zephyr floated near,
 With richest odours freighting the cool air ;
 It fanned my brow as tho' it seemed to hear
 My silent wishes there.

Yielding to the kindly balm bestowed,
 My musings thus assumed a holier tone :
 Is it not from God this gift hath flowed,
 This loving favour shown ?

The sun is His, and His the soothing hand
 Which tempers, too, its fiercely glowing rays ;
 The fresh cool breeze obeys His blest command,
 And gently round us plays.

Are we not the children of His ceaseless love,
Even when our wayward wills repine ?
Our weaknesses that Heart of pity move—
To us doth He incline.

His beauty shines in myriad objects 'round,
In white and azure canopy o'erhead ;
In all the charms, in which earth doth abound,
Before us richly spread.

And yet, not one, nor all combined of these,
How fair soe'er, could half delight me now,
As did that playful, careless, wand'ring breeze
Which cooled my heated brow.

WAITING AND WATCHING.

WAITING unweariedly throughout the day—
Watching throughout the long and lonely night
For hearts : this, then, is thy delight,
O heart divine ! whose love no words can say,
Glowing for centuries, as Thou art to-day—
Changeless—'mid coldness and neglect art Thou
On our altars, ever burning with desires as now,
And there, for time content with us to stay.
How strange, that those thou seekest with such love,
Respond not to thy tender, pressing call
Nor strive by some, e'en slight return, to prove
That not in vain Thy favours on them fall :
Alas ! too oft, amid a clamorous world unheard
Thy gentle tones few hearts have touched or stirred.

Still, art Thou not a refuge sweet and blest ?
Where sorrow-stricken, wounded hearts shall find
Refreshment, comfort, hope and strength combined ?
Where wearied ones, all burthened and oppressed,
Shall find at last a shelter and a rest ?

Heart of my Saviour ! well-nigh crushed with grief !
Of patient sufferers art Thou not the chief ?

And is not suffering Thy divine bequest ?

Abyss of mercies ! sinners find in Thee

A fount of pity, wherein miseries are lost—

A port of safety, whereto all may flee,

Who on life's perilous sea are tempest-tost,

In thy mysterious depths, where none can pry,

What countless and unknown secrets lie !

From contrite souls what deep regrets, alas !

O'er misspent years ; o'er graces oft abused ;

O'er proffered love, oft slighted and refused ;

All which, in sad array, before them pass.

These are the secrets Thou dost oft amass,

Amidst thy riches—while from Thee arise

Nought save pardon, pity, and love's tender sighs

Oh ! did we only know Thee as Thou art—

A deep and fathomless abyss of love—

A meek, compassionate and gentle Heart,

Needless were complaints our tepid hearts to move ;

How should we long our love for Thee to prove.

Home ! wherein alone the spirit finds repose !

In Thee my heart would dwell until life's close

WISHES.

GREETINGS shall pour on thee to-day,

Filling thy cup with purest pleasure,

Mine shall be but this simple lay,

Yet from my heart breaks forth the measure.

I saw the rosy bloom which shone

Upon thy fair young cheek in childhood :

Oft with delight, I gazed upon

Thy boyish sports in glen and wildwood.

And now thy birth-day comes again,
Full fifteen years have glided o'er thee—
Unchequered, peaceful ones—since then,
A new career is bright before thee.
I ask not for thee cloudless years,
Since life requires some tempering sorrow ;
But, when the shadow there appears,
That soon may dawn a cheering morrow.

I ask not for thee wealth or fame,
For these true happiness bring never ;
But upright heart and spotless name,
A noble and sincere endeavour,
A virtuous aim, which lustre gives
To every act how small soever,
Which every sordid wish outlives,
Resolves which stoop to meanness never.

These give to manhood higher grace
Than pride of station or of beauty,
And with unerring finger trace
The safe and tranquil line of duty.
They shed true joy around our hearth,
And smooth life's rugged way they render ;
They give more real peace on earth
Than worldly pomp or rank or splendour.

For thee I ask not friends who throng
Around when fortune's smiles are beaming,
Who only care to bask among
Life's sunny haunts where joys are teeming.
Be thine that friendship true and tried,
Which lives alike in joy and sadness,
Which in affliction seeks thy side,
And also loves to share thy gladness.

May all the ardour, love, and truth,
Which boyhood never ceased bestowing,
And all the innocence of youth
Which in thy fervent heart is glowing.
Be ever thine thro' riper years,
Each future birthday to thee bringing
The purest joys as it appears,
And sunshine on thy pathway flinging.

THE EMIGRANT'S ADIEU.

ADIEU ! Adieu ! my native Isle,
Tho' I may never see thee more,
May Heaven's gifts upon thee smile,
And angels guard thy emerald shore ;
Had fortune been a little kind,
And given reward to honest toil,
I should not leave thee now behind
To labour on a foreign soil.

Adieu ! adieu ! my humble cot ;
Which sheltered me for many a year ;
Whate'er thro' life may be my lot,
To me, thou shalt be ever dear.
Long may the faithful ivy twine,
Its arms around thee, and sustain,
Thy crumbling walls, when I and mine
Are far away, beyond the main.

Adieu ! adieu ! dear hallowed shrine ;
Where first my lips had learned to pray,
Where, nourished from a source divine,
My soul was strengthened, day by day.
Beneath thy sacred roof, how oft,
My ears drank in God's holy word,
From tones paternal, kind, and soft,
Which every better feeling stirred.

Adieu ! dear Erin ! once again !—
No patriot's heart could love thee more,
And, even now, far dearer, when
I bid farewell to thy green shore.
I will not check the falling tear ;
Those dear old scenes from which I part,
And still, still more, those friends sincere,
Shall all be cherished in my heart.

TALE OF THE SUNSET.

SOFTLY it sinks in the golden-hued west,
As if wearied with shining and seeking a rest ;
And bidding farewell to the mountain and vale,
It seems of the earth to be telling a tale.

Since the night clouds had fled at the dawning of
day

It shone on the happy, the sad, and the gay ;
Gilding with radiance, since early morn,
The weed and the flower, the rose and the thorn.

Alike hath it shed on the brooklet its ray
(Sparkling with joy on its musical way),
As over the deep-flowing treacherous tide,
That doth in its bosom, dark secrets hide.

Its radiant beams had encircled, as well
The homes wherein poverty only doth dwell,
As the lordly mansions of pomp and of pride
Where self-ease and affluence ever abide.

It tried from the sorrows of earth to beguile,
Inviting the lonely to bask in its smile ;
Direct from the blue vault of heaven above,
It came from the Father, with blessings and love.

Mark, how the butterfly flits in its beams,
And the laughter responsive, of rippling streams ;
How the wild birds awaken to gladness and praise
As their pinions are sunned in its heaven-sent rays.

Less grateful than they—shall we heed not a boon
Which fast coming twilight shall end, but too soon,
Which warmed and brightened and beautified all
From its dawn in the east till the evening shades fall.

Type, of all others, the meetest of Him,
Compared with whose glory its brightness is dim !
How feeble, soe'er is His image portrayed !
Beside it all else is but darkness and shade.

Yes—this is the tale of the beautiful sun,
As it furls its splendour when eve hath begun
Its task it hath nobly fulfilled thro' the day,
While shedding on all its beneficent ray.

RICHES OF THE SACRED HEART.

HERE there is balm for the stricken,
Whom sorrow hath well-nigh crushed ;
In that shrine of peace
All repinings cease,
All mournful plaints are hushed.

Great was the weight of anguish
Which pressed on that Heart divine ;
He will soon reveal
How His love can heal
The griefs which embitter thine.

Here there is rest for the weary,
Whose aching hearts would fain
Find a respite brief,
E'en a slight relief,
From life's unrest and pain

Stilled are all earthly noises
In this tranquil Home within
But one thought is there—
One ceaseless care :
Our hearts to invite and win.

Here are boundless riches ;
To sate each craving heart :
That peace and joy
That shall never cloy—
Goods that content impart.

Source of all precious treasures !
To which we may daily go,
Shall we needy be,
While alone in Thee,
Are found all we want below.

Here we shall learn the secrets
The saints have learned before :
The priceless gain
Of each cross and pain,
Till we thirst for more and more.

Heart of our loving Father !
Heart of our truest friend !
We shall daily find
All riches combined
In Thee—our repose and end.

DREAMING AND WAKING.

My thoughts, ever wayward, flew back to my childhood,
I seemed, as of old, to be treading again,
Every pathway and winding and nook of that wild-wood ;
In fancy I rambled once more through that glen.

In all the wild freedom of girlhood, there seeking
A rest on the slopes of those well-wooded hills,
While nature around to my senses seemed speaking
In the rustling of trees, and the murmur of rills.

Every tint that could charm the eye, was before me
Illumined again by the sun's golden rays ;
And the same buoyant feeling of rapture came o'er me,
As I seemed on that vista of beauty to gaze.

The birds' notes in one joyous chorus were blending ;
A small placid lake was seen nestling beneath,
While streams from its basin were peacefully wending
Their way thro' the valley o'er brushwood and
heath.

Here and there, over crags they came leaping and
bounding,
As though fearing their onward course might be
delayed ;
No sound, save their own (in the stillness resounding)
Was heard in the hush of that beautiful glade.

Oh ! fain would I linger and listen for hours
To nature's wild music, in childhood so sweet,
And gather, at times, the wild strawberries and
flowers,
Which seemed, in profusion, to grow at my feet.

No cloud on my spirits, no thought for the morrow,
But gay as the wood-birds, as blithesome and free ;
The future may come with its care and its sorrow,
Still, all was in mystery shrouded from me.

When, lo ! on a sudden, all vanished before me,
As struck by a wand of some fairy, 'twould seem ;
I awoke—but to find that long years had passed o'er
me,
The scene far away, and the childhood—a dream.

The dull grey of morn thro' the curtain came peeping
The real was there, and the ideal fled ;
With light heart and happy, as when I lay sleeping,
I mourned not the visions so fleetly that sped.

For life has an aim now it knew not in childhood,
A purpose far nobler henceforth to fulfil ;
Yet, deem it not strange if the thought of that wildwood
Should sometimes, in slumber, recur to me still.

THE MILL-STREAM.

THRO' the glens and thro' the valley,
See the current briskly sally,
Loit'ring not, nor does it dally
With the mosses on its brink.
Pausing not to greet the sunbeam,
Onward, onward goes the bright stream,
Heeding shade no more than sun's gleam,
From no terrors does it shrink.

Bounding, leaping, swelling, rushing,
Never weary—gurgling, gushing,
All at once its music hushing—
What can check its buoyant speed ?
Cruel gates, will ye detain it ?
Made for freedom, why restrain it ?
Bent on pleasure, why retain it ?
Ah ! it must supply a need.

Little dreamed it, when it started
From the wildwood which it parted,
That some miller, cruel-hearted,
Should enclose it prisoner here.
Like a playful child and sprightly,
As it sparkled, oh ! so brightly,
As it bounded on so lightly
O'er its pebbly bed and clear.

Wild and free thy life and painless,
Bright thy limpid wave and stainless,
Thou wert meant to flow on chainless ;
 Why those teasing barriers, then ?
Lift them—they must not impede thee,
Kindly hands, at last, have freed thee ;
Now, with double swiftness speed thee
 Now, thou may'st flow on again.

See its pent-up waters dashing—
Forward, forward, wildly splashing—
In the rosy sunlight flashing,
 With a bright and joyous smile.
There, is seen no tinge of sorrow,
No foreboding for the morrow ;
Wisely does its radiance borrow
 From the cheering sun the while.

Now I linger, fondly viewing
The bright stream its course pursuing,
Once again its song renewing,
 Hastening to the ocean's breast,
From which nought its waves can sever ;
Like it, hearts are longing ever
For repose, and find it never,
 Till they seek in God their rest.

Q U I E T .

'Tis evening—gently does the din
 Of busy labour cease,
And all around, without, within,
 Breathes tranquil, quiet peace.
The smiling landscape dimmer grows,
 Less fair and bright to view ;
The feathered songsters seek repose,
 And hush their warblings, too.

What, though we miss the noon-day gleams,
That shone on sparkling rill;
That brightened woodland, mead, and streams,
We prize far dearer still
The deepening shades that would invite
Our weary feet to rest;
The growing calm of coming night,
How welcome, and how blest!

Perchance we've trod life's stony track,
The weary, long day through;
With onward pace that grew not slack,
And yet no sunbeam knew.
'Tis twilight, and we hail the pause,
Of peaceful, holy eve,
Which over weary nature draws
The veil it loves to weave.

That silence seems a sacred thing,
As sweet as holiest psalm,
Whose wordless eloquence doth bring
A gentle, soothing balm.
I cannot choose, but listen then,
To inward voices low,
Whose whispers are unheard by men,
But which my heart doth know.

An idle folly, then appear
The busy scenes which chase,
Those faint, soft accents which I hear,
Those breathings sweet, of grace,
Which lull to rest my weary heart,
In tired and restless mood,
Which bid my anxiousness depart,
When cares would fain intrude.

O precious hour! far dearer now,
The tranquil air you breathe,
Than morn, whose gay and smiling brow,
The golden sunbeams wreath.

More dear to me the hush that reigns,
All sacred and profound,
Than music's sweetest, gayest strains,
Or bird-notes twittering round.

EARLY JOYS.

LISTENING to the wild bird's song
In the branches all day long,
Rambling thro' the woods among
The ferns wild.
Then with footsteps light and free,
Bounding homeward merrily—
These were sweetest joys to me
When a child.

Culling simple flowers, which seemed
Brightest gems my fancy dreamed,
Nature's carpet with them teemed.
Happy days!
Wreathing garlands, which, when made,
I had watched, as half afraid,
Lest their bloom should quickly fade
From my gaze.

Walking by the river's side,
Flinging pebbles in its tide,
Watching eddies circling wide—
Vanished soon.

Pausing pensively to think
On its cool and mossy brink,
Longing of its wave to drink,
In the noon.

Seated in some shady nook,
Listening to a murmuring brook,
With a dear old fav'rite book,
Far from noise.

Tho' sterner duties claim her care,
And bid her now no longer fret ;
In memory this sweet flow'r and rare,
She holds still freshly blooming yet.

The sparkling gems which others prize,
If present, she would coldly view,
Compared with what before her lies—
That precious, tiny, half-worn shoe.
A fiat brave she strives to say,
And would her heart the lesson teach,
But all in vain—it dies away,
Nor to her quivering lips can reach.

“If he had only lived,” she thought,
“What noble deeds he might have done.”
Ah! yes, perchance, but dearly bought,
Too often are the honours won.
His sinless soul is with the blest,
And well that mother felt it, too,
As once again she fondly pressed
Her lips upon that little shoe.

EVENING CHIMES.

SOFTLY pealing in the twilight,
With a sweet resistless power ;
Lulling cares that still would haunt us,
In that calm and holy hour.
Floats their melody around us,
'Till it gently dies away,
Gently as the breeze that tells us
Of the now departing day.

Who has heard and felt not soothed,
By those prayerful tones and blest,
Breathing peace in hours of sorrow,
On the tired and anxious breast ;

'Till the nothings that had vexed us,
Teasing worries of the day,
Melt before those chimes of even',
By their magic chased away.

Hushed are thrush and blackbird's warbling,
Hushed, the linnet's dulcet note ;
Whilst they list with eager rapture,
To the peals that round them float ;
As with pinions softly folded,
They have hymned their little prayer ;
And ere slumber shuts their eyelids,
Drink their fill of music there.

None like evening chimes awaken
Hope's inconstant wav'ring ray,
As they peal from tower and belfry,
Gently wooing hearts to pray.
Look within, and see them grouping
Now around that mercy shrine ;
Sad and weary hearts and lonely,
Tasting all a peace divine.

As the twilight shadows deepen,
As the mellow sunlight wanes,
Thro' the balmy air come stealing
Peaceful, holy, glad'ning strains.
Tho' no sounds responsive echo
From my tired and weary heart,
Language may not tell the solace
Which those evening chimes impart.

As they come, like angel whispers,
Telling that a day is o'er—
A day—with all its precious graces,
Which we can recall no more.
While their soothing tones invite us,
All our griefs to lay aside,
And in God's paternal keeping,
Bid us trustingly abide.

WHO IS A FRIEND ?

WHEN pleasures abound,
 And many surround,
 And nothing is found
 To offend ;
 Of all who are near,
 Who then is most dear
 And found most sincere ?
 'Tis a Friend.

When others look down,
 If fortune should frown,
 And you've not a crown
 To expend ;
 When some will upbraid,
 Who has not delayed
 To come to your aid ?
 'Tis a Friend.

When cares, that before
 Embarrassed, are o'er,
 And to wealth, once more
 You ascend ;
 Oh ! when all is right,
 Who sees with delight,
 Your prospects look bright ?
 'Tis a Friend.

And if you should stray
 From duty's safe way,
 Who ventures to say,
 What may tend,

Again to recall,
Your good feelings all?
Who weeps at your fall?
 'Tis a Friend.

When sorrows oppress,
Who soothes your distress?
Who then will caress
 You, and blend
Your tears with her own,
Whose words, looks, and tone
Console you alone?
 'Tis a Friend.

Should calumny blame,
Or darken your fame,
Who, quickly your name
 Will defend?
Tho' foes may lurk near,
Who banishes fear,
When her voice meets your ear?
 'Tis a Friend.

How joyless your hearth,
How great there the dearth,
Which naught on this earth
 Can amend—
How darksome and drear
Is life's pathway here,
If you have not near
 You, a Friend.

As time wears away,
And your locks become grey,
Who yet, is your stay
 To the end'?

Whate'er may betide
Who still at your side
Will ever abide ?
 'Tis a Friend.

BE GRATEFUL.

Be grateful for the kindly deed,
Which brightened up your path to-day ;
'Twas small, but, in an hour of need,
How much of care it chased away.
Perhaps the heart which shared with you,
The hand that gave to-day its mite,
Had equal need of kindness too—
Of one, to make its pathway bright.

Be grateful for the little word,
Which came in some dark hour of gloom,
Your buried hopes to life had stirred,
And clothed again with spring-time bloom ;
Perhaps the friend who tried to shed
Some gleam upon your sunless way,
Had long since seen his own hopes fled,
His own life's pleasures all decay.

Be grateful for the cheering smile,
Which fell with summer warmth on you ;
That oft from sadness would beguile ;
And yet, perchance, beneath it, too,
Some secret, silent grief may rest,
Which this cold world shall never know ;
Some heart by sympathy unblest,
Which still would soothe another's woe.

Be grateful for each ray that peeps,
When darkening clouds shall lower above ;
A watchful eye that never sleeps—
A heart of tender ceaseless love ;
Each heavenly sunbeam earthward sends,
When shadows shall have gone before ;
Some kind and pitying heart befriends,
When friends would seem to us no more.

Unselfish, kindly hearts there are,
Who fain their sorrow would conceal,
Lest they another's bliss should mar,
Or who another's grief would heal ;
When even heaviest trials press,
Whose hand is outstretched then to share
And make a neighbour's burthen less,
Yet, must its own unaided bear.

Be grateful for each precious grace,
Bestowed by God, from day to day,
A countless number we might trace
Which, oft unheeded, mark our way.
A grateful heart, like fruitful mould,
Receives of gifts a double share,
Its seeds produce a hundred-fold,
Bright flowers of virtue blooming there.

L'ENFANT DE MARIE.

LIKE the waning light of a summer's eve,
She faded away from earth ;
Yes ! that gentle spirit, for whom they grieve,
Has another nobler birth.
All blissful and calm was her early death ;
No shade rested on her brow,
And angels had borne her latest breath
To that Heaven she dwells in now.

Arrayed in a snowy robe she lay,
As though she but calmly slept,
And wreathed, as if for a festal day,
While those who had loved her, wept.
They wept—but soft were the tears they shed,
For, upon that angel face,
Though numbered among the silent dead,
Death seemed to have left no trace.

The cross she had clasped with such delight,
Which soothed her every pain ;
Even now, when her spirit had winged its flight,
That cross on her breast had lain,
And many a loving hand had placed
'Round her, with tender care,
The blooming immortelles, which graced
Her silent chamber there.

To-morrow, the earth in its cold embrace,
Shall her cherished form receive,
Shall leave of that gentle being no trace,
Save the mound o'er which they grieve.
But fifteen summers had o'er her passed,
And her girlhood's sunny bloom,
With the fragrance of innocence o'er it cast,
Will they consign to the tomb ?

The mournful sound of the autumn breeze,
As its voice bespeaks decay,
While it sighs through the almost leafless trees,
Has a sadder tone to-day.
Each leaf, in its rustling, seems to tell
Of the youthful spirit fled.
Soon, the dismal toll of to-morrow's bell,
Shall announce that she is dead.

Say rather, gone to a heaven of peace,
Ere her heart knew shade of guile,
Where care and sorrow and suffering cease
Before us a little while.
That loving Mother, whose badge she wore,
Had tenderly bid her come ;
The child of Mary's brief life is o'er,
But angels have borne her home.

H O P E.

A WHITE sail fluttered o'er the main,
A thing so fair, so frail it seemed,
Methought, howe'er shall it regain
The shore, of which it fondly dreamed.

The crested billows rougher grew ;
The barque seemed lost awhile to sight,
When lo ! it soon appeared in view,
Skimming the waves with gentle might.

Nearer and nearer to the beach
It drew, despite the rising blast,
The haven which it strove to reach,
The longed-for port is gained at last .

A seagull in its airy flight,
'Mid sky and water, soared on high,
A lovely speck it seemed and bright,
Yet, "whither," ask we, "doth it fly?"

Too pure to rest on ocean's brine,
Too gentle for its angry foam,
We wonder where at day's decline,
Doth this winged wanderer find a home.

The hand that safely led the barque,
Hath found the seagull, too, a nest ;
In storm or calm, in light or dark,
In God we shall find tranquil rest.

MONTH OF ST. JOSEPH.

HAIL, thou precious month ! nor need we
 Say why thou art always dear,
 Why, save winsome May, thou'rt dearest
 To our hearts, of all the year.
 Glorious Patron, dear St. Joseph !
 Well thou knowest why, to-day,
 We accord thee loving homage,
 And our humble tributes pay.

Again thy faithful clients greet thee,
 Kneeling, suppliants at thy shrine,
 And with more than wonted ardour
 Welcome this sweet month of thine.
 With the opening year it cometh,
 Breathing in its very air
 Hopes rekindled, morning's freshness ;
 Wooing grateful hearts to prayer.

We have culled the spotless lily,
 Placed it at thy sainted feet ;
 None, among our spring-time offerings,
 For thine image seems so meet.
 Purer far than e'en its fragrance,
 Whiter than its petals, too,
 Was thy human heart, St. Joseph,
 Holy heart of stainless hue.

Holy Church doth style thee Patron
 Of her vast domain and wide,
 Dearer titles still we give thee :
 Loving father, friend, and guide.
 Countless blessings strew our pathway,
 Gifts procured by thee above,
 Where, save Mary, thou art greatest
 In thy power, as in thy love.

Friend thou art, the kindest, truest,
Aiding, when on thee we call ;
With paternal love untiring,
Watching o'er thy children all.
Listening to their fervent pleadings
With a tenderness benign,
Though thy happy arms enfolded
To thy breast the Child divine !

Thou wert guide upon life's pathway
When our feet unfaltering trod;
Shall we seek a guidance surer ?
Thou hast led the Infant God.
Still direct us, gentle Patron,
Let us feel thy tender care ;
When our trusting hearts invoke thee,
Dear St. Joseph, hear our prayer.

M A Y .

Now the falling tears of April
Gently pass away,
And the rosy flush of morn
Welcomes blooming May.
Hark ! the jocund bird-notes swelling,
Of this sweet, sweet month are telling
In a joyous lay.

Month of fragrance, month of beauty,
How thy golden hours,
Fleet-winged, speed 'mid song and gladness
Wreathing brightest flowers.
While thy summer radiance shineth,
Whose the mystic name it twineth
Through thy verdant bowers ?

Mary, thine, the tints unfolding,
Beauteous, bright, and rare,
Thine the wealth of freshest fragrance
On the balmy air ;
Thine the song of skylark soaring,
From his tiny throat outpouring ;
Thine this month so fair.

Hands of love are weaving garlands,
Floral gifts are thine ;
Tapers glow in silent homage
Round thy Virgin shrine.
Fervent, prayerful hearts before thee,
With a filial trust implore thee ;
Shall no gift be mine ?

Shall no humble offering tell thee
How thy month I greet,
How I love the hymn uprising,
Round thine image sweet ?
Ah ! thou seest my heart's devotion,
Knowest its every fond emotion,
Words may not repeat.

Thou art Queen, still thou art Mother,
Dearest name of all,
From thy glorious throne above us,
Let thy glances fall.
Let thy gaze, benign and tender,
See the love our fond hearts render ;
Hear thy children's call.

THE EXILE'S REVERIE.

O'ER the beautiful Hudson, which brightly
Flashed out in the evening's rich glow,
A steamer was speeding as lightly
As arrow when shot from the bow.

On the deck stood an Irishman gazing,
But not on the sea or the sky,
Which in sunset were gloriously blazing,
The scene had not charmed his eye.

Far, far o'er the billowy ocean,
His thoughts at that moment flew back,
Than even the steamer's swift motion,
More fleetly were they in their track.

He mused thus, half audibly : Never
Shall memory my own land forget,
Its green hills and valleys are ever
Enshrined in my inmost heart yet.

The old house, which sheltered my childhood,
The river which flowed towards the mill,
The oak-trees, the glens, and the wild-wood ;
All, fondly remembered are still.

Oh ! who will entwine me a garland
Of Erin's green Shamrock, and send
It across the broad seas to this far land,
With a message of love from each friend ?

Here, too, I have kind friends around me,
But not the old home of my youth,
Ah ! strong are the ties which have bound me
To that dear land of faith and of truth.

There are tears, more than smiles, in old Erin ;
Her chances of fortune are few ;
But cowards or cold hearts are rare in
That land of the brave and the true.

There, love for the old faith is 'kindled,
For pastor, for home, and for friends,
And the patriot's love with it mingled—
That love which, till death, never ends.

In boyhood, I climbed up its mountains,
And breathed the pure mountain air;
I've loved its bright streams and its fountains,
The spirit of freedom was there.

I have seen bluer skies, but not clearer,
Than hang o'er our beautiful isle;
I've seen richer lands, but not dearer
Than that, with the "tear and the smile."

There are flowers more brilliant and rare in
This land, which may charm the eye,
But give me some shamrock from Erin
To place near my heart till I die.

Should ever thy prospects grow brighter,
Sweet spot! I shall see thee again;
And with heart bounding freer and lighter,
To thee I shall come o'er the main.

Oh! would I had pinions to bring me
For even one hour to thy shore,
Then, with what delight I should wing me
To gaze on that green isle once more.

TO-MORROW.

WHAT may it have in store?
Ask we to-day,
Questioning o'er and o'er,
Still gazing on before,
Through life's dim way.

Ah! what the morrow brings,
Little we dream;
Strange and mysterious things,
Hidden beneath its wings,
Now to us seem.

Take what to-day bestows :
 This be our text ;
Silently twilight grows,
Let us not then propose
 Plans for the next.

Here there are moments bright,
 Still are they brief ;
Soon for us cometh night—
Life hath its sudden blight,
 Like to the leaf.

What doth to-morrow own ?
 Better not pry ;
God's will to-day is known,
This do we need alone,
 Needless to sigh.

Working while daylight lasts—
 This must we be,
Seeking not summer rays,
Heeding not blame nor praise,
 Happy then we.

Heeding the Master's eye,
 Gazing with love,
Fast do the moments fly,
Soon repose draweth nigh—
 Sweet rest above.

Soon shall to-morrow's light
 (Mayhap too soon),
Dawn on us clear and bright,
Soon cometh death's dark night,
 Oft ere our noon.

THE OLD HEAD LIGHTHOUSE.

THE surging billows rage around it,
 Dashing ever at its breast ;
 The seething waters, which surround it,
 Cannot yet disturb its rest.
 Still, faithful to its only duty—
 To its one great work of love ;
 There, in all its strength and beauty,
 Does the lighthouse tower above.

When o'er the angry face of ocean,
 Darkly fall the shades of night,
 Then, with sure and steady motion,
 Brightly beams its beacon light.
 Eager mariners are watching
 For that glow, ne'er seen to fail,
 And, the first bright glimmer catching,
 O'er the deep, they gladly hail.

Faithful sentinel, and willing !
 While the world in sleep is drowned,
 There, your lonely task fulfilling,
 Shedding light and hope around.
 Perils menace, storms rage wildly—
 There, are you to guide and save,
 Showing the danger, yet so mildly
 Shining o'er the the treach'rous wave.

Shine on ! shine on ! thou guardian tender !
 And fling thy brightness o'er the main,
 Till morning comes in all its splendour,
 Then thou may'st have rest again.
 When the tempest fierce is breaking
 O'er the wide and trackless sea,
 Many an anxious heart, and aching,
 Turns with wistful glance to thee.

One noon I eagerly ascended,
Step by step, and flight on flight,
Until (my upward journey ended)
I reached, at last, its dizzy height.
A sense of awe at once stole o'er me;
Methought I saw some fairy dream,
So splendid was the sight before me—
So boundless did the ocean seem.

Gigantic waves, like thunder sounding,
Were seen to revel at its base,
And back again in fury bounding,
Still harmless, left behind no trace.
While viewing from this lofty station,
I felt my wond'ring mind expand;
No work in all this wide creation
Seemed then so peerless or so grand.

I knew no fear, a ruling Power
Was there, Whose calm but mighty sway
Old ocean, in its wildest hour
And darkest mood, shall still obey.
I gazed, and fain would gaze for ever,
With ceaseless rapture, always new;
Oh! faded from my memory, never,
Shall be that glorious lighthouse view.

THE SAMARITAN WOMAN.

FROM Samaria, she came to the well to draw water;
A stranger was resting at eve on its brink;
She knew not that merciful Saviour who sought her,
And tenderly asked of her, "Give me to drink."
Those words, from a fountain of mercy came burst-
ing;
He waited the soul of that sinner to win.

Oh ! then, not His lips, but His heart that was
thirsting,

To lead that poor stray one from error and sin.

She saw Him all wearied, the day fast declining ;

She grants, but with coldness, His simple request ;

Ah ! soon unto Him all her best love resigning,

Then only, then surely, His heart shall find rest.

Unmindful of Him who had come there to seek her,

Yet, touched by His words, which sank deep in her
heart ;

Unconscious was she, that divine was the speaker,

But felt those dear accents a something impart.

Blest Source ! whence a torrent of life was then
flowing,

Which will all the guilt of her life-time efface ;

She could not tell why, but she felt her heart glow-
ing,

How precious for her was that moment of grace !

O bountiful Jesus ! so richly rewarding,

An offering so trivial, with mercy divine,

This heart, Thou art now with such pity regarding,

Shall henceforth be wholly and constantly Thine.

Delays and resistance are past, and for ever—

Thy patience hath gained—she is won ere life's
close ;

Again Thou need'st journey in search of her never ;

At last, gentle Jesus, Thou may'st repose.

Her newly-found Treasure, with gladness possessing,

And still not content to possess it alone,

She summons her loved ones to Jesus, expressing

The joy she had felt, until then all unknown.

O Gift of all others ! in value excelling ;

O blessed transition from error to truth !

Her Saviour and God on this earth with her dwelling ;

Oh ! would she had known Him and loved Him from
youth.

Too long, He has been there all wearily waiting ;
Too long, she has kept from that fountain aloof,
Of patience untiring, and love unabating,
Her wayward and sinful heart now has had proof.
She soon bids adieu to ephemeral pleasures,
The voice of her Jesus still sounds in her ear,
And deep in her heart is that Treasure of treasures,
More priceless than all that this world holds dear.
Her zeal is enkindled to gather around her,
Fond worshippers, burning with love like her own.
The past is forgotten, and now He has found her,
To stray from Him never, and love Him alone.

SUN AFTER SHOWERS.

SEE how the hedge-row glitters
Beneath the golden sun !
Myriads of tiny rain-drops,
Are sparkling, every one ;
Shed by the gentle shower,
As welcome gifts to earth,
And now in the smiling sunlight,
See how they beam with mirth.

Freshened anew and tinted
Seem garden, mead, and vale,
And flower and bud and blossom
A new, sweet breath exhale.
They have quaffed in their thirsty petals,
This grateful draught of rain,
And now seem as tho' transfigured
In the glorious sun again.

While softly the gentle rain-drops
Descend upon earth's breast,
How cosily does the linnæa
Seek shelter in its nest.

Again, when the sun illumines
The landscape in its rays,
Forth comes the feathered warbler
To sing its gladsome lays.

All nature, so parched and languid
Ere the cooling nectar flowed,
Seems now more glad and grateful,
For the banquet just bestowed.
A thousand hues are unfolded,
Which ne'er before were seen,
And each spray and leaflet glistens,
With countless hues of green.

The summer air is more balmy—
The purple, flowering heath,
And the yellow, rich furze-blossom
Are lavish of their breath.
The bright and joyous streamlets,
Are quickened in their speed,
As tho' of the friendly shower,
Creation all had need.

Dear, gentle, and lovely flowers !
Decking the earth we tread ;
Fill, fill your cups of the rain-drops,
Gather the sunbeams shed,
Then give out your own sweet fragrance—
Your silent prayer of love,
To gladden earth's dreary pathway,
Your incense waft above.

THE POET'S STAR.

THOUGH fair the glittering orbs of night
In heaven's high dome, which shed their light
So soft, so tranquil, and so clear,
Above this busy, restless sphere ;

Yet, not the glow which they impart
Can e'er enchain the poet's heart.
Or mingle in his fairest dreams,
Though he may hail their lustrous beams.

"Madonna," ah! that tender name
Fond homage from his muse doth claim;
That glorious star, whose peerless rays,
Before him shine, through earth's dim haze.

Enthroned amid the highest Heaven,
To him a guiding beacon given,
Whose never-failing light, and blest,
Shines with a radiance, not possessed

By stars, whose cold material gleams
But faintly light the rippling streams;
But shed a feeble flickering glow,
Far downward, on this world below.

Those lesser lights but shadows are
Of her who is the poet's star;
Whose dazzling beauty ever hath
A brightness which illumines his path;

A glow of pure, celestial fire
Which tunes for him the muse's lyre
And warms his soul to truest song,
As float the dulcet notes along.

More fair to him that radiant brow
Whose bright transcendent glory now
All else above doth far outshine.
All, all, except her Son Divine!

“Madonna!” greatest bards have sung
Thy praise, with glowing pen and tongue,
How oft, sweet Lady! thou didst seem
Thy children’s all-absorbing theme!

Still guide the pen and touch the chords,
That never may the uttered words,
Which flow in tuneful melody,
Bear impress, save of God and Thee.

OLD YEAR'S THOUGHTS.

A YEAR has passed. How short they seem—
Those fleeting months, so quickly gone,
Whose fitful gleams of joy, scarce shone
Than vanished, like a short-lived dream.

The shades that mar, the rays that cheer,
Were all upon time’s current borne,
And gladsome hearts, and hearts that mourn,
Now meet alike the stranger year.

“Repose.” For this doth yearn the human heart,
For ever and instinctively,
Yet, ceaseless change around we see,
As every year fulfils its part.

The sun at morn, which sheds its rays,
Whose warming beams with joy we hail,
Illumining woodland, hill and vale,
At evening’s sure approach decays.

The calm, pale moon, with gentle grace,
Scarce sheds her bright reflection o’er
The placid sea and rocky shore,
’Than does she veil her shining face.

The ever wandering river tells
Of yearnings, too. No rest it knows,
As onward, ceaselessly it flows,
Till on the ocean's breast it dwells.

Night's shadows melt before the day,
And day-beams fade from us again ;
Returning darkness shrouds earth then,
At day's expiring, fading ray.

No permanence in aught is found ;
The tide of time flows swiftly by ;
How transient to the Christian's eye
Doth seem earth's passing things around.

For high and noble ends designed—
Our aspirations ever tend
To that alone which shall not end,
Wherein true happiness we find.

“Eternity,”—that thought, how blest !
Earth's restless turmoil then shall cease,
Then shall we taste divinest peace ;
In heaven alone, is found true rest.

ADRIFT.

Out on the billowy waters,
Further and further from shore
The frail barque was steadily floating,
Drifting out seaward the more ;
The wavelets were surging around it,
As onward it sailed o'er the deep ;
No hand seemed directing its movement
Nor oar seemed its motion to keep.

Awhile as I dreamily gazed on
The craft which no guidance had led,
As ever and ever more swiftly,
Away o'er the waters it sped,

With naught, save the rough waves around it,
Above it a threatening sky—
A strange and sad feeling came o'er me;
I felt my heart utter a sigh.

A pathless expanse lay before it,
As over the fathomless main,
The fragile boat went—none knew whither,
Nor may it return again.
Mysterious—methought, and yet, only
A type of life's mysteries here,
Of souls that are launched on its ocean,
And recklessly drift, without fear.

Grey mists and wild tempests unheeding,
On, on, through the billows and foam,
Scarce knowing where to, and yet ever
Unconsciously drifting from home.
No rest on life's storm-tost ocean
They find—as the calm beach recedes,
And the world, all cold and oblivious,
No longer its votaries heeds.

The sweet, gentle teachings of childhood,
Those lessons of virtue and truth,
Which gave such rich promise in spring-time,
And bore even blossoms in youth,
No more doth their light shine as brightly,
Serenely and sure as of yore,
To guide through life's pathway in safety,
And lead to the much-desired shore.

Adrift like the barque on the ocean,
Yet, shielded by God's loving grace,
Securely, we sail amid crosses,
Nor tremble their pains to embrace.

An Eye, ever watchful and sleepless,
A Heart ever tender and kind,
Will safely conduct thro' the billows,
And temper the rough-blowing wind.

BENEDICTION.

HARK ! the organ's notes are pealing
Sacred melody around ;
Wakening every fervent feeling,
By their deep and solemn sound ;
Now, with pathos, soul-subduing ;
Now, in joyous strains again ;
Then, its plaintive tones renewing,
Bursting into gladness then.

Feeble words are now not needed,
Music's voice, so pure and blest,
All our wants has mutely pleaded,
All our tenderest love expressed.
Like the incense there ascending,
In its fragrance towards our Lord,
Wishes now are heavenwards tending,
Mingling with each deep, rich chord.

Hushed in reverent love adoring,
Hearts are bowed in silent prayer,
Every grace they need imploring—
Jesus gives His blessing there !
Angels group in awe around Him,
Round the throne whereon He stands,
Where His love for us has bound Him—
Mortal, though anointed hands.

Bless us, dearest Lord, while lowly
Prostrate, here before Thy throne ;
Bless our hearts, that we be wholly
Filled with Thee, and Thee alone.
Bless our minds, that never, never
Vain or sinful thoughts there lurk ;
Bless each weak but good endeavour,
Bless our every word and work.

List ! again those tones so thrilling
Sweetly fall on ear and heart,
And the soul for ever filling
With the rapture they impart.
Rousing every best emotion,
While they lift to things above,
Kindling all the soul's devotion
Into flames of holiest love.

Ah ! that little door is closing,
Hiding now my God from view,
Yet within He lies reposing,
Needless, then, to say " Adieu."
Unveiled one day, no door before Him,
To hide His glory or His love,
We shall in rapture then adore Him,
In His own bright realms above.

ASLEEP.

ASLEEP 'neath the shade of the willow,
Resting in slumber profound ;
No soft touch to smoothen his pillow,
No voice to awake with its sound !

The plaintive winds moan as he slumbers,
And yet, not a dirge chant they now :
For, few are the years which he numbers,
And guileless that innocent brow.

The rose-bud was culled ere a thorn
Of earth on its frail stem appeared :
In the freshness of early morn
Lest aught should its fair bloom have seared

Tho' softly the tendrils were shaken,
Which twined round the fond ones bereft,
The sunbeam their home has forsaken,
And naught save the shadow is left.

Ah ! death, stern mower, ne'er heeded
The homestead which shone in his smile ;
The fond mother's heart, which so needed
His prattle to cheer and beguile.

Could the angel, whose golden wings fluttered
Around, as he passed to the tomb,
Have seen all the anguish unuttered ?
Have read all the sorrow and gloom ?

The dark clouds that suddenly lower
Above that once sunshiny hearth !
The spirit that plucked that sweet flower
Well knew 'twas a treasure of earth.

A pearl too pure for its keeping,
A bud for earth's gardens too fair ;
And gently, 'mid heart-sighs and weeping,
It took it, while fragrant and fair.

A crown was prepared for the sleeper,
Of glory divine and untold—
And a grace, for the heart of the weeper,
Whose home is now joyless and cold.

TRY TO MAKE THEM BLOSSOM.

THEY are sown—those precious seedlings,
 Gently scattered on earth's breast ;
 Kindly mother earth receives them,
 Doubt not—she will do the rest.
 Softly, softly does she fold them,
 In the spring-time, to her arms ;
 Bids them fear no more the tempest,
 Nor the winter's fierce alarms.

Calls the genial sun to aid her ;
 And the balmy dews of night,
 To regale her tiny nurslings,
 Lovingly does she invite.
 Will they blossom ? Ah ! how surely
 Is her care requited now ;
 Every seed, a bud and blossom,
 Shining on her smiling brow.

Gemming o'er her verdant mantle,
 As the bright stars gem the sky ;
 Daily brighter tints unfolding,
 And delighting heart and eye.
 Till our sympathies are linked with
 Every blossom, bud and spray ;
 Truly, nature's fairest children
 And her fav'rite ones are they.

Far more tender, far more precious
 Are the seeds we daily sow
 In the youthful hearts around us,
 Do we try to make them grow ?
 Do we shed the dew of kindness
 On the little seed sown there ?
 Do we watch the early germ,
 With an earnest, loving care ?

Round the fragile petals growing,
Do we shed the needed sun—
Patient, gentle, true affection?
They will blossom, every one.
Say not they may bloom to wither,
Like the fair but fleeting rose;
Heart flowers, precious little virtues
Hourly some new charms disclose.

But a little careful pruning,
During childhood's transient day;
Lasting bloom and lasting fragrance
Will your loving toil repay.
Homes are sanctified and brightened,
By those flowers, Heaven-born,
Shedding sweeter scent at even,
Than they did in childhood's morn.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

From a far off eastern province, in the land of grape
and vine,
Where, with unequalled loveliness, the golden sun-
beams shine;
Where flowers of rarest beauty and rich odours meet
our glance,
O'erhung with cloudless azure skies—the sunny
land of France,

Came a humble peasant woman, dressed in poorest
peasant guise,
Bearing something which she guarded as a dear and
valued prize;
All the earnings of her lifetime, of her life of cease-
less toil—
Late and early had she laboured hard upon her native
soil.

Now, she brings her little savings to a pilgrim
bound for Rome,
To present the Holy Father, as her loving gift from
home ;
Hoping humbly, as she gave it, with a child-like faith
and hope,
That her poor and scanty offering be accepted by
the Pope.

She may lack some few small comforts in her sick-
ness and old age,
But to know that she had helped him would her
poverty assuage ;
She had always worked with strangers, and that
work she still would do ;
In a kind and loving Providence no cold distrust
she knew.

Thus she spoke, as to the pilgrim she consigned her
hard-won gains,
With no care about her future, tho' not even a cent
remains.
In due time the Widow's tribute was presented
without fail,
And deeply was the Pontiff touched while listening
to the tale.

Unmoved and calm, 'mid terrors, had remained that
noble brow,
And yet two large bright tear-drops are glistening
on it now ;
The noble, pure devotion of that honest, fervent
soul,
Awakened in him feelings which he could not then
control,

Pope Pius, with emotion, took the Fisherman's seal
ring,
And placed it on the alms, as tho' it were a hal-
lowed thing ;
The Widow's loving offering, tho' a simple one and
small,
Christ's Vicar prized, for well he knew she sacrificed
her all.

A holy alms—too sacred far—the saintly Pontiff
said,
For his own needs, altho' a Pope should even want
for bread ;
Not all the richest treasures which from affluence on
him flowed,
Were deemed one-half as precious as that humble
gift bestowed.

TWO PICTURES.

THE artist fixed his enraptured eye,
On the open brow and the forehead high ;
On the sunny, joyous, sparkling grace,
That shone on that guileless, child-like face.

He thought, as he gazed on that artless brow,
“ What a lovely model for canvas now ! ”
As the fair boy sat at his mother's side,
While she gazed on him with a parent's pride.

“ Yes, truly,” he cried, “ may this artless child
A picture of innocence, well be styled ; ”
And soon, with a matchless skill and rare,
His brush has painted a portrait fair.

Long years, in their rapid flight, rolled o'er,
And a model the artist seeks once more,
To display his genius, but this, thought he,
A type of remorse and guilt must be.

Companion picture, which he might place
Beside the bloom of that boyish face,
Which, of old, his brush portrayed with skill
And which has retained its freshness still.

To a crowded prison his steps he turned,
And there, condemned, despised, and spurned—
A sullen criminal doth await
The dreaded morrow which seals his fate !

His sunken, bloodshot eyes and dim,
Told plainly what crime had wrought in him.
The painter now may his copy take,
No further search need his talent make.

To that cell, where a picture of guilt he sought,
Was the fair child's lovely portrait brought ;
Displaying a contrast great and wide
'Twixt guilt and innocence, side by side.

Scarce rested the culprit's gaze upon
That face, where such childish beauty shone,
Than, wrung with remorse and shame and tears,
His thoughts flew back to his early years,

When, clasped in his mother's gentle hold,
As the artist's model, he sat of old.
That picture of child-life, just begun,
And the wretch condemned to death—*were one.*

Alas ! how the misspent years had wrecked
That spotless soul, by its Maker decked.
So true it is, that no day glides o'er,
But leads to good or to evil more.

SAFE ANCHORAGE.

Dost thou seek a port, when storm-tost,
 And all grows dark ?
 Haste to this Heart divine and blest ;
 There, from life's troubled waters rest ;
 Thou fragile barque !

What sayest thou, to those tender tones
 Which call to thee ?
 List to their pleadings, heart of mine !
 For sadly dost thou sometimes pine,
 On life's rough sea.

Heart of my Saviour ! whence hath come
 The untold woe,
 The dark, o'erwhelming agony,
 Which seized Thee in Gethsemani ?—
 Well didst Thou know.

Thou patient, humble, grief-wrung Heart
 What little gain,
 What sad requital years would bring,
 To so much love and suffering :
That was Thy pain.

Where shall we find Thee ? Need we seek
 In Heaven above,
 This port, to which Thou dost invite ?
 Art Thou not near us, day and night,
 In Thy shrine of love ?

Enclosed, a willing Prisoner there,
 Whom love detains.
 A boundless Heart—which doth embrace,
 Each precious treasure, priceless grace,
 Which Heaven contains.

In this Fount exhaustless, we shall find
Each need supplied :
Patience—when words would oft betray
The clouds, which on our spirits weigh,
When sharply tried.

Courage—when phantom-fears arise
Upon our path ;
Strength—when our timid hearts would shrink
From the bitter chalice, Thou didst drink :
All these, Thou hath.

Enshrined, in Thy soundless depths of love,
O Sacred Heart !
Grant us to seek Thee, day by day,
All that we need upon life's way,
Thou will impart.

CONTENT.

Who would not win the precious prize,
Whate'er the cost may be ?
And yet, within the heart it lies,
Where reigns tranquillity.
Nor need we search for it afar,
Where precious things are sought,
'Mid richest mines where treasures are,
Whence rarest gems are brought.

It is a priceless pearl, which may
The poor man's gift become,
And when possessed, whose pure, calm ray,
Shall light his humble home ;
Nor does it come to him alone,
For, by a hidden chain,
It holds those little virtues, known
But in contentment's train.

In vain the man of wealth describes
Far off, this shining lure ;
He adds still more, and thus he tries
Contentment to secure ;
In vain, the restless, eager heart
(On empty pleasures bent),
Pursues a good, they ne'er impart—
In vain it seeks content.

Nor rank nor titles hold the key
That to this treasure leads ;
It dwells beside humility,
Not great, not shining deeds ;
It seeks a calm and peaceful breast,
Whose wishes are but few ;
When restless longings are at rest,
Content appears in view.

Oh ! truly, 'tis that wished-for stone
Philosophers have found—
That wondrous thing, wherein alone
Doth truest bliss abound.
No anxious biting, bitter cares,
To gnaw the busy heart ;
No projects vain, steal unawares,
And restlessness impart.

Then let ambition fret and pine,
In search of fancied bliss ;
But let a sweet content be thine,
For truest joy is this.
The poor man and the man of wealth
Alike its sweets can share,
If teasing cares come not by stealth,
And leave their impress there.

THE BLIND BOY.

HE cannot see the sunshine, but he feels its warm
 glow,
 Nor how it gilds the landscape, too, alas! he does
 not know;
 The rich, luxuriant foliage of every shrub and
 tree,
 The flowers, with all their varied tints and hues, he
 does not see.

They tell him of the ocean—he only hears its
 roar,
 But cannot view the lofty cliffs, along its rocky
 shore;
 Its proudly heaving billows, at times so fierce and
 grim,
 Its wide expanse, and boundless—all, all are lost to
 him.

They tell him of the meadows green and of the wav-
 ing corn,
 And how the sun, in splendour rises o'er the hills at
 morn;
 And how it sinks at evening, all glowing in the
 West,
 When, hastening to their leafy homes, the little
 birds seek rest.

He hears them speak of nature—its charms he does
 not miss,
 He sees beyond this fleeting earth, a world of peace
 and bliss;
 And while they gaze with pity, they do not know
 the joy
 Which fills to overflowing the heart of that blind
 boy.

Whence comes that look of happiness, and whence
that radiant smile,
Which brightens up his pallid face, though he is
dark the while?
Far lovelier scenes and fairer, whose beauty is un-
told,
In spite of his dull, sightless eyes, does that blind
boy behold!

THE ORGAN'S TONES.

THEY speak, as it were, to our listening hearts,
In eloquent moving words;
What voice has the power to calm and soothe,
As those mellow and tender chords?
Are we sad? Each note, to our own pensive mind,
Has for us a responsive sound,
Soothing our hearts, with its sober strains,
As they softly float around.

Are we joyous? We fancy they share our joy,
Whatever their measure be,
A something—we know not—of gladness
Pervading their harmony.
And deeper the peace in our tranquil hearts,
And brighter our hopes appear;
As the mellowing chords of the organ fall
On our eager, 'raptured ear.

Majestic strains! which echo aloft
In powerful, pleading voice,
Her wishes—when Holy Church but wills
To mourn or to rejoice.
Who can doubt, but they swiftly reach
That royal throne above;
Their music utters but sacred thoughts,
But words of prayer and love.

They 'twine, as it were, a choral wreath,
For her bright and joyous brow,
When Lenten rigour and gloom have passed,
For Christ hath risen now!
Chanting a glorious victor's song,
Whose "allelujas" rise;
By angel choirs upborne to Him,
Through clear and heaven-blest skies.

Our Lady's sorrows—so tenderly
Do those plaintive tones recall—
We weep, while we fancy that angels' sobs
On our mourning spirits fall.
We weep, but in view of the glories bright
Surrounding that martyr-brow,
Where shadow of grief can never come,
Which shines all radiant now.

The organ's tones are a mystic bond,
Uniting Heaven and earth;
Bearing on pinions of cloud or light,
Errands of woe or mirth.
Hark! they float through the hallowed aisle,
They swell on the evening air,
Like the peaceful sound of a vesper chime,
Wooring our hearts to prayer.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

To-day, does the sunlight of comfort
Shine on our gladdened hearts—
To-morrow, perchance comes the shadow
And the transient gleam departs.

We knew not that, stealthily lurking,
The shade lingered near, the while
We welcomed the joy that cheered us,
And basked in its fleeting smile.

Such, ever, is life in its changes,
Of fortune and of friends ;
We just have begun to prize them,
When their fickle friendship ends.
To-day, does a flowery pathway
Outspread before our view,
To-morrow, it seems but a steep hill,
And strewn with thorns, too.

And yet, to-days and to-morrows,
And yesterdays just passed,
Are framed by the same great Maker,
Are in the same mould cast ;
Are sent to us, wisely chequered—
Why should we feel dismayed,
If the various portions He send, be
Alternate light and shade ?

Too oft, are they but reflections
Of restless thoughts which lurk
Within those hearts, ever yearning,
Ever ceaselessly at work ;
One day, do they gild the prospect,
Reflecting their own light—
Another day, falls their shadow,
And all seems dark as night.

The purest of all earth's pleasures
Bloom brightest—when and where ?
When found in the safe, sweet shelter
Of the Cross, which screens from glare ;

When the trusting heart, undaunted
By the bitterness and pain,
Tastes the joy with two-fold pleasure,
Which follows in their train.

Whatever the unknown future
May have for me in store,
The sunshine shall never dazzle,
Nor the gloom affright me more.
To Thy guidance, Heavenly Father!
My feeble steps I trust,
Thou shalt send but what is fitting—
Love reigns in all Thou dost.

THE RESTORED CRUCIFIX.

To quell the storm, a crucifix was lowered to the
sea—
The precious cross, St. Francis Xavier cherished
tenderly,
The hallowed relic, worn by him, no sooner touched
the deep,
Than tempests ceased, and billows calmed, as tho' in
tranquil sleep.

He drew a cord which held the cross, while in the
rough waves tossed,
Alas! with sorrow, Xavier found his dear loved
treasure lost.
That wondrous talisman, which brought him solace
night and day,
Through years of toil and suffering—the waves have
borne away.

Into the lately seething waters, sadly did he
gaze,
But soon, all patient and resigned, St. Francis kneels
and prays,
No idle, vain repinings—no useless murmurs
dwelt
Within that heart heroic, then, howe'er the loss
he felt.

Scarce four-and-twenty hours elapsed, when, walk-
ing by the shore,
He saw a sea crab issue forth, with something
which it bore—
A crucifix between its claws, the creature held
upright,
And went direct towards Xavier, who marvelled at
the sight.

It proved to be no other than the cross he loved so
well.
To find his treasure thus restored, oh ! who his joy
can tell ?
He fondly took the crucifix—his own—how well
he knew !
The crab fulfilled its mission, and was quickly lost
to view.

How many were the fervent prayers his grateful
heart outpoured,
The kisses which he pressed upon his precious cross
restored !
Nor need we wonder that henceforth, as doubly dear
he held
A relic, Heaven had guarded thus—which had the
tempest quelled.

God ranked among His chosen ones, that heart of
royal mould,
In myriad shining miracles, His love do we be-
hold,
His glory and the cross were all that Xavier loved
or knew,
Since quitting earthly goods, he sought the real and
the true.

CECILIA, THE BLIND MARTYR.

Joyous, as tho' with vision blest,
Her radiant countenance shines now,
The peace of Heaven dwells in her breast,
Unruffled is her tranquil brow.
Those sightless eyes ! no pensive shade
They cast upon that youthful face,
Serenely calm and undismayed,
Her heart to joy alone gives place.

The rack, with all its torments, there
Awaits her—joyous still and calm,
Cecilia, wrapt in fervent prayer,
But longs to win the martyr's palm.
Tho' hidden from her darksome gaze
Are earthly scenes and earthly charms,
Another world to her displays
Far lovelier scenes and fairer forms.

She sees not now the thousand eyes,
Which scan, half pityingly, to-day,
That child-like form, which there defies
What would the stoutest heart dismay.

One glorious vision does she see,
Whose beauty—wondrous and divine—
Absorbs her soul and tenderly
Regards His spouse, with looks benign.

Nor wiles nor arts have power to sway,
Nor tyrants' threats can daunt that heart.
Soon, on the cruel rack she lay,
Soon felt each sharp and piercing dart.
"I thank Thee, Lord! that for Thy sake
Thou wilt to make me suffer pain;
In joy I've loved Thee—now I take
With love, the cross—the crown to gain."

While praying thus, she knew not then
The curious crowd that thronged around,
Whose murmuring tones spoke pity, when
They heard her judge's mandate sound,
A crimson flush rushed o'er her brow—
So pale, so marbly white before,
Her pure and virgin soul has now
Breathed its last—her life is o'er.

Those rayless orbs—oh! who can tell
The loveliness they now behold?
The splendours which so far excel
Earth's boasted treasures, wealth or gold?
The blissful visions which she sees,
Unlike earth's false, illusive sights,
While now, in heavenly harmonies,
Her pure enraptured soul unites.

DOES THE WAY SEEM LONG?

Does the way seem long to your anxious gaze?
Do your weary feet of the journey tire,
As with trembling steps, o'er each fancied maze
You tread—nor dream of a pathway higher?

Courage ! a thousand fair beauties lie
Around you, unseen on your joyless path ;
Nor yet, nor yet, o'er life's burden sigh,
Since countless the blessings for you it hath.

Courage ! let clouds not obscure the light ;
Let them not hide from you hope's bright ray ;
Tire not—the goal shall appear in sight,
And doubts and worries yet pass away.

Slowly, but surely, the daylight wanes ;
Too soon comes the night, when we cannot work,
When sure-footed twilight upon us gains,
Nor e'er 'mid the gloom does a sunbeam lurk.

Does the way seem long ? ask the silent dead,
In their narrow cells, do they deem it so ?
They will answer :—" So swiftly their lives had
sped,
They scarce marked the years in their rapid flow."

In the clear, bright glow of eternity,
They seem as a bubble—a zephyr's breath ;
How lengthened soe'er man's career might be,
How brief it shall seem to his eyes in death.

Does the way seem long ? Be patient awhile ;
When life's little fleeting day shall close,
How cheaply won shall be God's dear smile !
How cheaply purchased is Heaven's repose !

The Cross may press—it has pressed before
On hearts of as soft and as tender mould ;
But love helped to lighten it, o'er and o'er,
And brought them a solace, a joy untold.

It has pressed on the shoulders of One Divine !
Who bore, all unaided, its crushing weight—
A God o'er whose temples sharp thorns entwine,
The cruel work of His creatures' hate.

Call not life weary, with Him in view ;
Deem not the journey a toilsome one ;
Look up ! see Him sharing the Cross with you,
To aid and sustain till the course is done.

To give you a comfort—withheld from Him ;
To smoothen the thorny track you tread ;
The more life's horizon to you seems dim,
The more true joy on it God shall shed.

VISION OF ST. STANISLAUS.

Dying, he lay in boyhood's tender years,
No gentle hand to soothe his throbbing brow ;
'Mid strangers thrown, no friendly voice he hears,
Nor mother, sister, friend—to comfort now.
With pleading, trembling tones, and feeble breath,
He begs the blest " Viaticum," ere death.

And will they grant his dying boon to him ?
Oh ! surely, (though in error's path they trod),
Now, that his youthful eyes are fast growing dim,
They will not—cannot keep from him his God.
Alas ! no pity knew those hearts of steel—
No sympathy for Stanislaus the Lutherans feel.

Mark the sudden gleam that lights his faded eye !
A happy thought dawns on his clouded mind—
St. Barbara, his own loved saint, will not deny
His last request. She has been ever kind
To all who sought, with confidence, her aid ;
He, too, invokes her now—nor is her help delayed.

Lo ! scarce ends his child-like, earnest prayer,
Than light celestial that poor chamber fills,
With which, no earthly radiance may compare !
How that young heart with wordless rapture
thrills !

His sainted Patroness to him draws near,
And angels two, he sees with vision clear.

What holy fervour does the boy-saint feel,
For see, they bear to him the Host divine !
Ecstatic looks alone his joy reveal,
While 'round him does a heavenly halo shine ;
What now, to him are all those trials past ?
His God, for whom he sighed, has come at last.

Jesus reposes in his young heart and pure,
Our Lady comes and (to complete his bliss),
She now bestows on him both strength and cure—
For Stanislaus a precious moment this,
When that dear mother's sweet maternal voice,
In tender tones, directs his future choice.

Rising from the couch, whereon he feebly lay,
(Awaiting it would seem, the stern call of death),
He kneels, his heart-felt gratitude to pay,
And vow to God, henceforth his every breath ;
To His dear service his future life to give,
For Him to labour, and for Him alone to live.

Ah ! little dreamed the Jesuit novice-boy
That Mary's Feast—her next Assumption day—
Should bring to him a crown of endless joy,
And angels bear his spotless soul away.
One only impulse moves his youthful heart,
Obeying which he chose “ the better part.”

TO A WATCH.

Good night, my gentle, trusty guide !
 While placing thee my couch beside,
 I know thou wilt fond vigil keep
 While I'm unconscious—wrapped in sleep ;
 Count all the moments that have passed
 Since I have gazed upon thee last :
 While slumber shall each sense enthrall,
 Keep faithful record of them all,
 Nor let, e'en one, unheeded flow ;
 That so my waking hour may know,
 How much life's span is shortened, when
 I gaze upon thy face again.

How willingly, thy gentle hands
 Fulfil exactly my commands ;
 And, with unfaltering, noiseless move,
 How faithful to the charge they prove ;
 No ceaseless tick my rest disturbs,
 Nor ever dream's bright fancies curbs.
 How long soe'er the night hours be,
 No drowsy slumber o'ertakes thee.
 A silent, tireless watcher thou,
 Whom morn shall find as fresh as now ;
 Unruffled still shall be thy face ;
 No weariness leaves there a trace,
 Still noting, with untiring pains,
 How long I'm held in slumber's chains.

Like thee, and just as willing, too,
 I fain some useful task would do,
 Did nature—wearied and inert—
 Not now her claims to rest assert,
 That so refreshed again, I may
 Have vigour for another day,

And learn of thee, my silent friend,
That day with earnestness to spend,
That, knowing how time swiftly goes,
I waste it not in soft repose,
But reckon every moment given,
As some new grace to purchase Heaven.

A STRAY SUNBEAM.

WRAPPED in mist was the gray old earth,
On a dull and dreary day;
O'er nature's face not a smile of mirth,
A leaf or a blossom gay.
A sombre shade, like a look of care,
Hung o'er the wintry sky,
And my thoughts, somehow caught a little share
Of its tinge, I knew not why.

When, suddenly forth from the sullen cloud,
Shot a gleam of radiant light,
So swift, so vivid, that Nature's shroud
Was changed to a vesture bright.
It shone o'er the dry and leafless boughs,
O'er the flowerless, frosty mould,
And countless tints did that gleam arouse
'Neath its luminous touch of gold.

The sparkling streamlet suddenly wore
A brighter, lovelier grace,
As that friendly sunbeam alighted o'er
Its smiling, silvery face.
It shed upon all its growing hue,
As over the earth it passed,
And even my sombre musings, too,
Assumed a less serious cast.

'Twas but a sudden, a fleeting thing,
That swiftly came and went,
And yet, did it leave me marvelling
At the charms its radiance lent.
'Tis thus, methought, as the world goes by,
On its weary rounds each day,
A cheering look will gladden the eye,
And a kind word grief allay.

Though even life's shadows darkest seem,
And dim our pathway be,
The sudden, unlooked-for, bright'ning beam,
With glad surprise we see.
What doth it matter if brief its stay,
It lent its mite the while;
And can we not, for the coming day,
Glean comfort from its smile?

Again, o'er the mountain's hoary brow,
The darkening skies look down,
And the rivulet's sparkling laughter, now
Is dimmed in their sullen frown.
Still a harbinger was that passing ray
Of summer gleams behind,
When winter months shall have passed away ;
'Twas a stray sunbeam, but kind.

NATURE'S MUSIC.

THE murmuring stream that flows along
With its one unvarying, tireless song ;
The silvery music of the tide,
Which tranquilly is seen to glide
On, till it meets the ocean's breast,
And there its placid waters rest :

So do our yearning hearts, and weak,
For ever their true Centre seek,
And from life's dawn until its close
Find but in God a sweet repose.
The birds which flit from tree to tree,
Filling the air with melody ;
The plaintive sighing of the breeze,
The rustling foliage of the trees,
Whose graceful branches o'er us nod
In concert sweet—all sing of God.

The countless stars which sparkle bright
In their lofty, vaulted home at night,
Like angels calm, reclining there,
And gazing on this world of care ;
Whose order doth of wisdom speak,
Whose wonders science fain would seek ;
The golden sun which lights the day,
The opening flowers which greet its ray,
Whose vivifying power is such
That all revive beneath its touch ;
New beauties every leaf reveals,
Rich perfume o'er the senses steals ;
The ripening grain, whose golden hue
Delights our gaze, is chanting, too ;
The myriad gems which deck the sod,
Tho' voiceless, still all sing of God.

The thunder's hoarse and rumbling sound,
Which ever spreads such terror round,
Affrighting with its every crash ;
The lightning's sudden, awful flash—
Faint emblem of a Power divine,
Which naught can fetter or confine,
And yet, whose mild and gentle sway
All creatures lovingly obey ;

The ocean, which such awe inspires,
Whose ceaseless chorus never tires,
While in its bosom treasures lie
Untold, unseen by human eye ;
Nay, even the tempest's angry roar,
Now wildly fierce, now hushed and o'er ;
The raindrops which refresh the sod—
All, all in concert, sing of God.

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

A TINY, thread-like, feeble thing,
With a tremulous, low, sweet rippling,
As though, half afraid its song to sing,
Does the brooklet seem ;
But rippling, rippling, rippling still,
Steadily gurgling down the hill,
It widens and widens along, until
It becomes a stream.

Rushing and gushing, it onward goes,
Then, on by the mountain's base it flows,
And wider and larger yet it grows,
As it winds along ;
No longer impelled by its downward force,
More placid it seems in its silvery course,
Till the infant rill at the mountain source
Is a current strong.

Now doth the sun on its wavelets play ;
Some secret impulse doth it obey,
As it quietly murmurs along its way,
To some distant end.
“ Is it,” I asked, “ the mysterious sea,
O River ! thou seekest so eagerly ? ”
And a soft, low ripple replied to me :
“ Yes, to that I tend.

“There in its bosom, vast and lone,
I shall learn those secrets, now unknown ;
Shall blend my song with the deep, deep tone
 Of its mighty roar ;
Shall watch the ships as, with snowy sail,
They glide, unheeding the roughest gale,
And shall hear the voice of the mariner hail
 The longed-for shore.

“My fondest wishes attained are, then
To my mountain cradle shall I again
Return some future day—and when ?”
 I hear you ask ;
“Never—not e’en to that mountain’s base,
Shall I my travels again retrace ;
Mine is ever a forward race—
 An earnest task.”

The wavelet ceased and a whisper low,
Deeper far than its ringing flow,
Said : “Dreaming heart, didst thou only know,
 How like thy years,
The waters, on which thy gaze doth stay,
Hastening onward—away, away ;
Time as tide knoweth no delay,
 As it disappears !”

THE DAILY STRUGGLE.

Tired hands, which never respite know,
 So labour-prest ;
Tired feet—that ceaselessly must go,
 You long for rest ;
Each day rolls on, like restless wave on wave
None bringeth that for which you daily crave.

Tired heart, thou pinest for the goal,
That seems remote,
And slowly the hours o'er thee roll ;
Ah ! couldst thou note
The anxious gaze, the watchful, sleepless eye
Which sees thy yearnings, marks each weary sigh.
Couldst thou but hear that gentle voice,
That, whispering near,
For ever bids thee to rejoice,
Nor yield to fear ;
Thy guardian spirit counts each roughest toil,
Each cross, from which thou'rt tempted to recoil.
Each step of thine he reckons, too,
Upon life's track ;
While gazing on its cheerless view,
Thy pace grows slack.
Courage ! nor fear its labours to embrace ;
This princely being shares with thee life's race.
" Every day "—ah ! yes, each day
New graces won ;
At eve, when toils have passed away,
And God's will done,
A golden chain has gained another link,
E'en, while our weak hearts from the burdens shrink.
We know not oft, at day's calm close,
Our hoarded gains ;
The Book of Life shall yet disclose
The toils and pains
(In glowing characters of shining light),
Which won us crowns and conquered in the fight.
Then loiter not awhile, nor pause,
Since twilight grows ;
And nearer its dim shadow draws ;
Then shall repose
Reward earth's toilers, as their well-earned meed,
Then weary hearts and hands shall rest, indeed.

REUNION.

Oh, how glad will be the meeting,
 Joyous, then, will be the greeting,
 When life's many cares and fleeting,
 Shall from us have passed away ;
 When the loved ones who are leaving
 Us, behind them, sadly grieving,
 And our lonely hearts bereaving,
 We shall meet another day.

With what rapture they will claim us,
 With what fondness they will name us,
 Will those cherished ones then blame us,
 If we gave them aught of pain ?
 No, the bliss which breathes around them,
 Now, that God has blessed and crown'd them,
 And their joy that we have found them,
 Makes them feel each cross a gain.

Trials, that seem here unending,
 'Neath which we are often bending,
 Borne in peace, are ever tending
 To that heaven, where we shall find
 All our dear ones gone before us,
 Who are ever watching o'er us ;
 God shall then again restore us
 All that we had once resigned.

No more weeping—no more sighing
 O'er the turf, where they are lying ;
 Theirs is life, and life undying ;
 We shall yet their rapture share.
 Earth when passed—dull earth and cheerless—
 All again is bright and tearless.
 Hearts are now at home and fearless,
 Shadow ne'er can enter there.

We shall meet, to part—oh, never!
There no graves again can sever;
There our union shall be ever—
Ever changeless and secure.
No sad partings then appalling,
No sad mem'ries then recalling
No more bitter tear-drops falling;
All is blissful then and sure.

THE MISSIONER.

WITH brave and dauntless heart he meets, each day,
Life's toils, how manifold soe'er they seem,
Counts not the crosses which impede his way;
Nay, sweet and light each burden does he deem.

With heart devoted, filled with love divine,
His one unceasing cry is "God and souls!"
Nor e'er for home and kindred does he sigh,
A nobler impulse nature's ties controls.

O'er leagues and leagues of dreary foreign soil,
His tired and weary feet are known to tread;
Ah! what to him are poverty and toil,
Who, for his Lord, his life-blood fain would shed?

What, tho' at eve he scarce a refuge knows,
Though hunger and fatigue be oft his daily lot,
A joy is his, which words may not disclose,
A sweet and holy peace, the world tastes not!

And though his way be perilous and cold,
O'er mountain pass and over thorn-strewn path,
With tenderest pity does he there behold
Each fainting soul who need of comfort hath:

With trusting love, ne'er shadowed by a cloud,
With faith courageous—hoping against hope—
With quenchless zeal his brave heart is endowed,
Each day prepared with trials new to cope.

Divine the call that beckoned him away,
From all that nature held as blest and dear ;
His heart responsive, brooked no long delay,
No specious reasonings, no timorous fear.

He saw in fancy, thousands unreclaimed,
From paths of error—who had need of light—
Benighted lands, where God hath ne'er been named,
To which the Master's voice would now invite.

Light to the heathen—like to him redeemed—
This would his lips at any risk impart ;
Of earthly gain the missionary ne'er dreamed ;
A true apostle, with a hero's heart !

VIRGO FIDELIS.

At Bethlehem, how lovingly
Her Infant she caressed !
How tenderly her gentle arms
Had laid Him down to rest !
When even sleep had sealed her eyes,
Her heart had slumbered not.
But still, with fond, adoring love
Had watched beside His cot.

When Jesus grew, at Nazareth,
In wisdom as in age,
Who guarded Him as years flew by,
And watched His every stage ?
When missed, who sadly sought Him
With anguished heart and tears ?
That same, that faithful Mother,
Who cared His Infant years.

And when her dearest Treasure
Was to her side restored,
Again that Mother's heart rejoiced
She found—loved—and adored !
She saw Him grow in loveliness,
Beyond the sons of men ;
Ah ! wonder not that she should love
And fear to lose Him then.

Each word of His, she cherished, too,
Within her anxious breast,
For well she knew an import grave,
They bore, from lips so blest !
And o'er and o'er she pondered on
Their meaning with a sigh ;
A darksome future, then she saw,
With clear, prophetic eye.

In after years, when 'neath the cross
His tottering frame bent low,
Still near she watched with breaking heart,
All crushed with deepest woe.
And near Him, too, on Calvary,
When life was ebbing fast,
She caught his last expiring glance
Of love, upon her cast.

Still faithful, even in death, she held
His sacred, lifeless form !
And pressed it to her throbbing heart,
But vainly tried to warm :
Bequeathed to us, thy children,
Wilt thou not now watch o'er,
And shield us, dearest Mother,
As thou did'st thy Son of yore ?

LEGEND OF THE ROSE.

FRESH from the great Creator's touch,
 Eden shone forth in loveliness ;
 Its beauty to the eye was such,
 That God had deigned its fruits to bless.

He blest whatever dwelt therein,
 And scattered o'er that realm so fair
 (Where never yet had entered sin),
 Flowers of richest hue and rare.

The fragrant flowers a council held,
 To choose the fairest as their queen,
 And all agreed, the rose excelled ;
 None half as fair around was seen !

White as the newly fallen snow,
 Pure as the pearl 'neath ocean's wave ;
 She seemed in purity to glow,
 And all to her their homage gave.

This beauteous queen of flowers dwelt nigh
 That fatal tree, when Mother Eve
 Approached its fruit ; and with a sigh,
 The flower bent its head to grieve.

The blush of shame suffused it o'er,
 To see a God thus disobeyed ;
 Where innocence had reigned before,
 Is now, alas ! by sin betrayed.

The blushing, sorrowing rose, retained,
 Four thousand years its crimson hue,
 Until the Saviour's death regained
 For man, his heritage anew.

When, gently lifting her bowed head,
The rose looked joyful, once again ;
The light of heavenly grace is shed,
Once more on weak and erring men.

Yet, not to every rose was given
The former spotless hue it wore ;
It had been then decreed in Heaven,
That man should still his sin deplore.

Still, roses red and white are grown,
The pensive and the joyous ones ;
Whose sweet buds side by side are blown,
Thus (as the simple legend runs) :

The first still mourn the sin of man,
Which stained the bright and hallowed earth,
The others hail redemption's plan,
Which gave to it a second birth.

MY MADONNA.

BEAUTIFUL face ! as I gaze on thee now,
With the rich glow of sunset retouching thy brow,
And thy mild eyes so tenderly resting on me—
“ My Mother ” I lovingly utter to thee.

When later, the dim shadows gather around,
And the hush of the twilight grows deep and profound,
And the veil of obscurity hides from my view
That exquisite face with its soft eyes of blue.

E'en then does thy gaze seem to rest on me still,
Till I feel all my heart-pulses vibrate and thrill,
And I kneel in thy presence, my Lady, my Queen,
As though, not thy picture, but thee I had seen.

“Alone !” and yet, lonely my heart cannot be,
E'en though thy dear image no longer I see ;
I know the fond glances so tenderly cast
At eventide on me, still lovingly last.

Thy looks, so maternal, my heart seem to haunt,
And darkness and gloom have no power to daunt,
For methinks that, with love all intense and untold,
Thou keepest thy child 'neath thy mantle's safe fold.

Oh ! then, howe'er burthened with sorrow or care,
Does my heart, in its yearnings, murmur a prayer,
As in fancy I rest at our dear Mother's feet,
And seem to hear accents maternal and sweet.

Soothing my spirit with wonderful power,
How dreary soever or darksome the hour,
'Till I stray from my picture and upward, with love,
And meet but the gaze of my Mother above.

Beautiful face ! how content I shall be,
If death find my dying glance resting on thee,
As the deep golden hues of the sunset decay,
And my fast waning spirit is ebbing away.

Thine eyes, full of pity and love, meeting mine,
As they gaze on that countenance sweet and benign,
Trusting with confidence, filial and fond—
Earth's pilgrimage over—to meet thee beyond.

ST. PETER ON THE WATERS.

THERE's a hush come o'er the tempest,
 There's a calm upon the wave;
 In the distance mark that figure,
 Of majestic mien and grave,
 Who can tread upon the billows
 With such tranquil heart and brave?

Mark the aureola 'round Him,
 Gleaming o'er His sacred brow?
 See, He beckons to another:—
 Peter knows his Master now;
 Rivets all his gaze upon Him,
 Fondly, from the vessel's prow.

"It is I"—oh! words of magic!
 Sweetly uttered, soft and clear;
 To His fond disciple spoken,
 From those lips divine and dear.
 How they thrill his soul with rapture,
 As they fall now on his ear!

Love impels him to rejoin Him,
 Jesus knows that loving heart;
 "Fear not—come," are scarcely ended
 Than—such courage they impart—
 On the surface of the waters,
 Quickly does St. Peter dart.

Firmly does he tread upon them,
 Dreads no danger, heeds no cost.
 Though the surges e'en should menace
 And the waves be tempest-tost,
 Still, he feels no sense of peril,
 Fears not in them to be lost.

Ah! the white foam thickens ’round him—
 Soon he falters in his pace,
 And that heart, so brave and dauntless,
 To a timorous dread gives place;
 Now he begs his Lord to aid him
 By His tender, pitying grace.

Swift an outstretched arm upholds him,
 Proffers him its loving aid;
 While again, those gentle accents
 Speak, but softly to upbraid;
 “Thou of little faith, why is it
 Thou dost doubt and art afraid?”

Words divine! with new, fresh ardours
 That disciple they imbue;
 All his courage is rekindled,
 All his faith revived anew,
 With his Saviour to sustain him,
 What may he not dare and do?”

In the pains which oft depress us,
 In the shades of doubt and fear,
 Which surround, like troubled waters,
 Sweetest Lord, while Thou art near,
 Naught can hurt or e’en affright us,
 While Thy soothing tones we hear.

“NE’ER LOST SIGHT OF.”

AH! those precious words, I met them
 In a volume worn with age,
 As my listless eye glanced over,
 Lightly scanning every page.
 “Ne’er lost sight of”—ever present
 To that great, all-seeing eye,
 To that mind divine, where wisdom
 And its highest secrets lie.

And my thoughts grew deep and deeper,
Till, in fancy, I could see
Looks paternal, soft and tender,
Fixed—yes, fixed with love on me.
In His vast designs I'm needed,
To fulfil some little part,
What the builder needs for structure,
Or the painter for his art.

Every stone, however shapeless,
Finds its own and fitting place ;
Every tint and shade is needed,
Ere the artist's eye can trace
His ideal on the canvas,
Ere he sees the picture true—
Rough stones have their place assigned them,
Dullest shades are needed, too.

Not a sparrow falls unheeded,
Beneath God's paternal eye ;
See the field flowers, how He clothes them
With each pure and lovely dye ;
Feeds, with love, the feathered warblers,
Through their brief but joyous hours,
While they hymn their lays in gladness,
'Mid the sunshine and the flowers.

Not for even one short instant
Is His gaze withdrawn from me,
And my future, as my present,
With clear vision does He see.
Quick as breath of mine is breathed,
Quick as pulses come and go,
Thoughts and words and acts (tho' countless)
Doth the Master count and know.

“Ne’er lost sight of.”—Have you never
Met a loving, kindly gaze;
Did it not seem like a sunbeam,
’Mid life’s dark and misty haze?
You have seen it beam upon you
And as quickly pass away—
God’s unchanging love, as watchful
Is to-morrow, as to-day.

In His Sacred Heart engraven,
In its loving depths enshrined,
Mirrored with a clear distinctness,
In that vast, omniscient mind.
Thus, from thought to thought I wandered,
Till those sweet, mysterious words—
“Ne’er lost sight of,” seemed to echo
Through my heart’s awakened chords.

MY CRUCIFIX.

My crucifix! my crucifix! what lessons does it
teach?

What sermons full of wisdom and of patience does it
preach?

It teaches me how valueless is all that earth esteems,
How fleeting are its passing joys, how vain its idle
dreams.

When heart-tired and when weary, as I rest me at
its feet,

No earthly balm such solace gives, no balsam half so
sweet,

As, when in summer heats, we seek a shade from
sun and glare,

My spirit feels refreshed, beneath its cooling branches
there.

As I rest me 'neath its shadow there, and see its arms
 extend,
I tell my sad and lonely heart it needs no other friend;
In mute, pathetic language, as no human tongue can
 say,
It bids me shelter near it, from life's trials day by day.

It tells me of a love as strong, and stronger e'en
 than death,
Which yielded every life-drop up, and gave its latest
 breath,
And would have given a thousand lives, to gain my
 wayward heart;
It tells me this, and never fails sweet comfort to im-
 part.

It opens wide its loving arms, as tho' it would invite,
Then why should e'er its sombre shade my timid soul
 affright?
Illusive and unreal is the balm we find elsewhere,
But truest peace and joy are found within its shelter
 there.

My crucifix! my crucifix! how wondrous is its power
To heal the bruised and wounded heart in sorrow's
 darkest hour,
To lighten hours of anguish and encourage to sustain
Each pain that presses sharply, when all human aid
 is vain.

When life seems rough and thorny, and no sunbeam
 gilds the way,
It sheds upon its rugged track a cheering, bright'ning
 ray.
It knows my heart's best secrets, my every wish and
 sigh—
I whisper to it all my cares and griefs when none
 are nigh.

Oft when I press it to my lips, and on its Image
gaze,
And see the proof of tenderness, each loving wound
displays,
Stilled is my restless heart, e'en when most tempted
to rebel.
Sweet lessons of my crucifix ! oh, may I learn thee
well.

And may my latest dying glance upon that Image
rest ;
In life it has been all to me, and oh ! in death how
blest
Shall be my last expiring sigh, while gazing on its
face,
While holding all I prize on earth in loving, fast
embrace.

SHIFTING SANDS.

WHERE, where is rest ? How oft in restless mood
Have I thus questioned, anxiously, my heart.
So many golden pictures have I viewed,
So swiftly, like the mirage, did they all depart,
Yet 'mid the ceaseless move the dream of rest
'Woke deeper yearnings in my wearied breast.

A sweet, calm vision, to mine eye it seemed,
Yet dim and far off as some distant goal,
Of which the tired traveller has dreamed—

A picture, imagined with distinctness, on the soul.
I've glanced o'er all this wondrous world, yet, strange !
I've found in all, but sad unrest and change.

At morn we hail the glorious orb of day
Which suddenly illumines nature's face
Whose warming, cheering, beautifying ray

O'er all around sheds loveliness and grace,
We gaze into those azure depths o'erhead,
With snow-white, feathery cloudlets overspread.

What do they speak of—hung o'er earth's expanse,
So pure, so restful to the eye they seem.
Surely, not of earth, nor change, nor chance,
Yet, are they fleeting as the fleetest dream.
We gaze at even. Alas! the beams that shone,
The golden robes just woven are all gone.

Season rolls o'er season, year succeeds to year,
Directed by an all-resistless ruling force ;
The stream, while gazing in its crystal depths and
clear,
Ne'er pauses in its onward, eager course ;
Let fancy look o'er all creation's face,
What, but endless changes, do we trace ?

Why squander time, in vain research like this ?
Methought. Why seek in passing things around
That longed-for rest so linked with Heaven's bliss—
Within the precincts of the heart 'tis found.
Does God reign there ? Is it by Him possessed ?
If so—seek there and thou shalt find true rest.

Type of that, which Heaven shall give at last,
When life's perplexities and sorrows are all o'er.
When earth, with all its changes shall have passed,
Nor need we then pursue a phantom more ;
Nor need we more, with ceaseless toil and pain,
'Mid shifting sands of time, seek rest in vain.

PLAINT OF THE IVY.

GAY flowers bloom before me,
 Of every tint and form;
 They shed their perfume o'er me,
 Yet ever fail to charm;
 For, soon, I hear them sighing,
 I see them fading fast,
 And, yet, while they are dying,
 My emerald colours last.

While gently I am gliding,
 Unmarked and noiselessly,
 Those showy flowers seem chiding,
 Nor ever pity me.
 My garb may lack their beauty,
 And few admirers view,
 Still, I perform a duty
 Which they shall never do.

When time's great scythe would render
 The homestead bleak and dearth;
 With pity kind and tender,
 I lift me from the earth.
 Up softly, slowly, surely,
 With tireless march each day,
 Then twine my stem securely
 Around the ruin grey.

I clasp it fondly, tightly,
 It then defies decay,
 And many a warbler brightly
 Pours there its matin lay,
 From out its little bower,
 Beneath my mantle green.
 When dies each gaudy flower,
 All verdant I am seen.

The peasant's cottage lonely—
Now tenantless and cold—
Where once dwelt gladness only,
With love my arms enfold;
The once proud stately dwelling,
Which frowned on me of yore
(Its ruthless story telling),
Now spurns my touch no more.

Beside the dead, I'm keeping
My fond and faithful watch;
I see the mourner weeping,
Each sob and sigh I catch.
And while I, too, am sighing,
Responsive to the wind,
I mark the tear-drops drying,
I see him grow resigned.

No bouquet ever needs me;
I dwell not in parterre,
And yet the same dew feeds me
That nurtures flowerets rare;
The sunbeams play around me,
Which all their tints disclose,
The same soft air surrounds me
That fans the fragrant rose.

When plants of lovelier form
Are bowed 'neath autumn's blasts,
On me nor wind nor storm
A shade or wrinkle casts.
Like truest friendship, wearing
A hue of fadeless green,
Time's sickle kindly sparing
My robes 'mid ruins seen.

THE OLD LETTER-CARRIER.

With heavier tread and a slower pace,
 The same dull track does still retrace,
 While his deeply-furrowed and sun-brown face
 And his whitened brow,
 And his aged eyes—grown moist and dim—
 His drooping form and weary limb,
 Attest the years which had passed o'er him,
 As we see him now.

Onward he wearily plods each day,
 Over the same, old familiar way;
 In the heart of the post-man, who can say
 What the cares may be?
 As hither and thither, up and down,
 Heedless of honours or of renown,
 He bears his errands from town to town.
 Ah! little recks he.

When the toilsome, heated day is o'er,
 Whether he joy or sorrow bore;
 He rests him then, and looks before
 At the coming day.
 When older, alas! and feebler, too,
 His travels shall re-commence anew.
 Work, work, there is still for him to do—
 Though his locks are gray!

Of a motley kind is his daily freight,
 And many and eager eyes await
 His coming, from morn till evening late.
 He arrives at last;
 So varied the messages doth he bear,
 Oft a laugh of joy and a sigh of care,
 From hearts—he hears commingling there—
 Together cast.

And daily whether or not he will
A harbinger he, of good and ill ;
'Tis life's stern duty, he must fulfil,
 On to the end ;
Bearing each day conflicting news—
Missives, which pleasure and pain diffuse,
Yet never does he one line peruse,
 From any friend.

And, now, it is twilight and growing late,
The old man stands at the village gate ;
The same bright faces for him still wait,
 And he hears them tell
That a stronger frame and a firmer pace,
Must his bowed and trembling form replace,
While a tear in his eye one may now trace,
 As he says "farewell."

IN A DUNGEON.

His hapless course is nearly run,
His frame is worn and wasted now ;
For twenty years, no ray of sun
Had gleamed upon his pallid brow,
Nor soft pale moon nor star-gemmed sky,
E'er met his feeble, fading eye ;
Nor breath of cooling, balmy air
For even once, had fanned him there.

Through all those long, despairing years,
Of grief, of hopelessness, and pain,
No friendly voice or sound he hears—
Naught, save the dull clank of his chain.
Oh ! dismal, dismal nights and days
With naught around to cheer his gaze ;
His cup of grief is at its brim—
O, life ! thou'rt but a name to him.

His darkened cell is not more drear,
More desolate, than is his heart;
From all that life held blest and dear
Constrained, alas ! for aye to part.
Sadly he counts each joyless day—
More hopeless even, than the last;
His sorrows shall have passed away
Only when life for him is past.

Nor yet have all those years inured
His heart to misery, which appals;
No dungeon still has e'er immured
His chainless mind, within its walls.
Back, back through all that dreary time,
His thoughts once more unfettered roam—
A prisoner—what has been his crime?
His love of fatherland and home.

For this, he meets a felon's doom,
A prey to darkest anguish left;
Consigned to all a prison's gloom,
Of every tie in life bereft.
His loved ones—ah ! 'tis twenty years
(Retraced again with deep-drawn sigh)
Since he had left them all in tears,
With breaking heart and tear-dimmed eye.

His wife—his children—do they know
That still life's bitter cup he drains?
Or 'neath the grassy turf laid low,
Has death hushed all their cares and pains?
Well may the captive also sigh
For that which shall his sufferings end;
Well may he glance with wistful eye
Towards heaven, where all his longings tend.

FLOWERS OF ST. PATRICK.

WHEN winter's piercing blasts blow fierce and shrill,
 And its icy breath all nature seems to chill;
 And one by one, those varied gems would spoil,
 Which charmed the eye and beautified the soil,
 Upon the Loire's banks, two blackthorn trees are
 seen,
 'Mid all those rigours, clad in white and green;
 Fearless of blight, of tempests not afraid,
 Those shrubs are now in snow-white flowers arrayed;
 When naught around escapes decay and death,
 They brightly bloom and yield their odorous breath.

They bloom in bleak December, as tho' fed
 With sun and showers of April on them shed;
 They bud and swell, as 'neath some unseen hand,
 And soon, unfolding, into flowers expand.
 Not even the hoar frosts which their stems encrust
 To check their growth or mar their beauty durst;
 Each shrub is seen a double crown to wear—
 Of winter's snow and its own flowerets fair.
 For centuries, those blackthorns still renew,
 At Christmas time, their spotless wreaths anew.
 Not all that art or science has revealed
 Has yet the mystery of those flowers unsealed.

Tradition tells us, how St. Patrick came,
 From Erin's shores, attracted by the fame
 St. Martin's sanctity abroad had spread,
 And which, to Gaul his eager footsteps led.
 He reached the Loire's banks, and rested there
 Beneath a shrub, all leafless then and there.
 At once its tiny branches larger grew,
 And o'er the saint, their sheltering arms threw.

Then gently fell the snow from every bough,
And flowers profusely deck its branches now ;
To honour him who rested 'neath its shade,
This blackthorn shrub had thus itself arrayed.

St. Patrick rose, drew near the river's side,
And placing then his mantle on its tide,
On this frail skiff he sailed from shore to shore,
When, 'neath a blackthorn shrub, he rests once more.
Again it donned the same white floral wreath ;
Its snowy flowers the same rich perfume breathe.
And, once again, above the hallowed brow
Of Ireland's patron saint, are spreading now.
Meet emblems ! which fittingly expressed
The spotlessness of that angelic breast.

'Twas that sweet time, when joy filled heaven and
earth ;
When gladsome hymns proclaimed the Saviour's
birth ;
And angels voices seemed resounding near,
Making even nature's aspect look less drear ;
Nor leaf nor flower dares venture o'er the ground
Save those with which this wondrous shrub is
crowned.
Nor have they ceased, nor are those marvels gone,
At Christmas, still, both blackthorn trees put on
Their flowery garbs, and 'midst decay appear
All gaily decked in fragrant flowers each year.

VACANT PLACES.

WHEN the lingering rays of twilight
Softly melt in sombre gloom,
And no more, the cheering day-beams
Light the social sitting-room ;

As we group around the fireside,
Do we miss no cherished face—
Some dear face, which those around us,
Cannot from our memories chase ?

Some dear tones, which have entwined so,
'Round the tendrils of our hearts,
That we almost seem to hear them
When the loved one e'en departs ;
And each gentle, kind word spoken,
We so vividly recall,
That we seem, again to hear it
Now, as evening's shadows fall.

Still, alas ! the vacant places
Show that fancy's dream is this —
Tones and words and dear sweet faces,
All around us, still, we miss.
No ! not e'en to-morrow's dawning
Shall the missing ones restore ;
Still remain the vacant places,
Which they never shall fill more.

Spring may deck the mounds above them,
Flowers may wreath the hallowed mould ;
Tears may fall from those who love them—
Cannot warm the hearts there cold.
Still the world pursues its pleasures—
Passing pleasures—bright but brief ;
Heeding not the vacant places,
Nor the fond hearts plunged in grief.

Ah ! you sorrow-stricken mourners,
Who are tempted to despond,
Who can only view earth's shadows—
Is there nothing more beyond ?

See you not the silver lining
To the cloud that now hangs o'er?
Know you not that all your loved ones
Are but safely gone before?

Gone, where never shade of sorrow,
Doubt or darkness can find room;
Poor bereaved ones! do you see not
All that lies beyond the tomb?
Death is but the gloomy portal
To that bright home of the blest!
While you mourn o'er vacant places,
Those you miss are gone to rest.

TO A DEAD BUTTERFLY.

DEAD are thy bright-coloured gauzy wings,
As thou liest there—
Thou gayest of air's ephemeral things!
While o'er thee the skylark blithely sings,
Not even one flutter the noontide brings
To thy form so fair.

But a little while I have seen thee fly
In thy native sun,
And have watched thy hues, with admiring eye,
As hither and thither thou flitted'st by,
And now, I behold thee moveless lie,
All thy flittings done.

Brief as thy little life hath been,
It was ever bright.
Thy graceful wings I have often seen
In their best array, on the meadow green,
From the scorching sun thou didst need no screen,
It was thy delight,

How oft in thy fleeting life of hours
 I have o'er and o'er
Seen thy form 'mong beds of fragrant flowers,
Flitting through gay and blooming bowers
A zephyr's breath—a few gentle showers,
 And thou'rt no more !

A nobler flight thou did'st even dare.
 I have seen thee, too,
Where our Mother's image stands blest and fair,
On the crown which her virgin temples wear—
I have seen thee lovingly resting there,
 And have paused to view.

Thou fleetest of transient things of earth,
 Thou art type most meet
Of life's short moments of joy and mirth,
So frail, so passing—they scarce have birth
When we find them gone and mourn their dearth.
 They were fair but fleet.

PERPETUAL YOUTH.

HE thought o'er the words of the Indian sage,
 Which told of that wondrous fount
Whose magic waters allowed not age
 Its onward steps to count.
“ Oh ! could I plunge in its wave,” he cried,
 “ My fresh, unfurrowed brow
Would gain new youth from the gifted tide,
 Be ever as young as now.”

He heard of a land all strewn with flowers,
 Where a hundred fountains fall ;
He knew not which had possessed the powers,
 But bathed alike in all.

The years sped on and he grew not old ;
The seasons came and went ;
Nor hunger, nor thirst, nor winter's cold
He felt. Was he content ?

His wife and children old and grey
Showed plainly age and time,
And still o'er his youth came no decay,
He knew but manhood's prime.
O'er one by one did the cold grave close,
Of those he held most dear,
And fain would he, too, in death repose—
No death to him drew near !

As over his fadeless brow had flown
Each decade of flying years,
More weary, desolate, and alone
His deathless life appears.
His impious wish does he sadly rue,
As centuries roll o'er him,
And his cheek retains the bloom and hue
That no lapse of time can dim.

A fabulous tale—yet may fulfil
The useful purpose meant :—
To mould our wishes to God's dear will,
In *this* is found content !
In vain is happiness sought beside,
The talisman does but lure ;
Let joy or grief or whate'er betide,
In Him we rest secure.

Not worldly honours nor goods that make
The sum of a Christian's bliss.
We shall one day, with surprise awake
To another life than this.

Happy the heart that wills no more
Than God, in His love, designed,
With tenfold fruit shall He yet restore
The wishes to Him consigned.

TEARS OF ST. MAGDALENE.

THEY thickly fall, those blest repentant tears,
Like dew of heaven, upon His sacred feet ;
Love, trusting love, in this silent act appears ;
No balm is to the Saviour's Heart so sweet.
He sees them from a contrite heart distilled—
A heart with love divine and sorrow filled.

Nor does she mark the Pharisees' dismay,
Nor heed the keen reproach to Jesus given,
She sees but Him, while at His feet she lay,
He is her Love—her all—her very Heaven !
Her tears had touched His heart's most tender chords,
And merited for Magdalene those saving words :—

“ Thy sins forgiven are—go thou in peace ! ”
O moment ! fraught, for her, with purest bliss,
She now finds pity, pardon, and release.
Blest words ! which chain her loving heart to
His ;
No marvel that her tears profusely flow,
That from His sacred feet she now is loth to go.

Tradition says—that erst when rocks were rent,
The tender, dying Saviour would provide
A refuge where St. Magdalene, content,
In prayer and penance would henceforth abide.
A rock-cleft cave where hidden like the dove
She poured forth tears of penitence and love.

For thirty years, within this lonely cave*
(Where—as her precious, saintly records tell—
The rock, in sympathy, soft tear-drops gave)
This model penitent was known to dwell.
And on this spot, thrice hallowed and revered,
The Lord, to her oft lovingly appeared.

On Calvary, near her Saviour's cross she stood,
And there her tender, heroic love was proved,
In her faithful watch she kept beside the cruel
wood,
When, by an earthquake, nature all was moved.
And now, an exile from that face divine—
How must her lonely heart to see Him pine!

The pious pilgrim who her cave has seen,
Fails not a low, sweet cadence there to hear,
Which—in this spot all tranquil and serene—
Like distant music falls upon the ear.
While from the rock is gently seen to fall
A fountain which “St. Magdalene's tears they
call.”

When streams were dried and drought had once
prevailed,
She prayed with faith (so doth the legend run),
Forth gushed a spring, which never since has
failed—
Ere yet the saint's orisons were e'en done.
Its flow is copious now, as on the day
When, near that blessed rock, she knelt to pray.

* Sainte Baume, Marseilles.

TRANSPLANTED.

A LITTLE flower of beauty rare,
 In a cultured parterre grew;
 Its perfume scented the summer air,
 Beneath the fondest, gentlest care,
 And as it daily unfolded there,
 More lovely still its hue.

That tiny flower I missed one day
 From out its garden bed,
 And a gentle whisper seemed to say,
 'Twas taken by angel hands away—
 Transplanted to bowers more bright and gay,
 And sweeter odour shed.

To the little cot of a baby boy,
 With silent foot Death crept!
 (Where is there bliss without alloy?)
 To its arms the babe it would decoy,
 Of its mother's heart the hope and joy,
 And now o'er its cot she wept.

Alas! what a sad and a lonely hour
 Was this for that tender heart,
 Who had bestowed on her precious flower,
 Of love and care a priceless dower,
 Who thought not then of its new-found bower,
 But loth from it to part.

Yet, while o'erwhelmed with grief and care,
 She seemed to see thro' the gloom
 The spotless robe of a seraph fair,
 And the gentle flutter of wings heard there;
 This, then, was the flower of beauty rare
 Transplanted—anew to bloom.

FLOWERS.

SWEET familiar faces !
 That greet us each day,
 Dispelling all traces
 Of gloom from our way ;
 Whose fragrance and beauty
 Are given by God ;
 Their every day duty,
 To perfume the sod.

Those stars of the earth—
 Did they but disappear,
 How great was the dearth,
 Through the long dreary year !
 How drear were the hours,
 As summer went by,
 Should there be no flowers
 To gladden the eye.

What a blank in our love,
 Were there nothing to shed
 Its fragrance, above
 Our poor, mouldering dead ;
 And sigh out its last,
 Where the "lone willow waves,"
 To shield from the blast
 Their dear, verdure-clad graves !

What a joy would depart,
 Were there nothing to 'twine
 (That would perfume impart)
 Round our dear Mother's shrine—
 No emblems of love,
 That with purity glow,
 To tenderly prove,
 How we love her below.

And oh ! were there naught
On our altars to lay,
Where hearts have e'er sought,
All they need, day by day ;
Where Jesus reposes,
Each grace to impart,
And daily discloses
The love of His heart.

Oh ! did not earth's bowers—
How verdant soe'er—
Some offerings of flowers,
In homage, leave there ;
Their breath to exhale
Round this thrice-hallowed shrine ;
Then nature would fail
In a duty divine.

Ah ! yes—were there none
Of earth's gems on our path,
Not the bright summer sun,
Half its radiance hath,
Nor the brook gliding by,
As it ripples along,
Nor the singing birds nigh,
Could e'en charm by their song.

LEGEND OF THE ROBIN.

An artless child, of summers nine
(With hand placed lovingly in mine),
One day this query put to me :—
“ Why, of all birds which 'round us dwell,
Is Robin Red-breast loved so well,
And why looked on so piously ? ”

Methought, just then, of some one time
I met a story, which, in rhyme
 May entertain my little friend.
To those dear pleading looks, could I
At least, a simple verse deny,
 Which to her joy perchance may tend ?

In plumage altogether brown
(Thus has the legend handed down),
 Was Robin clad in by-gone years,
And then, as now, a friendly bird,
Whose songs in grove and dale were heard,
 Which, in its tameness, knew no fears.

As near the first Good Friday drew,
Towards Calvary the Robin flew,
 And wildly throbbed its pitying breast,
 When it beheld—upraised in air—
The Saviour—thorn-crowned—bleeding there,
 It hastes to do its little best.

Swift towards one outstretched arm it flies,
And with its tiny beak then tries—
 Tries hard to loosen (we are told)
The nail which pierced that hand of pain,
It strives—it toils—alas ! in vain,
 Still firmer is its cruel hold.

The patient bird, not yet content—
Its last and bravest efforts spent
 To give that hand divine some ease ;
All uselessly the creature tried ;
The ruthless nail its strength defied—
 Too well and sadly Robin sees.

With mute compassion in its look,
Its task of love it then forsook,
But on its feathered breast it bore
Some precious drops of Jesus' blood,
Which, as a sweet memorial, would
Upon it rest for evermore.

And still this hallowed crimson stain
Is seen on Robin to remain,
And will be seen through time;
Wherever it may chance to rove
In woodland, orchard, field or grove,
On every soil, in every clime.

R I S E N !

ALL bright and glorious, streams the morning sun !
With more than wonted splendour does it shine,
To greet the conqueror (whose combat won)
Now rises—victor peerless and divine !
Earth's shadows melt before the warming ray,
Which gladdens, with its rapturous smile, to-day.

The wild birds carol their glad hymn of praise,
And louder swells each little matin chant,
Shall we not, too, a joyous anthem raise ?
'Tis Eastertide !—no lingering gloom shall haunt,
While nature seems to vie with one accord
In hailing now its newly-risen Lord !

But lately, we had seen Him bending 'neath the
cross,
And later still, beheld His pulseless frame,
Sustained by her, who deepest felt His loss,
And saw Him die 'mid agony and shame.

From death to life He rises—deathless now—
All radiant shines that pierced and thorn-crowned
brow.

She, who had felt and shared His every woe,
Is first to gaze upon the Saviour's face,
Not blood-stained more, but brilliant with the glow
Of Heaven—of glory and of grace—
Sweet Mother! console thy tender, anguished
breast,
From grief and suffering now thou mayest rest.

How must have throbbed, with ecstasy untold,
That Mother's heart so late with sorrow fraught;
With what delight does she her Son behold,
Nor deems her present joy too dearly bought.
How swift and blest a change for her is this,
From darkest grief to sudden new-found bliss.

To feel that death—stern death—can touch no more
Her heart's best treasure with its blighting touch;
To know that scourge and thorns are for ever o'er,
How great her joy, her anguish had been such?
Thus, showing her children that the pathway rife,
With cares and sufferings, is the path to life.

The mists of sorrow may o'erspread us here,
And cloud awhile the cheering light of day;
Still faith discerns the sun which shall appear,
When earth's dim shadows shall have passed
away.

A glorious risen life of endless bloom
Awaits us yet, whose portal is the tomb.

A ROYAL PILGRIM.

HEEDLESS of his regal sceptre or his gorgeous kingly
 crown,
 Or the widely-spread dominions where he ruled in
 high renown,
 Shedding virtue's holy lustre 'round his ancient
 royal throne,
 Who may be the noble monarch poorly clad and all
 unknown.

Who now lays aside his sceptre which had held
 such gentle sway,
 And in garb of needy pilgrim, starts with joy upon
 his way?
 "Good King Louis" he it is who humbly treads
 from shrine to shrine
 With his princely heart now glowing with a fervour
 all divine.

At Perouse, there dwelt a brother, Brother Giles, of
 saintly fame,
 And disguised, the holy Louis to his monastery
 came;
 Unattended by his courtiers, unarrayed in pomp was
 he,
 Begged to see the lowly brother, asked it humbly,
 urgently.

Now, a sudden inspiration to the latter soon re-
 vealed,
 Who it was, that there awaited him, in pilgrim's
 dress concealed?

And he hastens on to meet him with a quick and
earnest pace,
Brother Giles and King St. Louis on their bended
knees embrace.

Never sound from lips of either on the solemn
silence broke,
Neither questioned why or wherefore—neither monk
nor pilgrim spoke—
'Neath the wond'ring eyes of angels meet those
seraphs—heart to heart—
Each the other's depths divining, by the light grace
doth impart.

And the brother-porter marvelled at the strange,
unwonted scene,
Gazed at the mysterious pilgrim, wondering who
may he have been;
O'er and o'er, in thought he pondered when the
stranger passed away,
At that warm but silent greeting—for no word did
either say.

Soon transpired the treasured secret and the royal
pilgrim's name
Who unto that humble convent, in a guise so lowly,
came;
And the brethren, all reproachful, questioned Brother
Giles to tell
Why no courteous words of greeting from his
silent lips then fell?

Then the holy man made answer, with an unction
all divine,
"Brothers, wonder not—King Louis had a kindred
soul to mine.

“ With a clearer, brighter vision than mere language
could impart,
“ We had read each other’s feelings—each beheld
the other’s heart.”

TO SAINT JOSEPH.

AGAIN thine own sweet month we greet,
With fond, devoted hearts to-day ;
Again, in homage at thy feet
We come, dear Saint, our gifts to lay ;
How poor soe’er the offering be,
They will not be declined by thee.

And askest thou what we have brought
That could augment thy treasures rare ?
On earth or e’en in Heaven, is aught
That could transcend thy riches there.
Profusely dowered as thou art,
From source divine—the Sacred Heart !

First floral offerings of the year—
Sweet children of the early spring,
And foremost thine own emblem dear,
With loving hearts, to thee we bring.
Though pure their fragrance round thy shrine,
Scarce meet for spotless heart like thine.

Methinks I see thy looks benign
Shed on us, suplicants, from above,
And that paternal heart of thine
Revealing its pure depths of love,
Whene’er with trustfulness, we claim
Thine aid, or speak thy tender name.

Recipients of thy bounty oft ;
We come to thank for favours given,
And waft anew to thee aloft
Petitions to thy throne in Heaven.
Nor fearest thou, gentle Saint, that we
Shall e'er exhaust thy treasury.

Secure in bliss, with naught to fear,
Look from on high, with pitying gaze,
Upon thy trusting clients here,
And guide them through life's dreary ways
With all the light thy wisdom hath,
Thou knowest the dangers of our path.

Thy perfect life of hidden worth,
Of humble, lowly toil had been
Divinely modelled, while on earth—
No holier type hath e'er been seen.
And in thy death—O wordless bliss !
What joy doth crown a life like this !

A CHILD'S HEART.

WHAT theme more meet for poet's lyre,
Beneath the touch of gentle finger ?
What better can the muse inspire,
Whereon her sweetest notes may linger !

A child's young heart—where touch of earth
Hath dared not come—which yet is stainless ;
Where never grief nor care had birth,
A heart unclouded yet and painless.

A spotless page, whereon are traced
Its heavenly titles entertwining,
Nor sullied are they nor defaced,
But brightly glowing, pure and shining.

Best work of the Creator's skill !
Still redolent of Him and Heaven ;
How pure the ecstasies which thrill
A heart, to earth so newly given.

Whose tender chords, by Hand divine
Attuned are now in all completeness ;
O Jesus ! fresh from touch of thine
How full are they of love and sweetness.

Shall earthly sounds discordant jar
With childhood's joyous, happy measure ?
Alas ! that sorrow e'er should mar
This crystal fount of purest pleasure.

How deep the wells of thought within
That limpid source—the heart of childhood,
Though bubbling o'er, like brooklets, in
The midst of rural glen or wildwood.

A precious charge, for angels fit ;
To keep that stainless page unspotted,
To see that truth be graved on it,
And there remain, undimmed, unblotted.

Spring hath not blossoms half as fair,
Nor summer's choicest buds as fair are,
As those young hearts beneath our care,
Than all earth's precious things far rarer.

O Mary! guard each little child!
'Tis thine—thus fondly thou dost name it!
Keep it as thou wert—undefiled!
Till Heaven from earth, shall one day claim it.

THE TOUCH OF GOD.

It trembles on the petals of each beauteous tinted
flower,
In every varying hue, disclosed beneath the summer
shower.
Whate'er of fragrance it diffuses o'er the verdant
sod,
Whate'er of beauty lies in it, is from the touch of
God.

But ask the limpid brook, which flows so cheerily
along,
Whence comes the ceaseless melody of its mysterious
song,
Whence comes that sudden sparkle, which lights up
that glittering rill,
'Twill answer: "God hath touched my brow, His
touch is on me still."

It lights the glorious burst of sun which ushers in
the day,
Its influence is even felt in every faintest ray
Which gilds the tiny leaflet o'er, which warms to
life and light
Each soft, besprinkled grassy spray, still wet with
dews of night.

The touch of God—I trace it in the star's transparent beam,
Enkindled with a loveliness surpassing poet's dream.
And there suspended, seeming like to angels gazing o'er
Earth's turmoils and its busy scenes from out their tranquil shore.

I asked the tempest, what had given to it its angry might;
I asked the lightning fierce, whence came its baneful, cruel blight:
They answered: "From the touch of Him, whose sportive toys they are,
Who, in His wisdom, wills at times the elements to jar.

Beneath His touch again I see their noisy tumult cease,
Again I hear each jarring sound melt into sweetest peace.
So does our restlessness of heart subside in peaceful prayer—
And why? Because the touch of God—His blessed touch is there.

As it doth hallow earthly scenes, it hallows earthly loves,
Each pure bright link which rivets hearts but all the stronger proves;
When woven by that hand Divine, whose touch is felt and known,
The sanctifying touch of God, which beautifies alone.

A CROSS.

THAT cross seemed a hard and a weighty one.
 As afar it loomed,
 And courage my shrinking heart had none,
 But, alas ! seemed doomed
 To droop 'neath the grief that before it lay,
 The trial of some not distant day
 To tread, all alone, on a thorny way,
 And only begun.

O'er that rugged path I tried to plod
 Wearily then,
 'Till my mind's eye glanced on a dying God,
 Dying for men !
 And a change so wondrous o'er me came,
 New hope and vigour shot through my frame ;
 That cross seemed to me no more the same,
 Nor the path I trod.

As daily it nearer and nearer drew,
 I knew not why,
 Far lighter it seemed and sweeter, too,
 Until even I,
 Who so cowardly shrank from that cross before,
 Felt its weight and its roughness now no more,
 But hailed and embraced it o'er and o'er,
 As a treasure true.

May I learn to read in it God's sweet will,
 And feel Him near,
 Should aught of bitterness dwell there still,
 I shall not fear :

And tho' from my heart should steal a sigh
When, perchance, a heavier cross is nigh,
On His strength shall my weakness then rely,
Tho' its pressure kill.

That one sweet lesson—to suffer and love—
Oh, teach me, Lord,
To suffer, and thus my love to prove,
Nor to seek reward.
'Tis the lesson of all my heart would know,
Of all the treasures Thou dost bestow,
Save Thyself—'tis the dearest one here below,
Or in Heaven above.

CHURCH BELLS.

'Tis morn—the Church bells are joyously pealing,
And why is their music so blightsome and gay?
At the foot of the altar, a bridal pair kneeling,
Reveal why their chimes are so gladsome to-day.
Never was greeting bestowed with such joy;
Never did lips sweeter language employ.

Again do they ring, but with sadness bewailing,
Some precious and dear one, perhaps in life's
bloom,
Cut down—and with sympathy, ever unfailing,
They toll till that loved one is laid in the tomb.
Never did plaint sink so deep in the heart,
Or such balm to the lonely, bereaved ones im-
part.

Sweet bells ! for the joyful you peal with such glad-
ness,

As though you were tuned to breathe pleasure
alone :

Again for the joyless you toll with such sadness,

As tho' you had never a gleam of joy known.

Thus sharing alike in our pleasures and pains,
Our hearts ever echo your gay or sad strains.

The old dying year is departing for ever,

And scarce does it bid us a final adieu,

When their chorus of exquisite melody never

Omits, at its entrance, to welcome the new ;

And thus, side by side with time's stream in its
flow,

Ever onward they cheerily, merrily go.

The artisan hears them, when daylight is ending,

His cares are all lulled, which had grieved him
before,

Tho' lowly the cot be, towards which he is wend-
ing,

He listens and thinks of his day's toil no more ;

They tell of the Sabbath, all peaceful and
blest,

When labour and weariness calmly shall rest.

When twilight's soft shadows around us are steal-
ing,

Oh ! then does their melody float thro' the air,
So sweetly vibrates every deep chord of feeling,

That voices of angels seem mingling there.

Exultant or plaintive in dirge, or in song,

Who would not their silvery cadence pro-
long ?

Wise bells! who, to show that life's joys are but
fleeting,

Come quickly again with your mournful knell;
"Now sunshine—now gloom," you keep ever re-
peating,

Of sorrow and joy, you alternately tell.

Dear harbingers! where shall we, where can
we find,

Like yours, such sweet sympathy, tender and
kind.

Blest bells! again you are peacefully sounding

At eve to assemble the faithful at prayer;

The happy and joyless that shrine are surrounding,

And all, alike offer their fervent hearts there.

Oh! ring out, ye bells! and for long ages
chime,

Unheeding the wear and the progress of time,

At morning—at noon—and when evening's
shades fall,

Ring out, and may thousands respond to your
call.

NEVER ALONE!

NEVER alone! for all day at my side,

My Angel is with me to guard and to guide;

In the hush of the night, in the stillness of sleep,

Still, still is he near to watch o'er me and keep;

Whether walking or resting, he always is nigh;

If I labour, I do so beneath his dear eye.

Wherever I journey, by land or by sea,

My amiable guardian is ever with me;

In calm or in tempest, in cloud or in sun,
He quits not his post until duty is done ;
And when is it done ?—not till life's latest sigh—
When we safely reach home, both my angel and I.

Never alone ! in the loneliest hour ;
When hope seems to fail, or when dark clouds
lower ;

When none seem to pity, oh ! then he is by,
To catch every breathing and hear every sigh ;
To whisper sweet comfort, to soothe every fear,
To help, when I falter, sustain me and cheer,
When trials press sharply, and crosses seem hard,
With pity and tenderness does he regard ;
Still urging to patience, still breathing of peace ;
Reminding of Heaven, where sorrows shall cease.
Then, shall I not strive to be worthy of thee,
Dear friend, who art always so faithful to me ?

Never alone ! when in silence I pray,
My Angel is near, to hear all I can say ;
To bear it aloft, and securely to place,
My poor, languid prayer at the bright throne of
grace,

And to it, ere yet it has passed from my heart,
A glow of his love does my guardian impart ;
Unless he had lovingly borne it, ne'er
Could my feeble petition have ever reached there.
The snares I avoid, and the evil I shun ;
Whatever of good I have hitherto done,
My holiest thoughts—inspirations divine,
Are all gentle promptings, sweet Spirit, of thine.

Never alone ! even when I forget
His presence, he lovingly thinks of me yet ;
And should I, this gentlest of friends, ever grieve,
Unwearied, still, never my side does he leave.

My failings may sadden, but never can chill,
The love which my dear angel bears to me still.
He tirelessly follows, tho' dreary the track,
And patiently, hopefully, beckons me back.
Again does he strengthen, encourage and shield,
In Heaven alone shall his love be revealed.
In health or in sickness, in darkness or light,
Of his presence, henceforth, may I never lose sight.
And may I, forever be docile to one
Who never forsook me since life had begun.

THE TWO CROWNS.

DEEP was the hush as, rapt in fervent prayer,
Knelt Catherine, Sienna's fairest flower ;
Nor yet alone, for angels hovered there,
To share her solitude in that still hour ?
To whisper solace to her aching heart,
And in its depths a heavenly peace distil.
In vain hath Envy cast its venom'd dart
At her, whose soul divinest grace doth fill.

Departing twilight lingers yet around,
Whence comes that softened and mysterious
light
That fills her chamber ? Whence those tones that
sound
With thrilling sweetness in her ear to-night ?
And now her spell-bound and ecstatic gaze
Beholds the Saviour holding to her view
A golden Crown, whose jewels He displays,
And lo ! a crown of woven thorns too !

“Beloved daughter!” Tenderly He spoke,
With ravished ear His loving spouse had heard
That voice, which in her inmost soul awoke
Emotions sweet at each endearing word.

“Those Crowns in sure succession must thou wear,
The thorny circlet pressing on thee now,
That so My sufferings thou mayest share,
And then receive the jewels for thy brow.

“Or, should’st thou wish those glittering gems to
choose,

Nor heed the thorn-wreaths, even for My sake,
Hereafter thou the golden Crown shalt lose,
And must the sharp and piercing thorns take.
Choose which thou wilt.” With love divine in-
flamed,

Did Catherine extend her eager, outstretched
hands,
Nor then the brilliant diadem, she claimed;
Oh, no! her love the thorny Crown demands.

More precious far than jewels in her eyes
Those points that erst had pierced the Head
divine.

“My sweetest Lord!” the ardent virgin cries,
“Thou knowest I own no other will but Thine;
Thy love, Thyself are all that I desire
On earth below, or e’en in Heaven above;
But since a choice of me Thou dost require,
Be mine, dear Lord, the thorns for Thy love!”

Saying which, the proffered wreath with joy she
took,

And on her temples pressed the thorn-points
hard,

While Jesus cast on her a tender look,
That glance she deemed her richest, best re-
ward.

Eternal wisdom was the Book whose lore
 Illumed her mind, the Fountain whence she drew
Sublimest science, daily more and more,
 Which taught her sufferings with delight to
 view.

WEEP NOT.

To thy freshly-aching, mother-heart,
What words can the needed balm impart ?
 Yet, would I obtrude :—
“ Weep not,” may seem to thee cruel words,
 ay grate on thy poor heart’s tenderest chords,
 In so sad a mood.

And yet, they would fain a balsam bring,
To thee, while lonely and sorrowing,
 For thy child, to-day—
Thy last, thy fairest, thy sweetest flower,
Like a half-blown rose-bud, in girlhood’s hour,
 Snatched from thee away.

Oh ! weep not still, that the Master chose,
For Himself, this gentle and pure young rose,
 E’en, while tenderly
And closely round thee its tendrils ’twined ;
He culled, and to angels’ care consigned,
 To be kept for thee.

Ere her spirit had caught earth’s slightest stain,
Ere the shadows of time had on it lain,
 Though years did not bear
The ripened fruit of the good seed sown—
Though it seem to thee soon, death’s scythe had
 mown
 One so young and fair.

Could'st thou know how intense is the filial love
Of thy cherished one, in her Home above,
 For the heart bereft,
Of the joy her presence gave here below ;
Ah ! this, in the midst of a mother's woe,
 Is the comfort left.

Wrenched is thy last link which bound to earth ;
In thy home there is now of joy a dearth ;
 Still, God will repay—
He who hath sent thee a cross so hard,
With pity and love doth thy grief regard,
 And shall be thy stay.

Weep not, God gave and hath taken away !
The child of thy heart shall, some happy day,
 To thine arms be given—
Where never are aching hearts or tears,
Nor restless longings, nor anxious fears—
 But joy—in Heaven !

GRACE.

As sunshine warms the chilly earth,
 So grace shines o'er life's dreariest hour
How many virtues spring to birth,
 Beneath its vivifying power ?
Come down to brighten and to bless,
 Scarce do we feel its kindly ray,
Than grief and pain and weariness,
 Like mists, have quickly passed away.

It gilds the thorny track we tread,
 And shows us there the flowers hid ;
Its blessed light, upon us shed,
 Reveals what saints before us did.

Unshrinkingly it bids us dare
What hitherto to us seemed hard :
And yet, each precious grace and rare
How oft we slightly regard.

Life's cup, how bitter would it taste,
If sweetened not by grace divine ;
And earth would seem a dreary waste,
Did not its beams upon us shine.
It bids the anxious heart be still
When with a thousand cares oppressed,
And when its restless pulses thrill,
Its influence gently soothes to rest.

How oft, when nature would rebel,
And spurn the cross divinely sent,
Some strengthening grace upon us fell,
And to our weakness courage lent.
It shows us, how our Master bore
The weight, our coward hearts would shun,
The pathway which He trod before
Us—till His work of love was done.

Each precious grace, how dearly bought,
Since purchased by His blood and death ;
Its worth the dying Saviour taught
On Calvary, with His latest breath.
Then, shall I deem a little thing
That inward voice which oft recalls
My wayward steps, from wandering ;
Which aids my progress, checks my falls ?

Which solaces my every pain,
Which tempers, too, my every joy ;
Whate'er the conflicts I sustain ;
It is the weapon I employ.

A star upon life's dreary way,
When oft, 'mid darkness trying to grope,
With thee to light, how can I stray?
Sweet heavenly grace, my Guide, my Hope

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

THERE are names which are immortal,
Which in memory ever live,
Whose endearing sounds for ever
Cadences undying give.
Not the names renowned of heroes,
Nor the royal names that sped;
They, as zephyr's breath, were fleeting,
All their blazoned glory fled.

Not the titles, pompous sounding,
Which to lofty genius came,
By a thousand voices echoed,
From a passing, transient fame.
All the sun which 'circled round them,
Was the brief gleam of a day—
But a flash, which scarce was kindled,
Ere it swiftly passed away.

Names there are, of sweetest meaning
Parent, brother, sister, friend—
That preserve a vivid lustre,
And whose freshness doth not end.
Names—for ever intertwining,
Like to fadeless immortelles,
Through our brightest thoughts and fancies,
Words, wherein sweet music dwells.

Never song hath greater charm,
By its sweet and rythmic flow,
Than those dear familiar titles,
In this dreary world below ;
Touching with a gentle power,
And a sure unerring aim,
Heart-chords, where no stranger title
Could a moment's feeling claim.

When with sorrow overburthened ;
Like an echo on our ear,
Come those names of loving meaning,
Ever welcome, ever dear.
When the busy world shall tire us,
By its ceaseless ebb and flow,
Nothing sweeter comes to soothe us
Than those household words we know.

Virtue, love, and sweet contentment,
Home's sweet precincts, tranquil rest—
All the earthly bliss we crave for,
Will those cherished names suggest.
Aiding each the other onward,
In life's struggle on before;
Dove-like peace, with outstretched pinions,
Ever gently hov'ring o'er.

THE CHURCH.

SOFTLY open its blest portal ;
Tread, with awe, its hallowed floor ;
Hush ! move reverently and slowly,
Bow thee now its shrine before.
Need we ask who there awaits us ?
Who within its precincts dwells ?
Something in its very stillness,
Mutely, eloquently tells.

Jesus—He is there the Master
Round whom myriad angels throng ;
All is breathing of His presence—
Move thee noiselessly along.

See that faithful lamp, untiring
In vigil lone and blest ;
How its gentle ray invites us
To this source of peace and rest.

Burning through the hours of day-time,
Till its fading light has flown,
Burning, with redoubled radiance,
Through the night hours—all alone.

Shedding 'round the tabernacle
All its fairest, tenderest glow,
Like some fervent heart adoring,
Finding Heaven on earth below.

Anxious one ! does ought oppress thee ?
Art thou in some sadden'd mood ?
Go where yonder beam shall guide thee,
Let no idle cares intrude.

Near thee, from their crystal vases,
Flowers their sweetest odors shed,
Breathing out their short lives near Him,
Till their freshness all has fled.

Like the lamps before the altar,
All aglow with a love divine—
Ever burning and consuming—
Should I wish this heart of mine.

Like the flowers, sweet incense breathing
Of a humble, fervent prayer,
Loving, trusting, feeling near Him,
Gladly would I rest me there.

TO A CROCUS.

WELCOME, hardy gem of nature !
Lovely firstling of the year !
It is meet that we should greet thee,
Shining on the landscape drear.
All alone, but soon beside thee,
Shall thy sister flowerets peep,
When the slumbering sod shall waken
From its long, dull, wintry sleep.

Still above thee, bare and leafless,
Moan the great o'erbranching trees,
While thy smiling face looks upward,
Joyous, like the floating breeze.
Fresh and pure and fair as childhood,
Harbinger of spring art thou ;
Later flowers of rarer culture,
Cannot charm as thou dost now.

Soon the gentle fragrant violet
And the lily-of-the-vale,
Softly shall spring up around thee,
Daisies and the primrose pale ;
All, like thee, of simple beauty,
And in homely guise arrayed,
Yielding, too, their mite of pleasure,
By the same great Artist made.

Fragile bud, thou dost not quiver
'Neath the early gales of spring;
Though no rich-clad branches shield thee,
New-born, feeble, lonely thing!
Listen to the unchained brooklet,
In its murmuring flow along;
To the wild, untutored warblings
Of the blackbird's cheery song.

Shall I cull thee, pretty floweret,
In thy infant freshness now,
To repose on Mary's altar,
Or to grace her Virgin brow?
Shall I leave thee till the snowdrop
And the golden butter-cup,
And the many-tinted tulips,
In their gay attire shoot up?

Till some passing gleam of sunshine
Warm thee, by its friendly smile?
Yes—thou welcome tiny crocus,
I must cull thee not awhile.
Thou wert first to show thy graces,
As departs the winter's gloom,
First to tell us of the spring-time,
And we hail thy early bloom.

UNKNOWN.

DEAD—'neath the cars in a crowded street,
Unheeding the pitiless, blinding sleet;
Unheeding the looks of the passers-by,
Who gaze on him, now, with inquiring eye.

What was his history? Who can say?
Nobody heeded him day by day—
A poor lone waif, and a stranger, too,
Meandering—whither? no one knew.

Once, perhaps, dear to a mother's heart,
And meant to fulfil some noble part.
With youthful hopes of the gayest hue,
Which faded away from his manhood's view.

Neglect had, perchance, o'erspread its pall
On his hopes and his high aspirations all—
O'ercast the sky of his life's bright noon,
And the chill of age had o'ertaken soon.

Too soon—alas! but it matters not,
Since earth denied him a sheltering spot.
Forgotten, uncared for, and all unknown,
He died, 'mid the busy world—alone.

And yet, on that worn and pallid brow,
A look of peace is depicted now.
His weary journey at last is o'er,
And labours and pains are for him no more.

No more shall the lonely exile pine,
For some ray of comfort, in life's decline,
Some soothing hand to allay his pain,
Or some friendly accents once again.

It matters little what might have been
The chequered fortunes his life had seen—
That joyless life had a peaceful close,
At last does the wanderer find repose!

The placid smile on his face, can well
The closing page of his hist'ry tell—
No earthly friend, but a *Friend* above!
And a double share of a Father's love.

A God of pity, and angels nigh,
Who soothed, befriended, and saw him die,
And bore him thence to a haven of peace,
Where sorrows and cares shall for ever cease.

Doubtless, he yearned to close a life,
Which brought him poverty, toil, and strife;
What matters it now if his humble bier
Be not moistened by even a passing tear?

SAINT ANDREW.

FIRST chosen of that sainted band,
Who heard the Saviour's call divine;
And first to hear each blest command;
How great a privilege was thine!
How rare the graces which combined
To fit thee for that noble strife,
For which, one day, thou wert designed,
Ere yet the cross would close thy life!

Thou wert the guide, whose earnest call—
In true, fraternal tones and fond—
St. Peter heard, and, quitting all,
Would to it lovingly respond;
Thus, promptly to thy Master's side,
Another thou would'st now invite,
Thy brother must not be denied
A share in thy supreme delight.

What, though obscure thy humble lot,
'Mid toils and poverty and pain;
With thy Redeemer, hadst thou not
A bliss the world pursues in vain!
Co-worker in that work of love
Which brought Him down from highest
Heaven—
No holier mission e'en above
Hath He to blessed spirits given.

A greater grace is yet in store—
A crowning one, for thee, dear saint :
He who shall bear His Cross before
Thee, —without murmur or complaint,
Who there shall draw His latest breath,
While woven thorns His brow shall press ;
Would there have thee, too, find thy death,
And taste with Him its bitterness.

Ah ! heedless of its bitter pain,
When that blest hour at last drew nigh ;
“ O Cross beloved ! ” thou didst exclaim,
“ For thee, good Cross, my heart doth sigh !
Within Thine open arms receive
One who for Thee hath longed so much.
Dear Cross—oh ! who could e’er believe
The bliss which Thou dost yield is such ? ”

O great apostle ! favoured one !
How tenderly thou didst embrace
That wood, on which thy crown was won,
On which hath closed thy earthly race.
Obtain for us some little share
Of thy heroic, ardent love ;
Courage, life’s daily toils to bear,
That we may share thy joy above.

AN AUTUMN GALE.

THE branches toss their leafy arms,
As if in sudden, wild affright,
While timid flowers their shrinking forms
In awe have bent them at the sight.
The lark has ceased his song awhile,
To listen to the angry blast ;
A cloud succeeds the morning’s smile,
And sudden gloom o’er all is cast.

On every pathway do we tread
The russet-tinted fallen leaves
Which nature's hand hath lately spread,
And there, its autumn pattern weaves.
Now, to and fro each tiny leaf
It seen to gambol wild and free,
How frail the landscape's charms—how brief,
E'en while its ripened wealth we see.

Fiercer the angry gales arise,
The big trees moan as if in pain,
And now, from out the sullen skies,
Comes forth a plenteous gush of rain.
Soon do the "warring winds" subside,
E'en to a soft and gentle breeze;
The flowing torrents, too, have dried,
And o'er the autumn-tinted trees,

Shines forth, once more, the glorious sun,
Tipping them with its golden gleams;
The tempest seemed in wrath begun,
Again, a calm of love it seems.
That copious shower hath given birth
To lovelier hues on shrub and tree.
New beauties shine upon our earth,
New phases of God's love we see.

Oh! cast around thy wond'ring glance
O'er this vast world of might and power,
And say, if it be only chance
Which ruled the tempest in that hour?
Which held in check its sudden rage,
And softly guarded flower and tree?
My God! in nature's every page
Thy power and wisdom do we see.

The storm and calm, the sun and rain,
The shadow and the bright'ning ray,
Are all Thy gifts, and not in vain,
Thy love bestrews, with them, our way.
The Summer gave to us its charms—
And though the year begins to wane,
And mellow sun no longer warms,
Have we not Autumn's fruits and grain?

FIRST OF AN ALBUM.

BLANK are thy tinted pages still,
Waiting till friendship's hand shall fill,
From memory's varied store;
Soon, many a hidden gem shall here,
In all its brilliancy appear,
Which ne'er was seen before.

Thoughts which, like spring's bright early flowers,
Were penned, perhaps, in sunniest hours,
Ere life a shadow knew;
When all seemed love, and light, and song,
As time flowed joyously along,
In fairest, roseate hue.

As from a well-spring then they bound,
And when in words have egress found,
Shall here in lustre shine,
Bright'ning some dull and listless hour,
With even more than music's power—
Not mine the gift—not mine.

Thoughts shall upon thy leaves be seen,
Still robed in fresh, unfaded green,
 Yet slightly tinged with care;
A little less of love and trust
In all they prized, like wayside dust,
 Has dimmed them here and there—

Has given to them a pensive mould,
While on thy pages they unfold.
 Still, hearts there are who may
Respond to feelings written there,
Whose skies were cloudless once, and fair,
 Whose spring, too, passed away.

Thoughts from some wounded heart may steal,
And on a leaf of thine reveal,
 The grief it may not tell;
Oh! may no cold, unfeeling eye,
While here within enshrined they lie,
 Upon their sorrow dwell.

Methinks I see, in long array,
The countless gems which shall, one day,
 Thy empty pages deck.
While mine, tho' first, shall 'mong them seem
Like paltry ore, where jewels teem—
 'Mid stars, a feeble speck.

Then, album, speed thee! Never may
One sonnet, stanza, song, or lay
 The humblest poet weaves,
Rest idly on thy silent page;
May each some grief or pain assuage,
 Or cheer some heart which grieves.

No lofty bards in thee shall write,
But many a heart-felt gushing mite,
 Shall come from humbler muse.
Oh ! may each word in thee, have wings,
To raise to higher, nobler things
 Whoever shall peruse.

THE SHATTERED NEST

WHAT cruel hand, in wanton mood,
 Would shatter thus that little nest ?
In rain and hail, and tempests rude,
 The bird found shelter there, and rest.
At morn it left its tiny home,
 Beneath a sunbeam's cheerful smile,
Nor sought beyond it far to roam,
 But dreamed its dream of joy the while.

At eve it sought its leafy nook ;
 It hastened to its fledgelings dear ;
With anguished cry and woeful look,
 It sees a ruin, blank and drear.
Vainly its missing ones it sought,
 And tried to catch some twittering tone ;
Ah ! then, that feathered breast was fraught
 With bitter sorrow, all its own.

Methought, how reckless was the sport
 That would a creature's hopes destroy,
That, for its pleasure, would resort
 To what might mar another's joy.
The linnet's bright but fleeting span
 Upon this fragrant earth of ours—
Unlike the nobler aim of man—
 Was meant for sunshine, joy, and flowers.

At morn it sang its song of glee,
With trusting, gushing, pure delight;
And, lonely, perched upon a tree,
It sang a mournful dirge ere night.
Its trembling pinions felt the chill,
And dews of night upon each plume;
A sterner fate awaits it still,
Some truant's hand shall fix its doom.

Poor bird ! how like thy sudden woes
To those we see in human life—
At morn, in affluence and repose;
At eve, in struggle, toil, and strife.
Encircled by home's joys to-day,
On hope's bright pinions borne aloft;
To-morrow comes, and we survey
A shattered wreck alone—too oft.

A changeful fortune smiles a while
And holds a talisman to view,
How oft its promises beguile,
From seeking real goods and true.
Yet, as a cloud obscures the ray,
Which brightly on our pathway shone,
Some sudden change comes o'er our day—
The shining bait that lured is gone.

Well, hath it been if we discern
Its mocking glare, ere yet too late,
And from remorseless fortune learn,
That higher, better things await.
Nor pause, the ruin to survey,
But on a surer site re-build;
Howe'er our projects shall decay,
By patient hope we may regild.

AVE MARIA.

WORDS of music, softly uttered,
 As we trace the chaplet round ;
 Who has not, in some sad hour,
 Sweetest balsam in them found ?
 As from bead to bead, we glide on,
 They our joys and sorrows breathe ;
 Weaving flowers of richest fragrance,
 In a simple, loving wreath.

Not the countless gems of spring-time,
 Which arise to deck our path,
 In their newness and their glory,
 Half the worth and beauty hath
 Of the oft-repeated "Aves"
 Which that circlet holds entwined,
 Laden with the choicest incense
 Of the graces there enshrined.

One by one our beads we number ;
 O'er and o'er, those wondrous words
 Make sweet harmony in heaven,
 Echoed from angelic chords.
 Ever and anon, vibrating,
 As, of old, when Mary felt
 Startled by their secret power,
 When in Nazareth she knelt.

What are diadems of princes ?
 Jewels which corrupt with time ;
 What is all earth's transient glitter ?
 What, its grandeurs most sublime ?
 In the balance, one "Hail Mary,"
 All their boasted worth outweighs ;
 Near its richness and its value
 Earthly splendour soon decays.

Pleading eyes and hands of dear ones
 Are upraised to us for aid,
 From the cleansing fires around them—
 Must their succour be delayed?
 While within this precious well-spring
 Are the cooling draughts which flow,
 With a sweet, refreshing power,
 On their parchéd lips below.

How oft, an erring soul has waited
 For the special grace contained
 In some fervent, short "Hail, Mary,"
 Ere God's friendship was regained;
 Groaning 'neath a heavy bondage,
 And unconscious of its yoke,
 Till a pitying glance from Mary
 Suddenly, the dark spell broke.

My rosary—with love I clasp it,
 As a treasure true and blest,
 When life's shadows gather round me,
 And my weary heart needs rest.
 Yes, "Hail, Mary," is my passport
 To that tender mother-heart;
 Never does it fail to soothe me,
 And new courage to impart.

ON RECEIVING A BUNCH OF WILD FLOWERS.

CULLED, beside the mossy well,
 In the glen and woodland dell,
 Where the gentle zephyrs play;
 Where no other footsteps stray,
 To disturb the stillness sweet,
 Save the tread of fairy feet—

Not the fairy sprites of air,
But of childhood, fresh and fair,
Whose tiny hands have lovingly
Culled those rural gems for me.

Fitting types (she little knew),
In their fragrance and their hue,
In the pleasure they impart—
Of her pure and joyous heart;
And, methinks, I hear them say,
How much fairer she than they,
As before me, here they lie,
Rare and lovely to the eye,
With the lingering dew-drops wet,
On their beauteous petals yet.

'Neath the summer's warm beam,
Near the restless, quivering stream,
Breathing nature's freest air,
Watched o'er by no jealous care,
They bloomed—and almost seemed to know,
Why her young heart loved them so;
When they felt her gentle hold
Lovingly their stems enfold.
Gifts—uncultured as they were
Surely sent by God to her.

How the daisies, gold and white,
Must have gazed in mute delight!
And the modest violet smiled
On the fair and lovely child,
And the cowslip's shining cup,
With unwonted joy looked up
In her fresh and glowing face,
Fraught with innocence and grace;
And the water-lily sweet
Emblem of them all—most meet!

Growing near the streamlet's brink,
Her tiny footsteps did not shrink
From the wild and gurgling flow
Of its waters, as they go ;
While the lily's pearly white
Would her childish love invite.
Thanks to thee, dear little one !
Now, thy task of love is done,
While—happ'ly in thy infancy—
A kindred flower thou seem'st to me.

WEAVING SHADOWS.

WHY sit with arms folded,
Brooding over care,
Mournful fancies weaving,
Clouding all that's fair ?
Darker grows the prospect,
To the mental gaze ;
While the eye rests on it,
Deeper grows the haze.

Weaker grows the spirit,
Losing courage all ;
Gloom its mantle flinging,
O'er us like a pall.
Fed by fancied troubles,
Nursed within the heart,
There it makes its dwelling,
Makes us feel its smart.

Let not grief o'er master,
Bravely, up and do ;
Soon the bitter torrent
Shall be lost to view ;

Soon the shades shall vanish,
And affright no more,
Hope's awakened smile, shall
Greet you as before.

All the daily duties,
Life presents to you,
Have a secret power,
Ever fresh and new.
They restore the brightness,
Sorrow fain would steal,
And the wounds it causes,
They will quickly heal.

Blest the path of duty !
None so safe to tread,
Virtue's holy lustre
Gently on it shed.
Precious acts of kindness,
Filling up our day,
Leave no time for sadness,
Gild life's dreary way.

Brighter seems the future,
Flowers that seemed to fade,
Have regained their freshness,
Are anew arrayed.
Sit not weaving shadows
While the genial light
Longs to penetrate them
Did you but invite.

CHILDREN'S GALA DAY.

BRIGHT, as the fresh bloom of spring-time,
The glow on their faces to-day ;
Glad, as the ripple of streamlets,
The sound of their voices at play.

On mine ear, never music fell sweeter
Than now falls their innocent hum,
The fragrance of infancy 'round them,
Where shadow, as yet dares not come.

How I longed for the freshness of childhood,
While viewing that light-footed throng ;
Whose hearts were as summer skies cloudless,
And gushed forth in laughter and song ;
Whose short lives, as yet were unchequered,
Whose spirits, uncurbed in their flow,
Reflected no cloud on their surface,
Nor wrinkle nor ruffle they know.

I thought of the future awaiting—
The pathway, outspread before each ;
The distance life's goal lay before them,
Ere yet, its dim borders they reach.
How varied the lot to each destined,
Methought, as I gazed on them there,
For some, life has pleasures unnumbered,
For others, but burthens and care.

For some—how intricate life's snares,
With none near to shield or to guide,
For others, how calmly shall years flow,
No danger or ills can betide.
As I caught that gay chorus of voices,
Ah ! then, did my heart breathe a prayer,
That God may watch over and guard them
From evil, from sorrow and care.

Ye dear ones ! bask on in the sunshine,
Too soon, shall the shadow o'ertake !
Too soon, shall your young hearts, in sadness,
From the sweet dream of childhood awake.
Play on, while you live in life's morning,
With laughter the swift hours beguile ;
Play on, for an Eye watches o'er you,
Paternal and loving the while.

LIFE'S AUTUMN.

WE prize it, as we prize the full,
 The rich, ripe hue of Autumn grain,
 Ere yet the reaper's hand would cull.
 How fondly would we still retain
 The kindly heart, in woe or weal,
 The pure warm friendship, true and tried,
 Whose worth, years did but more reveal,
 Which cannot long with us abide.

Old friends—we prize them, as we prize
 The mellow glow of sunset near,
 Whose gleams light up the evening skies
 With radiance, ere they disappear.
 They sought us in our every need ;
 They aided us through every ill,
 And foremost, on to good to lead ;
 What wonder that we prize them still.

Nay, rather cherish them the more,
 When evening's shadows gather round,
 And age their locks has sprinkled o'er—
 As wintry frost the whitened ground,
 With happy hearts, serene and calm,
 Like placid rivers gliding on,
 Their retrospect affords a balm,
 Far sweeter than youth's pleasure gone.

Unfailing faith and love and trust
 (Let skies be cloudless or o'ercast),
 Those are the bonds which ever must
 Old friend to friend bind firm and fast.
 When fortune smiled we found them near,
 But nearer still, beneath her frown ;
 Changeless through every changeul year
 And now, that age has bent them down.

Now, that its shadow broader grows,
That deeper are its footmarks seen;
How dear to us the calm repose,
The rev'rent brow and gentle mien.
The thoughtfulness experience gives;
The sweet, half pensive, noble air;
While friendship in the heart still lives—
A sun, without its noon-tide glare.

The halo, which those well-spent years
Have shed around the brow of age,
More fair and lustrous now appears
Than youth's most brilliant, glowing page.
One true and everlasting Friend,
Above all others, claims our love,
Whose friendship time shall never end,
Nor all eternity above!

ASSUMPTA EST MARIA.

THE angels rest their wondering gaze
Upon thy glorious brow,
All radiant with the peerless rays
Of highest glory now;
Thy Son hath placed a crown on thee,
The brightest, Heaven hath seen:
The heavenly choirs, exultingly,
Salute thee as their Queen.

A victim once, beneath the cross,
Transfixed with grief—yet calm;
How truly, in that moment's loss;
Was thine the martyr's palm!
While sorrows in thy path were rife,
Thy heart was fixed above,
Nor death it was which closed thy life,
But martyrdom of love.

A love intense—beyond all words,
And stronger e'en than death,
Hath snapped thy pure heart's vital chords
And sealed thy latest breath.
That heart immaculate hath found
The triumph of its love,
For now, the hosts of Heaven surround
Thy glorious throne above.

As didst thou, Mother, love thy Son,
As never mother loved,
So would His love not be outdone,
And tenderly be proved :
Consigned to earth and earthly gloom,
He would not let thee rest,
But borne by angels from thy tomb,
To regions fair and blest.

Earth's shadows thou hast left behind,
And yet, a star thou art,
Which shinest, with a radiance kind,
Upon each weary heart.
Beyond the saints who highest are,
Within the courts of Heaven,
Thou art to-day exalted far—
To thee what power is given !

Rejoicing in thy perfect bliss,
We hail thee Queen to-day ;
A dearer title yet than this,
Our hearts would fondly say—
We call thee MOTHER—that dear name,
Draws nearer to thy shrine,
And while we give our hearts, we claim
A sheltering place in thine.

A BROKEN FLOWER.

FAIR, scented petals ! what rough touch

Hath shaken thee ?

One, perchance, who did not prize thee much—

Who may it be ?

That now hath scattered o'er the trodden ground,

Those leaves which doth with beauty so abound ?

Fain would I gather still, with loving care,

This broken gem ;

E'en still, the dew-drops linger on it there,

And round its stem.

E'en yet, its leaves exhale an incense sweet,

For some pure, holy shrine an offering meet.

Yes, let me place them in some vase, while yet,

Their odours stay ;

At morn, were they like precious jewels set,

All bright and gay ;

Now must I hasten, since no art revives

The sweet fragrance of their fleeting lives.

No skill can on that lonely stem replace

Its scattered flower ;

Nor art recall the fresh bloom to its face ;

Its transient dower.

The summer bee, from out its scented cup,

No more shall quaff the fragrant honey up.

Who painted them—those fair petals—blown

By zephyrs now ?

Once meet ornament for her alone,

Whose virgin brow

Their glowing pink and spotless white may wear,

Since love and purity commingle there.

Who painted them with all their blended hues
 Will not disdain
Those waxen leaves, nor let them yet diffuse
 Their breath in vain ;
While in this crystal vase, wherein they lie,
They give Him an hour's sweet homage ere they die.

Lives there are, whose feebleness would fain
 Do wondrous things,
Yet must not deem their good desires in vain ;
 Since he who clings,
In trusting helplessness, to God's dear will,
Doth well and gloriously life's end fulfil.

EVENING AND MORNING.

EVENING's shades are deeper growing,
 Now the sun has sunk to rest ;
No more in mellow splendour glowing
 Is that orb seen in the West ;
Golden hues are disappearing
 Fast, 'neath our admiring gaze,
Sombre, curtain clouds are nearing,
 Now replace that crimson blaze.

Birds their tuneful songs are hushing,
 Toilers now their labours close ;
No sound, save that of streamlets gushing,
 Breaks the evening's still repose.
Home is now the hallowed centre,
 Loving spirits cluster round ;
There no discord e'er should enter,
 There should harmony be found.

Rural life ! what pure enjoyment
Do thy quiet scenes impart;
Nature's study thy employment;
Nature's culture all thy art.
Here no evening bells are chiming,
Here is seen no brilliant throng,
But, instead, the milk-maid timing
To her pail her rustic song.

Gentle herds are homeward hieing
From their pasture in the vale;
Countless rooks o'erhead are flying
To their nests high o'er the dale.
Evening into twilight blending,
What a wondrous soothing power
Do we feel when day is ending,
In that calm, delicious hour.

Watch the early dawn, now stealing,
Gently from its shroud released,
And the radiant sun revealing
All its splendours in the East.
Again, in brilliancy reviving,
Do we see its lustrous beams
(Night's short respite o'er) arriving,
Gilding mountain, vale, and streams.

Nature, which had been reposing,
Re-awakens to our view,
New-born flowers and buds disclosing
Every tint refreshed anew.
Dew-drops fill each flower and leaflet,
Glistening in the sun's bright ray;
Every tree, and shrub, and streamlet,
Seems to hail the dawning day.

Little birds, too, greet its coming,
Longing to resume their song;
List! the bee is humming, humming,
Roving now the flowers among,
Culling sweets and never dreading
To meet aught but welcome there,
And the hawthorn, fragrance shedding,
Scents the balmy morning air.

Slumber now enchains no longer;
Eyelids are unsealed once more;
Wearied frames, refreshed and stronger,
Now rejoice that night is o'er.
Every heart towards its Creator,
Is, with fervour, raised above,
And it feels its debt the greater
For each day bestowed in love.

THE VICTORY.

THE angry flush on his boyish face,
Told of the struggle that raged within,
He felt the insult, but heavenly grace
Helped him, the combat now to win.
He had knelt in the dim and softened light
Of the old collegiate church at morn,
And the rays divine which had fallen bright
On his soul, made it feel as if new born.

He had heard the eloquent words which fell
From priestly lips of the burning Heart,
He had drawn from that fount of meekness, well
He knows it will aid him to do his part.
"Jesus was struck" thought the noble boy
(And he seemed to gaze on that outraged Brow),
"He meekly pardoned who might destroy,
And shall I revenge an insult now?"

What matter the scornful looks they threw
On him, or the taunts he heard around ;
They named him *coward*, yet little knew
That truest courage he then had found.
The struggle was hard, and tremblingly
The bitter tear-drop aside he brushed ;
An inward glance at his Lord, and see !
The angry tumult within is hushed.

Again doth he kneel, now all alone,
Where the sanctuary star is gleaming bright,
And a peace of soul he had never known,
And a holy joy had he found to-night.
The Heart that tenderly beat inside
That sacred shrine which he knelt before,
Had opened to him its portals wide,
And sorrows and pains for him are o'er.

True heroism witholds the word,
That else would fall with a crushing might,
When ardent natures are fully stirred,
To seek redress for an injured right.
Who meekly speaks, when the wounded heart
Would only the pain and insult see ;
Who silently bears their bitter dart,
Nor seeks revenge, a *hero* he !

THE DYING YEAR.

We almost wish to still retain
The fast-retreating dying year,
Like some old friend, whom we would fain
Still hold, by age grown doubly dear.
Upon its hoary brow is seen,
A farewell crown of winter's frost ;
In vain we sigh for what had been—
The old year now to us is lost.

What has it borne from out our grasp ?
For, ever thus, it marks its flight;
Some valued thing we fondly clasp,
It snatches from our wond'ring sight.
When day-beams scatter night's dark shades,
Another year with joy we hail;
And while we mourn the one that fades,
To greet the New we do not fail.

Ah ! fleeting days and hours which pass,
Ere yet their loss is realized !
We miss them, and too oft, alas !
We miss with them what most we prized.
Some bright hopes yet are unfulfilled ;
Some cherished projects unachieved ;
The now-closed year perchance has chilled
Some friendships wherein we believed.

And while we sadly count and trace
The transient things with time which flowed,
How many were the gifts of grace
The grey old year on us bestowed.
The strength to bear, when sorely tried,
The soothing balm which sweetly healed,
The warnings of that angel guide,
Whom Heaven had sent to be our shield.

We hail the ensuing year with joy,
And, too, shall hear its parting knell ;
Ah ! happy they who shall employ
Its swiftly flying moments well.
Tho' fleetly does time's current float,
How much it gives life's page to fill ;
What shall the recording angel note
For me, this year, of good or ill ?

TYPES OF HEAVEN.

HOMES—where the spirit of peace hovers nigh,
 And the fleet-wingéd moments speed tranquilly by ;
 Where never the shadow of discontent lowers,
 Through wintry weather or long summer hours ;
 Where never a note of discordance doth jar
 On the union of hearts or their harmony mar ;
 Whose inmates are linked by such sweet bonds of
 love,
 As liken them e'en to those spirits above,
 Who never know change in an Eden of bliss ;
 Ah ! would that earth's homes were a reflex of
 this !

Homes—where the Christian-mark, God's blessed
 seal,
 Rests on their poverty, rests on their weal ;
 Where all thank the Giver, how little soe'er
 The blessings of life which may seem lavished there.
 Though hard be the toil and the luxuries scant
 That brighten the homestead of sorrow and want,
 Or mayhap, where affluence smoothen's life's way,
 And the heart's prayer of gratitude rises each day ;
 Where the needy partake of the gifts that are lent,
 And the breasts of the donors feel joy and content.

Homes—where the laughter of children rings free,
 And no cold look or tone checks their innocent glee ;
 As its rippling melody falls on the ear,
 What music more gladdening or sweeter to hear ?
 As the bird needs its warble, the brooklet its song,
 To the light heart of childhood doth pastime belong.

As the sun to the flower which blooms in its ray,
Is the warmth of love to the child day by day,
Its shield in temptation, its solace in grief!
Withhold it not, childhood's sweet season is brief

Homes—where the winter of age knows no chill,
Affection and friendship regilding it still;
Though time may have furrowed and silvered the
 brow
And deep be the lines that are traced on it now.
Where youth yields the homage and reverence meet
To years with experience and virtue replete
Where the light of example unconsciously led
Its steps in the true path of duty to tread—
Let adverse or prosperous fortune await,
The one shall not daunt or the other elate.

Homes—where the inmates, ere seeking repose—
As the well-spent day peacefully draws to a close,
Assemble to offer the incense of prayer,
And each in the other's devotions doth share,
Thanking for favours received the day through,
And begging each grace for the morrow anew.
How sweetly they slumber, for angels watch o'er,
Till the grey dawn unsealeth their eyelids once more,
And again to their Maker the new day is given—
Ah! homes such as these are the true types of Heaven.

CHRISTMAS.

WHY those gladsome strains, now pealing
 From each lofty belfry 'round?
Joyous news are they revealing,
 Breathing peace in every sound;

Mingling there are angels voices,
Blended now are Heaven and earth ;
Every fervent heart rejoices
As it hails the Saviour's birth.

In no rich or pompous dwelling,
Does He ope His infant eyes,
Nor in earthly goods excelling—
Poverty around him lies.
Come from Heaven, all great and holy
In a stable is His bed ;
On a manger, poor and lowly,
Does He rest His sacred head.

Let us enter and adore Him ;
Greatness becomes weakness now
Let us humbly kneel before Him,
And in lowliest homage bow.
Offer him our heart's devotion,
Hear His loving glances speak,
And with heart-felt, deep emotion,
View Him helpless there and weak.

Happy Mother, who beholds Him,
With a rapture unexpressed,
And with tenderest love enfolds Him
To her fond maternal breast !
Happy Joseph, who embraced Him
To his spotless heart and pure !
Happy shepherds, who had traced Him
Thus, all lonely and obscure.

Ah ! a tear-drop, bright and pearly,
On His infant cheek is seen ;
Does He feel, alas ! thus early
Winter's piercing blasts and keen ?
Or, each looming, distant sorrow,
Which awaits His manhood years,
Which shall cloud some future morrow
Does it cause those infant tears ?

With the shepherds let us enter
And unite our gifts with theirs,
And in Him our best love centre—
Tell Him all our pains and cares.
Do you ask what you shall offer
To your Saviour, at His birth?
You have naught of worth to proffer—
You are poor in goods of earth.

Near the crib, while you are kneeling,
Oh ! what joy you will impart,
While disclosing every feeling
To His tender, infant heart !
On that couch of straw He preaches
Sermons full of burning love ;
Be attentive while He teaches :
This drew Him from Heaven above.

THE HOLLY BOUGH.

In my rich glossy mantle of scarlet and green,
High over all others, enthroned like a queen,
I gaze on the bright sunny faces around,
And catch with delight the gay tones that resound.

A welcome on each joyous face do I see ;
The Christmas log, too, smiles so brightly on me,
That I feel quite at home, and shall calmly survey
This sweet festive scene while permitted to stay.

No sooner had Christmas drawn nigh, than a friend
Invited me with her a few days to spend,
And gave me a place of distinction 'mong all
The dearly-loved portraits which hang on the wall.

And there, as I glisten, I hear the glad mirth
Of the gay, happy group now encircling the hearth ;
Not more joyous the peals from the tower that ring,
Than the innocent glee which the holidays bring.

As the firelight gleams on it, I scan every brow—
Not a shadow of care seems to rest on it now ;
But, ah ! I can see some dear memory arise !
One moment—one only—I see moistened eyes.

In the joy of re-union some loved one they miss,
Who last year had shared in their holiday bliss,
Whose eyes shone the brightest, whose laugh clearest
rang.

Whose tones were the softest and sweetest that sang.

But quickly the sad, sombre thought disappears,
And, scarce are they 'wakened, than dried are the
tears ;

Again gladsome voices are mingling there,
Now rising in anthem, now blending in prayer.

A Christmas tree, laden in every bough,
Is being despoiled of its bright treasures now ;
' Mid all the enjoyment, my presence they greet,
And say that I'm needed their joy to complete.

They've brought me from winter's frost, snow-drifts,
and wind,

And left my companions to mourn behind ;
Had I but a choice, I would much rather dwell
With my parent tree, still in my dear native dell.

To my sparkling berries alone do I owe
Those fast fleeting honours, I fain would forego ;
I've witnessed much pleasure, and yet, with a sigh,
I feel, ere the holidays leave, I shall die.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

INTO its mother's tearful face
It gazed, with mute appealing eye,
And in its pallid hue could trace
A tale of grief—it knew not why.

Scarce summers three had o'er it sped ;
Its childish lips could hardly speak,
And yet the infant bloom had fled
Already from its little cheek.

Fain would it soothe her woe—but how ?
It scans with earnest looks again ;
Fondly that mother kissed its brow—
All guileless as an angel then—
And from her lips went forth a sigh,
A heartfelt though unuttered prayer,
That it might rather early die
Than sin should cloud a soul so fair.

She joined its tiny hands and knelt
Beside it—taught it to repeat
Some childish words of prayer, and felt
E'en comfort from its accents sweet.
Oh, no ! she is not quite bereft,
One little heart for her still feels,
One earthly joy to her is left—
The cherub form that near her kneels.

From that half-lisp'd and simple prayer,
My God ! Thou wilt not turn away ;
Thou know'st its hapless mother's care
Thou see'st its erring father stray.
Recal the wanderer from his track,
Let vice allure him never more,
And to that lonely wife bring back
The tranquil hours she knew before.

Oh ! surely, surely, not in vain,
Pleadings from lips as pure as these.
List ! is it the pattering rain,
Or noisy rustling of the trees ?
A long-expected sound she hears ;
Her anxious heart beats more and more —
At length, a well-known footstep nears,
And pauses at their cottage door

Unclasped are now the little hands—
That infant prayer has gained at last ;
The absent one before them stands,
And all his sinful follies past.
He has returned, and peace again
Upon that humble dwelling smiled.
A prayer becomes resistless when
'Tis uttered by a sinless child.

MOTHER'S PICTURE.

It may have been but fancy's dream,
And yet, at times, I seemed to see
Those gentle eyes upon me beam,
With love maternal—pityingly,
As tho' they saw the grief which pressed
That moment on my weary heart,
And longed to bring it peace and rest,
And to it, some sweet balm impart.

Oh ! chide me not, if then I told
To her my little sorrows there ;
Then knelt, as I had done of old,
Beneath that mother's glance in prayer.
How oft she bade me seek above,
The solace vainly sought on earth ;
The prayers which I most dearly love
Are those she taught me 'round our hearth.

With more than wonted tenderness,
I gazed upon her face that day,
But, ah ! the lips that used to bless,
The tones I loved had passed away.
Still, round her silent picture now
A thousand charms I love to trace—
My fancy fondly would endow
With life and love that lifeless face.

Time-honoured, on that cold grey wall
Her cherished features, while I view,
Her loving counsels I recall—

What she would have me say and do.
With all her old maternal care,
I feel her spirit hover near,
And, as of yore, I seem to hear
Her well-known accents on my ear.

A portrait, far more vivid still,
Of mother, in my memory dwells,
On which I gaze at times, until
My lonely heart with sorrow swells.
Her treasured maxims light my way,
Her form and face still with me are;
When frame and canvas pass away,
She still shall be my guiding star!

MEMORY.

FOUNT of pleasure and of pain !
Re-creating joy again,
By the sun which thou dost store,
Culled from pleasures now no more ;
Reproducing sorrow, too,
And inflicting pain anew,
By awakening up a thought,
With the keenest anguish fraught,
Still, the thought is quickly past,
And a genial glow is cast
O'er time's vista, then, for me,
By thy gleams, sweet memory !

Source of purest, best delight !
If 'twere only stored aright,
Need we more, than pause and look
Into Nature's open book ?—

In every line, in every page,
From childhood on to riper age,
What ever-varying charms lie
In it, to gladden heart and eye ;
In bud and flower, shrub and tree,
What endless beauty do we see ?

In ripening fruits and waving grain,
In all that could the fancy gain,
Woodland, orchard, flowery mead,
What loving secrets may we read ;
In cliffs romantic, water's roar,
With azure canopy hung o'er ;
In ocean's huge and heaving breast—
How much of thought may all suggest ;
And may we not from each fair scene
Some dear remembrance fondly glean ;
Some thought which, like an immortelle,
In memory's shrine shall fadeless dwell.

And, yet, how much surpass them all,
The countless gifts we might recall,
Which, year by year, and day by day,
Unheeded oft, have strewn our way.
The kindly acts whose magic power
Have cheered us, in some dreary hour ;
The little words whose balm, like dew,
Refreshed us—how, we hardly knew.
The graces undeserved, which are,
Than Nature's gifts, more precious far,
God's own and rarest gems, which He
Designs as store for memory.

And should, at times, the phantom care
Unbidden, cast its shadow there,
The obtrusive shade in vain would try
Within it quietly to lie.

The jewels which are there enshrined—
Mementoes sweet of years combined,
A never-failing charm bestow,
Which, but for memory, should we know?
“Oblivion’s fountain” should we taste,
What would life be?—a cheerless waste.

THE LOST RAINDROP.

’Twas one of a plenteous shower,
That fell from the clouds to-day;
I saw it alight upon the main,
Sought for the pearly drop in vain,
Mine eyes beheld it not again—
Lost, and perhaps for aye.

Countless the drops that gather,
O’er ocean, wood, and brake;
The tiny one, that with straining eye,
I watched, as it left the sullen sky,
And saw, ’mid the briny billows die,
No vacuum did it make.

I looked again—and the raindrop,
Awhile in the waters tost,
Is borne aloft ere the day is done,
By the kindly touch of the genial sun,
Another similar course to run,
While we deemed it dead and lost.

Again does it swell up the myriads,
That cluster in welcome showers,
Cooling the heated and thirsty ground,
Scattering verdure and beauty round,
There is the useful raindrop found,
Again on this earth of ours.

Methinks, what a fitting emblem
Of the life a good man leads ;
Unseen and hid like the raindrop, too,
His virtuous acts seem lost to view,
Yet living still, with an influence new,
They are fruitful and lasting seeds.

He dies—but the good he soweth,
Still blooms with a brighter hue,
Distilled like the gentle drops of rain
On hearts, which will lastingly retain,
New force and vigour will they regain,
While seemingly dead to view.

O man ! what a glorious mission
Hast thou in thine earthly sphere !
Transmitting to others the precious gold
Of virtues, which Time doth not make old,
Fashioning hearts in the noblest mould,
How great is thy power here !

What, though unseen and unblazoned
Around do thy blessings fall,
The home of poverty, toil, and care,
Echoes thy name in its grateful prayer,
Well known are thy benefactions there,
While God doth treasure them all.

LITTLE THINGS.

A FRAIL and feathery snow-flake fell
On a mountain top, where it meant to dwell ;
Another followed—another now ;
Again and again, till the rugged brow
Of that lofty peak wore a whitened crest,
Where flake after flake had lain to rest.
The sun shone out, in a day or more,
And an avalanche fell with a mighty roar.

A rain-drop came to the thirsty ground,
Where a friendly welcome it had found;
Another came, and another, too,
Which, in its train, the first drop drew,
And fondly doth it embrace them all,
As swiftly now from the clouds they fall;
Till the kindly earth, as a grateful dower,
Receives a rich and plenteous shower.

A sunbeam shines through the thickening haze
And over the dreary plain it strays,
And brighter and brighter grows its light,
As though that gleam doth the rest invite;
Until, like a burst of awakened mirth,
A glow shines over the brightened earth,
And the mists o'erspreading its face before
Are now beheld by the eye no more.

A gentle word, on an erring soul,
To its innermost, deep recesses stole;
And there, with a calm, yet wondrous sway,
Recalled it again to virtue's way;
Vibrating sweetly there, until
Each awakened feeling felt a thrill,
And grace, which had long been exiled there,
Returned again at the voice of prayer.

A kind word fell on a saddened heart,
And there unconsciously played its part:
Coming direct from a pitying source,
It acted with sweet, resistless force;
The sinking spirits soon brighter grew,
Swiftly the sombre shadows flew,
Till returned Hope, on its magic wings,
Again upraised it to better things.

Ah ! let us, while lasts life's fleeting day,
Blessings shed o'er earth's dreary way ;
Scatter around, where'er we can,
Joy o'er the path of our fellow-man,
Nor seek return, content to know
The heart of Jesus doth will it so ;
The smile, the word, and the kindly deed,
Doth wonders work with a lightning speed.

TOO OLD.

THE silvery hair
O'er his thin furrowed cheel ,
And his sad, wistful air
Age and poverty speak ;
Too old to work now,
For the pittance he needs,
And yet, scarce knowing how,
The poor, aged beggar pleads ;
He begs for a crust
With a tear-moistened eye ;
He begs—for he must—
Or else perish and die.

All hoar is the frost,
'Neath his tottering feet ;
'Mid the throng is he lost,
In the cold, crowded street.
As he feebly moves on,
Could the passers-by know
(Who have just come and gone)
Half the depth of his woe !
Could they only by chance
See his poor pallid face,
In that one parting glance—
Ah ! how much they might trace !

No home has he now,
When the long day is o'er,
Where his poor throbbing brow
Might find rest, as before.
No gaze does he meet
Of a pitying eye ;
No kind word to greet
As he sadly goes by.
Too old to work more,
Will no kind heart befriend,
As he knocks at the door,
And a willing ear lend ?

Nor his grief does he tell—
Far too sacred are they ;
Too deep do they dwell
In his lone heart to-day.
Better far, hidden there,
Where no cold looks can pry,
Than his sorrows laid bare
To some rude callous eye.
“Too old”—Ah ! how well
Had he laboured for years
Until trials befel,
And his path traced with tears.

From his childhood to youth,
From his manhood to age,
Naught but virtue and truth
Had e'er marked his life's page ;
And now 'mong the crowd,
And with thin outstretched hand,
All forlorn and bowed,
Does the mendicant stand
All homeless and poor,
In the street, bleak and cold.
This must he endure,
For, alas ! he's too old.

THE GRAVEYARD SHRINE.

THE sun a rosy radiance shed
 Around the veiled Madonna's head,
 And echoes soft were lingering,
 As of the gentle voice of spring,
 Which feathered choristers awoke ;
 Naught else the solemn silence broke.

Beneath a shady willow tree—
 Nature's own rural canopy—
 With folded hands, as though in prayer,
 All lonely stands her image there ;
 While closely 'round this tranquil shrine,
 The ivy may be seen to twine.

Meet emblem of that trusting love, '
 Her children feel towards her above !
 Methinks, I hear her tender sigh ;
 And mark the tear-drop dim her eye,
 While bending o'er each cherished one
 Whose pilgrimage on earth is done.

Well does she know their every need,
 In tender accents does she plead,
 That soon, all pain and suffering past,
 They may regain her arms at last ;
 Rejoin those blessed ones who rest
 Secure already 'mong the blest.

Mother of Mercy ! bending o'er
 The dear departed, now no more,
 A pitying ear, oh ! wilt thou lend,
 When prayers above each grave ascend ?
 Thou hear'st the sob, thou see'st the tear
 Still falling from the mourner here.

Oh ! hear each plaintive heartfelt cry,
Put forth to thee when none are nigh,
When night, with noiseless hand, lets fall
On every mound her sable pall ;
When naught, except the night winds sound,
Breaks on the deepening hush around.

Then, let thy gentle image there,
Guard them with fond maternal care ;
Watch o'er, till morning's light shall peep
Above their dreamless, quiet sleep ;
And guard, with love, their hallowed dust ;
Who fondly place in thee their trust.

THOUGHTS.

Is there a sweeter, holier joy,
Than that we feel at morn,
When, o'er the dewy earth, the sun
Proclaims a day new-born ;
Tipping with gold the purple hills,
Tinging the fragrant sod,
With light and beauty, love and grace,
And breathing but of God ?

Silence—mute language of the night,
How eloquent thou art !
Can richest tide of uttered words,
E'er touch, like thee, the heart ?
Break not thy hush awhile, too soon
The sounds of busy day,
The glare of sultry noon shall chase
Thy gentle charms away.

A moment's pause—ere yet begin
To-day, life's weary rounds ;
Let's rest our gaze on Nature's face
And hear its pleasing sounds :—

That tender flush of early bloom,
Which meets the 'raptured eye,
The wild bird's reawakened song,
All lift the heart on high.

And yet, more potent, sweeter tones,
In gentlest whispers call,
In touching accents, low and sweet,
Upon the heart they fall.
"Rest not," methinks I hear them say,
"With lingering glance and fond,
On charms of earth, but rather lift
Thy thoughts to Me beyond.

"For, sparkling stream and opening bud,
And rich-clad shrub and tree,
And nature's wealth of summer bloom,
Are all but gifts from Me."
'Tis thus my listening heart doth hear
The God of nature speak,
And from the landscape—howe'er fair—
His fairer form must seek.

Why marvel at a loveliness
That owes to Him its birth,
Whose hand beneficent hath shed
Such blessings on this earth?
His is the light and beauty which
Adorn whate'er we see,
In the tuneful voice of nature's song
Who speaketh? It is He.

THE CLOCK HAS STRUCK.

THE clock has struck, and do we heed,
While upon its dial glancing,
With what tireless, rapid speed,
Father time is still advancing?

An hour has passed—how short it seems,
Yet, how precious, since within it
Treasures rare, with which it teems,
Are contained in every minute.

Actions well and purely done,
To the Heart of Jesus dearer ;
Merits gained and graces won—
To a crown of glory nearer !
Every moment is a grace,
New and priceless, as 'tis fleeting ;
Let us quickly then embrace
The present, which is fast retreating.

The clock has struck. With steady pace,
The minute hand is softly gliding,
Ever o'er the dial's face ;
Still our life's span wisely hiding.
Every tick, for us foretells
Future weal or future sorrow ;
In its every movement, dwells
Wisdom, from which we might borrow.

The clock has struck ! With ceaseless flow
Time's still current on is passing,
Shall we let its riches go
From our grasp without amassing ?
A moment flies !—a heavenward glance
Within it, may win heavenly treasures,
While hours, unheeded, may advance
In vain pursuits and empty pleasures.

The clock has struck ! An hour has passed ;
For noble ends God has but lent it ;
It might, for me have been my last,
What have I done ? How have I spent it ?

A new hour comes, and with it, brings
New graces—let us not misuse them ;
Nor squander time in worthless things ;
The moments fly, let us not lose them.

FEAST OF ST. TERESA.

A SERAPH's glowing pen alone
Could now portray thee as thou art.
Great saint of Carmel ! God hath shown
His plenteous spirit in thy heart.
Abundant were His gifts to thee,
From childhood to thy latest hour,
And deeper thy humility,
The more His favours doth He shower.

As when a traveller, day by day,
By steady steps, a mount ascends,
Dark mists and vapours melt away,
And day-break into morning blends.
When all beneath seems bright and clear,
While gazing from that summit high,
So did the scenes of earth appear
Clear-mirrored, to Teresa's eye.

With brave and heroic heart she met
The countless storms which o'er her passed ;
Like precious jewel, richly set,
Her great and noble soul was cast.
Transpierced by dart angelic—love
Consumed the more her virgin heart,
And graces on her from above
More lavish still did God impart.

Still deeper were the draughts she drew
Of wisdom, from that Fount divine,
Yet no diviner lore she knew
Than prayer and labour to combine.
O heart, wherein were all enshrined
Perfections of the highest mould !
What wondrous lights we there should find
Could we thy inmost depths behold.

What were the secret ways which led ?
And what the beacon-star whose light
On thee its guiding ray hath shed,
While journeying to that lofty height ?
Self-diffidence and firmest hope
In God, combined with fervent prayer,
With trials aided thee to cope,
Were still the star which led thee there.

Thy daughters in thy foot-prints trod,
And theirs was, too, no laggard pace ?
Still upwards, to that mount of God
They followed with untiring race.
Their eager spirits fervently
Still on to Carmel's heights were bent ;
A sainted band was formed by thee,
Whose lives in work and prayer were spent.

O glorious Patron ! now replete
With endless and ecstatic joy,
Behold thy client at thy feet,
Whose lips unworthy would employ
Thy pleadings at the throne above,
Where cloudless bliss is ever thine ;
O heart of pure seraphic love !
Obtain one burning spark for mine.

WITHERED LEAVES.

WITHERED leaves, withered leaves, as you lie at my
 feet,
 And sapless and lifeless around me are falling,
 While playing with the zephyr you know not how
 sweet
 Is your rustling, altho' saddened memories recal-
 ling ;
 Tho' warily near you I tread yet you lie,
 On my path, like so many blithe fairies before
 me.
 "Dead, dead," do I say to my heart, with a sigh,
 And a feeling, half pensive, half painful, comes
 o'er me :
 For loved ones around me have dropped one by one,
 And long, ere life's autumn, were faded and gone.

Withered leaves, withered leaves, while you hung
 on each bough,
 Together your tints all in loveliness blending,
 You dreamed not that death would have come on
 you now,
 Tho' fast to decay you were even then tending ;
 Nor the bright sun of day, nor the rich dews of
 night,
 Nor the soft gentle showers which oft fell upon
 you,
 Could save you from time's ever pitiless blight.
 You were doomed, withered leaves, and, alas !
 death came on you.
 Still, still tho' unheeded, apart from your trees,
 You are noticed and gently caressed by the breeze.

Withered leaves, withered leaves, as you float on
 the stream,
 And on with the current are rapidly speeding,
 Of life's passing joys a meet emblem you seem,
 Fading fast, floating on, floating by us unheeding;
 Eluding our grasp, when we think we possess,
 And even when held, oh! how quickly they perish.
 Tho' fleeting they are, still we prize them no less;
 Tho' fragile, we eagerly seek them and cherish;
 How you typify all that is passing and brief,
 All that blooms and is loved, and then fades like
 the leaf.

Withered leaves, withered leaves, you are dearer
 to me
 When strewn on my path and around me you're
 lying,
 Than when in your freshness you hung on the tree,
 Imbibing the sunshine, and thought not of dying.
 While weird-like you rustle, my heart heaves a sigh,
 Responsive, for all that I loved seemed so fleeting,
 Earth's fairest and best seem to earliest die,
 While we cherish them most they are from us re-
 treating.
 O dear withered leaves! altho' lifeless and sere,
 For the lessons you give, to my heart you are dear.

THE SPIRE OF CANDEBEC.

(A RHYME.)

THE city is now in its best array,
 And wearing a festive look to-day,
 And lights and flowers and draperies deck
 The exquisite church of Candebec;
 While streaming pennants adorn each mast,
 In its peaceful cove, which had anchor cast,
 And garlands hang from each dwelling there,
 Making the scene look wondrous fair.

Now is attained their one desire ;
O'er the church-tower rises the wished-for spire.
Full seven long years had passed away,
While they watched its progress day by day ;
And now, with exulting hearts, they see
The spire, with its triple fleur-de-lis,
Crowning that home where the Lord doth dwell,
The church they had loved so long and well.

How great the rejoicings, far and near,
When the gladsome news reached every ear,
That a solemn blessing should hallow now
The finished spire on that church's brow.
To its faultless beauty all had agreed,
Of skill or art it no more hath need,
And all pronounced it a thing complete,
Whose praises they o'er and o'er repeat.

A marvel of perfect loveliness
Is that, which anointed hands would bless,
Delighting the artist's heart and eye,
As it reared its tip to the azure sky.
In its airy tracery, seeming such
As alone could come from an angel's touch ;
The builder wrought with a skill most rare.
And a chef-d'œuvre rises now in air,

* * * * *

Deft hands had developed the plan—'tis true,
But the wondrous architect—no one knew.

The pealing bells seem with joy replete,
The organ swells in an anthem sweet,
While that sacred church, from base to tower,
Seems to vibrate now with music's power.
And the solemn chant which ascends above,
Now breathe but of holy joy and love,
While hearts in fervent and silent prayer,
Worship the hidden Saviour there.

The mingling strains at length subside,
The murmur of prayer and praise has died ;
The throng of worshippers rise to go,
In the first soft rays of the evening's glow.
They view the elegant spire once more,
And, wondering, question o'er and o'er :
Who can be the unknown architect ?
(Awhile had their curious thoughts been checked).

“ Who may he be, in whose fertile mind,
That lovely spire had been designed ?”
Ah ! none save the Abbot of Wandrille knew
Of the artist, hid from the world's view,
In whose brain that masterpiece had birth,
One who sought not the applause of earth ;
Again, came the query : “ Has he been
Mingling to-day in our festive scene ?”

For an instant let us uplift the veil,
A few short words, and we have his tale ;
An artist once, he had heard the call
To a higher art, and forsaken all ;
Till an inspiration, a holy thrill,
Re-kindled the genius, within him still,
And his native church, like a crownless queen,
Awoke the spell which had slumbering been.

The good lay-brother resolved to deck
The tower of Our Lady of Candebec,
And BROTHER SIMPLICIAN, stick in hand,
Soon sketched the artistic spire on sand ;
Transferred, and gave to his Abbot then,
The design—unknown to his fellow-men.
No earthly plaudits that artist sought,
Of him must the outer world know nought.

As the joyous peal of those sweet-toned bells,
On the calm of that tranquil evening swells,
And the surging masses are gazing there
On that graceful spire with its triplet fair,
The artist-brother kneels at its base,
His heart o'erflowing with joy and grace,
A joy, so rapturous, legends say,
His soul was borne to heaven that day.

NEVER FRET.

CLOUDS may sometimes o'er us lower,
Shadows sometimes near us fall,
Still, a cheerful heart has power
To dispel and brighten all.
Withered leaves may fall, but never
Checked the streamlet's current yet ;
So with trifles—scorn them ever,
Onward still, and never fret.

Weariness at times may ail you,
And a crowd of petty cares,
Like some teasing sprites, assail you ;
Stealing near you unawares ;
These are all life's little worries,
Here to-day, to-morrow gone ;
As each moment onward hurries,
With it they are speeding on.

Tho' the hopes that gild life's morning
May seem faded to your view,
Take it as a timely warning,
Seek the real and the true.
Tho' the world should frown upon you,
And your dearest friends forget,
Think a loving Eye rests on you,
Hope e'en still, and never fret.

Tho' to-day may have its sorrow,
And your pathway cloudy seem,
Soon shall dawn a bright to-morrow,
And the cloud pass like a dream.
Shadows are not meant to sadden,
But to temper pleasure's glare ;
Ah ! how much is there to gladden ;
The gifts of God are everywhere

Hear the birds in gleeful chorus,
List ! the streamlet's rippling voice ;
Nature breathing perfume o'er us,
Calling on us to rejoice.
Cowards only flag and falter,
When the ills of life beset ;
Never let your courage alter,
Still be cheerful—never fret.

Never stay 'mid darkness groping,
For the first bright sunbeam wait,
Always patient, always hoping,
Day may dawn a little late.
Seek the bright side, strive to find it
Ere life's sun in gloom has set ;
Every cloudlet hides behind it
Joy unseen—then, never fret.

MOUNT OLIVET.

WISTFUL eyes and tearful,
Fix their upturned gaze
On those clouds made golden
By the noonday rays.
Now, a flash of brightness
Hides away from view

Some beloved object,
Need we question, "Who?"
Jesus has ascended
To His home above;
Gave them His last blessing,
With paternal love.

He, whose very presence,
Made their heaven on earth,
Has from them departed—
Ah! how great their dearth!
Still, those lone apostles
Rest their mournful glance
On those depths of azure
Hung o'er earth's expanse;
Dreading quite to lose Him,
Who had been their all;
Till some sweet, soft accents
On their sad hearts fall.

"Why look ye so joyless,
Men of Galilee?"
And they gaze around them—
Lo! what do they see?
Two bright angels standing,
Clad in raiments white,
Who beheld their sorrow,
Saw their straining sight.
Then, in tones of pity,
Spoke those words of cheer:
'He, who now hath left you,
Like to orphans here,

"Shall one day return
On the same bright track,
To console His elect,
Claim His loved ones back.

He has gone before you
To prepare a place ;
See, His blessed footprints
Leave behind their trace."
Thus, their hearts were strengthened,
Filled with joy anew,
By those words angelic—
Earnest words and true.

Fond, bereaved disciples !
Well my heart doth know,
In this hour of sadness,
What has made you so.
Earth would be a desert,
Life a void to me,
Did not God abide there,
All a blank would be.
Faith sustains my courage,
Hope points out my way,
Love impels to seek Him
As my only stay.

THE AFTER-PIECE.

WILD shouts of victory filled the air,
And crowds are hurrying to and fro,
Few, that gaze on the pageant there,
Dream of the widow and orphan's woe.
Dizzy and wild in a whirl of joy—
On move the laughing, thoughtless throng;
But, ah ! what a mixture of dark alloy,
In their seeming bliss as they pass along.

The day is past, and the battle won,
But the widow's heart is a very tomb !
Never again shall a ray of sun
Enter the depths of its dreary gloom.
The martial strains that around her fall,
To her are sounds of a funeral knell,
And the blazing lights seem a sable pall,
Shrouding the form she loved so well.

The mother mourns her loved-lost child,
Whose brave young life had the conquest bought,
And the gleeful shouts, and the rapture wild,
Are now, to her childless heart, as nought.
His dawning years gave a promise bright,
Which time, alas ! had but half fulfilled,
While the scourge of war, and its withering blight
The throb of her dearest hopes had stilled.

The joy of an hour—oh ! let it be—
To-morrow the after-piece shall show :
That quick, wild burst is o'er—and see
The countless graves of the hearts laid low !
The hearts of heroes, the true and brave,
Most justly a nation's hope and pride,
Now each consigned to a nameless grave !
All silently resting side by side.

The desolate homes, so lately bright,
Which lost their radiance for evermore ;
The home-links riven, which bound so tight
Fond hearts together—who will restore ?
At morn, a march and a beat of drum,
Luring to warfare's deadly strife ;
At eve doth news of a victory come,
But how great the cost of human life !

Deceptive wile ! which beckoned away
From the home where peace and virtue reign,
Unsolaced misery, slow decay,
Are all that follow upon thy train.
Sweet peace ! what gifts that land o'erflow,
Whose face thy gentle wings o'erspread ;
Who seek and love thee, alone can know
The priceless blessings which thou dost shed.

“NUNC DIMITTIS.”

With reverent mien and wistful, eager eye,
Simeon stands beside the temple's gate,
And there, with earnest longing, does he wait
The coming of that sacred Babe—so nigh !
With redoubled ardour he awaits Him now,
For death shall soon seal that venerable brow.

No inward voice, as yet, its warning lent ;
As one by one each worshipper had passed,
On each a fond, inquiring look he cast ;
Ah ! soon his anxious gaze shall be content,
For, see ! He comes ! He comes ! that Babe divine !
Nor pomp nor splendours now around Him shine.

What raptures filled the aged Simeon's breast !
He saw and felt it was none else than He
Whom, ardently and long, he had desire to see !
Then was his pent-up love in words expressed :
“Nunc dimittis”—no more his heart requires,
One wish fulfilled—he knows no more desires.

And now, his arms that precious Babe enfold ;
To him was given a foretaste, then, of bliss ;
For him how truly blest a moment this !
All that his heart hath craved, his eyes behold.
Now, full of years, prepared to meet life's close,
He only longs to find in death repose.

Inspired by Heaven—'twas heavenly love alone
Which prompted, then, the canticle which flowed,
Whose every word with burning fervour glowed
When earth's Messiah was to him made known.
Ah ! blest Simeon, well may thy yearnings cease,
Well may'st thou now depart in joy and peace.

For, though clad in humblest garb, full well
Thy long-expected treasure know'st thou ;
For Death's stern summons thou'rt ready now.
A bliss was thine, which language may not tell ;
Now, indeed, may thy contented heart
Sing its " Nunc dimittis," and in peace depart.

ST PAUL'S CONVERSION.

O WONDROUS power of grace divine !
Victorious o'er this heart of thine,
Thy quick response showed ready will,
Its every breathing to fulfil.
From Heaven, a brilliant light had shone,
And instantly the cloud was gone,
Which unbelief had o'er thee cast,
And truth had dawned on thee at last.
O blest reproach ! come from above—
O blessed change ! from hate to love.

Without delay, thou did'st embrace
That sudden ray of saving grace,
Whose heavenly influence on thee
Had wrought such marvels instantly.
Thou promptly, gladly answerdst it.
Old errors and pursuits didst quit ;
Thy once misguided, restless heart
Has chosen now another part ;
One flash of light, and only one,
And grace its noblest work had done.
Like frost before the morning ray,
Thy coldness now is thawed away.

O precious beam of heavenly light !
Which raises, while it seems to smite,
Though short, how copious was the prayer
Which Heaven itself had taught thee there
What ardent zeal hast thou not shown,
When God to thee His wish made known !
The all-absorbing, sole desire
With which thy soul was now on fire
Was henceforth to extend the Name
Of Jesus, and all hearts inflame
With love, all glowing and divine—
With zeal all-burning, as was thine.

A "vessel of election," now,
Replete with holiness, art thou ;
A model penitent for all,
Whom grace divine vouchsafes to call.
No wavering glances didst thou cast
Behind—no clinging to the past ;
Thy words : " What wilt Thou have me do ? "
Breathe thy whole soul, tho' only few ;
Eager to learn what Heaven had willed,
Once known, how perfectly fulfilled.

DROSS AND GOLD.

DREAMING through the golden sunny hours,
 Dreading aught of gloom that might hang o'er,
 Wishing for a pathway strewn with flowers,
 Growing brighter on before.

Fearful, lest disguised should lurk a thorn;
 Clinging, as ever, to earth's fragile reeds;
 Echoes lingering 'round us of life's morn,
 Still framing endless needs.

Sighing, when a cloud obscures the ray;
 Sighing, should rough winds our pleasures blast,
 When the mellow tints of summer pass away,
 And autumn comes at last.

No jarring chord must break upon the ear,
 While fancy ever weaves her rapturous song,
 Regardless of each swiftly-passing year,
 Which speeds noiselessly along.

Recoiling with a shudder from the view
 Of dark Gethsemane, or Calvary's rude cross;
 All, all must wear a pleasing roseate hue—
 That is but life's dross.

Far other joys my earnest soul would seek,
 Than perfume-laden flowers, however fair,
 Than brooklet's chant, whose silvery tones bespeak
 The voice of summer on the air.

I gaze into the tinselled dome o'erhead,
 Thence into the Heaven beyond it far;
 I then gaze 'round upon the earth I tread,
 And where life's precious duties are.

Nor idly pause 'mid beauties which surround,
But ever from the picture to the artist gaze;
In life a nobler and more serious aim is found,
Than to loiter in its flowery ways.

Be ours that spirit resolute and brave,
Faithfully the Master's bidding to fulfil,
Nor rest with too much eagerness to crave,
When duty claims our efforts still.

Around are kindred souls who long to see,
To taste a purer bliss than earth bestows,
Who still would choose the rugged track which He,
Their God and Saviour chose.

Undaunted by the crosses of each day,
Howe'er their size and roughness we behold
No dread forebodings looming on our way,
Of life that is the gold.

RESTLESS HEARTS.

EARTH unfolds to them its brightest;
Life may charm them, as it will;
Let them, even seem their brightest,
They are longing, longing still.
They are boundless in their measure,
Ever seeking after treasure,
Joys but weary—ne'er can pleasure
All their endless cravings fill.

For a something they are sighing,
Which they hardly can define,
For a peace and joy undying,
Which they never must resign.

Friends may even throng around them,
Dearest ties to life have bound them ;
All its fairest gifts surround them,
Still, for something more they pine.

Flowers may strew the path before them
Thorns appear they in disguise ;
Scarce a sunbeam shining o'er them,
But a shadow near it lies.

Fickle all that they are meeting,
All is fragile—all is fleeting,
Shining—luring—then retreating
From their longing, restless eyes.

Of earth's turmoil they are weary,
Looking for a calmer day,
All seems dark at times and dreary,
Is there not some guiding ray ?
Some bright gleam which burns more purely,
Leading onward more securely,
Bringing restless hearts more surely,
Thro' the world's uncertain way.

Joys invite—let others follow—
Bask in pleasure's sun awhile ;
All seem fragile to them and hollow,
Fail to charm them or beguile.
Ever doubting—ever fearing,
What earth gives of bright or cheering,
Every sunny spot appearing,
To conceal some snare or wile.

Only shadows ever viewing,
While around them beams the light ;
Priceless gifts their pathway strewing,
Did they only seek aright.
Rest for every anxious feeling,
Balm for soothing and for healing,
While their restlessness is stealing
From existence all that's bright.

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT.

WE have waved adieu to the parting year,
 As with hoary aspect it met our gaze ;
 Its farewell accents upon our ear,
 Telling the close of its numbered days.

Holding aloft to our glance once more
 The finished web which it deftly wove ;
 Days when a rosy dawn hung o'er—
 Days, when pain against pleasure strove.

Such were the blended threads which made
 The warp and woof of the fabric done,
 For one brief moment to us displayed,
 By the aged year ere its course was run.

Never a pause 'twixt the old and new—
 Cometh the last with a joyous bound,
 Its young hands laden with blessings, too,
 Which, one by one, it will cast around.

Nor doth it all at once unseal
 To our curious eyes, its treasure store ;
 Hour by hour will it yet reveal
 Its varied gifts as the days glide o'er.

To our anxious hearts how oft will spring
 The query unanswered though it be :
 What may not or may the New Year bring ?
 Ah ! far, far better we should not see.

Suffice it, that God in His loving care,
 Who tenderly guards us here below,
 Hath wisely destined for each his share,
 And half conceals what we may not know.

That so, with a perfect trust in Him,
 Our wavering hearts may rest each day,
 Though shadowy even at times and dim
 Be the light that shines on our onward way.

And what, if the Cross its seal should place
 On many a day, as it hurries by,
 Since with it comes, too, some precious grace
 From the heart of a Father who reigns on high.

DAWN.

It comes not forth with sudden dart;
 The darkness folds its gloomy shroud;
 Night's sombre curtains gently part,
 And light steals from behind each cloud.
 Earth's shadows now are once more furled,
 And day illumines our earthly scene,
 Ere yet, this busy, restless world,
 Is stirring 'neath a heaven serene.

Cool and refreshing is the air,
 For dews of night are lingering still,
 And silence yet reigns everywhere,
 O'er mead and woodland, vale and hill.
 And soon a brilliant glorious burst
 Of splendour from the rising sun,
 Awakes the feathered songsters first,
 To greet, with joy, the day begun.

With gushing glee, each tiny throat
 Gives out its own sweet hymn of praise,
 While nature all takes up the note,
 And now resounds with matin lays—
 Untutored—shall we say? Ah! no—
 Attuned are they by Master-hand;
 With wondrous harmony they flow,
 At God's divine and blest command!

How meet a time for silent prayer !
When all seems tranquil hush and rest ;
When day, as yet, has brought no care,
Nor busy thoughts the heart infest ;
Nor folly's vain pursuits can claim
A place, in that calm, silent hour ;
When nature's voice would God proclaim,
With eloquent and wondrous power.

How beautiful the golden streaks,
That break from out the morning skies !
Gilding the towers and mountain-peaks,
And tree-tops that before us rise ;
Chasing the last, faint, lingering shade
That hovers o'er the dewy lawn
In beauteous emerald-tints arrayed,
And glistening in the early dawn.

Awakened life doth now begin
Its healthful buzz of toil, once more ;
How blest the sound of labour dim !
How sweet the rest, when day is o'er !
Akin to all things pure and bright,
The fresh, clear, morning dawn appears
Like childhood's happy smile, its light,
Its dew-drops—like to childhood's tears.

S O L A C E .

To solace the grief of others—
The shades on the heart that fall,
Like a dreary night
O'er a landscape bright ;
To lighten the gloomy pall.

To sweeten that fund of sorrow,
Deep in another's breast ;

 To gently dry
 The tear-dimmed eye,
To bring to the weary, rest.

Ah ! here is the sweetest balsam
For grief our own hearts know,

 To kindly share
 In another's care,
To soften another's woe.

Who are the truly happy,
The blest of this world of ours ?

 Not they whose path
 No shadow hath,
Nor thorn amidst the flowers.

Nor they who would bask in sunlight,
Through a calm, untroubled day,

 Where no cloudlet lowers
 O'er sunny hours,
Which melt like a dream away.

While wrapt in a selfish sorrow
Or sunned by a joy—their own,

 They taste but few
 Of the pleasures true
Which generous hearts have known.

Ah ! life hath an earnest object,
A high and a noble aim,

 A real good,
 To be e'er pursued,
Nor merely a phantom name.

Lifting another's burthen,
Trying to aid and cheer,

 Doing our part,
 With a Christian heart,
Is truest happiness here.

THE SPIDER'S WEB.

A DUSTY web in our rounds, perchance,
 Had crossed our path to-day,
 And scarce did we give it a passing glance,
 But hastily brushed away;
 Unheeding the fragile fabric still,
 Our careless touch would spoil
 That perfect marvel of patient skill,
 Of brave and resolute toil.

Within his den doth the spider lurk,
 Surveying the wreck—and then,
 With tireless effort resumes his work,
 And fashions a web again.
 With earnest purpose he strives anew,
 Should even his plans be foiled
 His motto is ever to “up and do”
 As fresh as before he toiled.

Again the courageous worker weaves,
 With deft and skilful touch;
 Nor over the broken texture grieves,
 Be the ruin little or much.
 With agile foot doth he quickly rise;
 His ardour is none the less;
 See how he cheerfully tries and tries,
 Each time with a new success.

What are the crosses that daunt our will,
 In the life-path we pursue?
 Nothings which cost nor time nor skill—
 But trifles at best—and few.
 Some precious duty, but irksome yet,
 A weary burden seems;
 Some barriers have our projects met;
 Some waking from idle dreams.

Our feeble sight cannot oft discern
The worthless things we crave,
And may we not from the spider learn
A patience firm and brave;
To try again, even should we fail;
To nobly persevere,
With cheerful heart, that never will quail,
When crosses befall us here?

A SIGH.

TRACE but that gently breathed sigh,
Back to the source from whence it steals
Those hidden depths, where secrets lie,
Ah! many a heart-grief it reveals.

How many a struggle, bravely fought,
On which, not even friends may gaze;
Of which the busy world knows naught,
For weary hours and weary days.

The doubts, the weariness, the woe,
Which, sometimes, with resistless force,
Like angry waves, the heart overflow,
Too oft are they its gloomy source.

The balm of silent, patient prayer,
Is sure to soften and to heal;
To calm the ruffled waters there;
Tho', even at times, a sigh may steal.

Perchance, from some sad heart it springs,
Whose every earthly joy is o'er;
And which, in its bereavement clings,
Close to the Cross, nor dreads it more.

Content beneath its weight to bow,
 Blessing the Will divine that sent ;
Nothing of earth to sigh for now,
 Its every earthly tie is rent.

At times, it comes from generous hearts,
 Who share in worldly pleasures still,
Whose charm, to them no joy imparts ;
 Who feel a void earth cannot fill.

Hearts, wherein God alone must reign,
 To whom He whispers day by day ;
And where His jealous love would fain
 Be felt with undivided sway.

And hearts there are, whose ceaseless cry
 Is Heavenward, ever seeking rest ;
Be mine, like theirs, that ardent sigh,
 For what alone can make hearts blest!

THE MAGI STAR.

BEAUTIFUL herald, whose friendly light
Shone through the gloom of that wintry night,
When once, in the far off long ago,
The faithful Magi had watched its glow.

Aye, watched and followed with anxious eye,
That orb mysterious which hung on high,
And sweetly, tenderly, guided them—
Oh ! no, not as yet, to Bethlehem.

What sudden dimness conceals the ray,
That lighted their pathway night and day ?
For lo ! 'mid the host of stars which shone,
They miss the beacon that led them on.

Still bravely, hopefully, eagerly,
In their fervent search, go the royal three,
With hearts undaunted—and not in vain
They toil on—the star appears again !

Oh ! blest return—they hail with love
The brilliant orb in its vault above ;
And closely follow their wondrous guide,
Fearing its gleaming again should hide.

It rests in its onward course—but where ?
Is it o'er palaces rich and fair ?
Not above them doth its radiance shine,
But over the crib of the Child Divine.

Downward pouring refulgent beams,
While the slumb'ring world unconscious dreams,
And angels come from their home above,
Worshipping there with adoring love.

O Holy Magi ! your toils are o'er ;
Enter—gaze on—and kneel before,
Offer the gifts which afar ye brought,
Ye have found Him now whom your hearts had
sought.

O loyal hearts, of heroic mould—
Far better than incense, myrrh or gold
Is the faith unclouded which made ye see
A God enshrouded in mystery.

And the steadfast love that had led ye here,
Unheeded the journey long and drear ;
O, happy sages, O, kindly star,
How well your travels requited are.

ONLY A WAY-SIDE BLOSSOM.

ONLY a way-side blossom,
Laid at our Mother's feet;
Wafting its matchless perfume,
'Round her, like incense sweet.
Culled from no lordly garden;
Plucked from the hedges wild;
Poorest of floral off'rings,
Left by a beggar child.

Cultured and rare exotics
Near her, in vases live,
Telling of fond devotion,
To her their sweet breath give;
Varied and richly tinted
Their petals gay they lift;
Still, not at the shrine of Mary,
More dear than the beggar's gift.

'Twas a simple and loving tribute,
Culled from a hawthorn tree;
Fain would the poor waif offer
A better—but none had he.
In his eye a tear-drop glistened,
As the humble spray he left;
Neath the shade of that sculptured image,
He feels not quite bereft.

As he placed the snowy blossom,
All fragrant, at her feet,
Once more its scent inhaling,
So freshly—pure and sweet;
The prayer of trusting childhood,
Forth from those wan lips came,
And that heart, but now so lonely,
No longer had felt the same.

The dark world seemed to brighten ;
His life-path grew less dim ;
At least, near that tender Mother,
Was welcome and room for him.
“ Ah ! here ” did he softly utter,
“ Nor scorn nor frown can come ;
Here, here,” said he, glancing upward,
“ At last I have found a home.”

Yes, folded beneath her mantle,
Pressed to that mother-heart,
The boy went forth to life's struggle,
To do his allotted part.
Only a way-side blossom,
Giving to bright hopes birth
Shedding new gleams of sunshine,
On a lowly child of earth !

A WISH.

UNCLOUDED, as now, be thy future,
May shadows ne'er rest on thy path,
God's own shielding grace be around thee
And bring all the blessings it hath.

Thine be that sweet calm of spirit,
Let fortune attend or forsake,
For scarce does a sunbeam gleam on us,
Than soon does a cloudlet o'ertake.

A pilgrim who ever looks forward,
With earnest yearnings of soul ;
Sees all things serenely, while passing,
In view of the long-wished for goal.

Thine be that joy, deep and lasting,
Which springs from a conscience at rest,
Life's duties fulfilled—howe'er trivial—
Their motives, the noblest and best.

God reckons the toils of the worker,
And cheers, when, with slackening pace,
Our footsteps unwillingly falter,
Ere yet we have finished the race.

Thine be those sympathies, sweet'ning
Life's bitterest, dreariest hour;
Should trials, perchance, e'er befall thee,
Or dark shadows over thee lower.

Friends have a balsam for sorrow,
When friendship is sacred and blest;
We feel not—we know not its power,
Till life's dark reverses attest.

Thine be that faith, shining brighter,
The more shall adversity dim—
Believing that God hath so willed it;
That all is sent wisely by Him.

In moments of care or of gladness,
Which quickly each other succeed,
Serene be thy heart and contented,
As season o'er season shall speed.

LEGENDS OF TIMOLEAGUE ABBEY.

HAD Ireland no sorrows, "the tear and the smile"
Would not touchingly blend, as they do, in our Isle,
Nor the Irish heart to her so lovingly cling;
Nor the notes of her minstrel so plaintively ring

'Mong the dearest of objects which there meet the
eye

Are the stately old ruins which everywhere lie—
Those relics of ages which bind us the more,
And with sympathy deeper, to Erin's green shore.

For poet or painter no subject more meet
Than Timoleague Abbey—no theme more replete ;
It stands by the side of the Argideen's wave,
Whose waters for centuries roll by, and lave
This time-honoured ruin, which looks o'er the deep,
As tho' for its now faded fortunes they weep ;
The ivy of years may be seen clust'ring there,
To support the old walls now dismantled and bare.

Oh ! to see it at eve when the sun's parting rays,
Its ivy-clad arches illumine with their blaze ;
Reflected beneath in the cool, placid tide,
Which, ever unwearied, flows on at its side.
Still, its moss-covered pillars, though ruined and
drear,

Have a lingering halo which renders them dear ;
Still grand in their aspect amid e'en decay,
They tell of those glories long since passed away.
Tradition relates how the first chosen site
For the Abbey, was strangely frustrated at night,
What men thro' the day had laboriously done,
Was demolished again ere the dawn had begun :
They waited and watched, but no clue could be got
To the power mysterious which haunted the spot,
The work discontinued, the builders gave o'er,
The noise of their masonry sounded no more.

At last, they bethought them to speedily see
A man famed for wisdom, they named a "Shoundree."
At once he advised them to yield, and select
A new site, the Abbey on which to erect ;

His counsel was heard as an oracle's voice,
And he gave them a sign to direct in their choice—
“When harvest shall come let the first sheaf be
thrown

On the river, and there left to float all alone ;
Wherever the current shall place it, must then
Be the spot you shall fix for the Abbey again.”

Thus spoke the Shoundree. Without further delay,
His words they would fully and strictly obey ;
Harvest came, and the sheaf was flung into the
tide ;

Their doubts it will quickly and surely decide,
It floated along, and then rested on land—
On the spot where the hallowed old ruins now
stand.

Some centuries ago, as its history tells,
In the place where this once renowned Abbey now
dwells,

The house of the great St. Maloga had stood,
In peaceful seclusion, o'erlooking the flood,
And this sanctuary, noted for lustre and fame,
From this eminent servant of God took its name.
Ships cannot now sail to its walls as of old—
To account for the fact a short legend is told :—

From early morn till late at night,
The good Franciscans prayed and worked ;
Rude penance was to them delight,
No shade of discontent there lurked ;
Their tranquil lives serenely glide
Like Argideen's calm silvery tide ;
Their holy hymns, their matin bell,
Would o'er the waters float and swell.

The poor were welcome to their gate,
They shared with them their frugal store,
The worldly-minded or the great
Drew seldom near the Abbey door.
Within this holy, happy shrine
The most heroic virtues shine;
Alas ! to think that tyrant e'er
Should place a foot unhallowed there.

How oft the ships' crews anchored near,
With rapture heard their vesper song,
When filled with rev'rent awe and fear
Their own unholy strains ere long
Would fainter grow, and soon would cease,
Leaving the holy monks in peace ;
Such wondrous power dwells in its strains,
The fiercest heart sweet music gains.

Their blest retirement was disturbed
At last. Some sailors—lawless men,
Whose stormy passions ne'er were curbed,
Drew near the Abbey walls, and then,
Unchecked, emboldened, made their way
Inside its precincts, from the quay,
And all that malice could employ
They tried, its inmates to annoy.

Where scarce a leaf by breeze was stirred,
Is now profane by revelry ;
Where hymns of prayer alone were heard,
Resounds with coarse, unbridled glee ;
Yet all their arts to daunt them, fail,
The saintly friars do not quail,
Beneath their humble garb and blest,
A noble courage they possessed.

They now beheld, but undismayed,
The sacrilegious feet which trod
Their sacred cloister, and sought aid,
With boundless confidence, in God ;
So trustingly they looked on high,
They doubted not that help was nigh.

Their prayer was granted—Heaven had willed
That naught again molest them e'er,
The channel's base with sand was filled,
Nor ship, nor sail, was more seen there.
Thus God, His favourites to protect
Those lawless mariners had checked,
No sounds unholy dare intrude
Again upon their solitude.

Far and wide was the fame of their sanctity spread,
And many high nobles to Timoleague led,
Gay chieftains of wealth, of distinction and power,
Had quitted life's joys in its sunniest hour,
To don the poor garb which the Franciscans wore,
And the proud sword and helmet to wield never
more,
Sundering those ties to the world which bound,
True peace and content in the cloister they found.

Five centuries have passed since that peaceable
time,
When the old Abbey tower rang out its first chime,
And many and ruthless a tale could be told
By those desolate walls, now dismantled and cold !
Let us hope that a period again may arrive
When this time honoured pile shall in lustre revive ;
When hymns, as of old, shall once more there re-
sound,
And oppressor shall never again tread its ground.

TO THE SANCTUARY LAMP.

SENTINEL—true to thy loving task,
Why dost thou burn? my heart would ask;

Why doth thy light,
With such love, invite

My soul in thy peaceful glow to bask?

Why doth thy tranquil and softened ray
Steadily shine through the livelong day?

True to thy post,
Near the Sacred Host,

Why art thou gleaming, sweet star, oh! say.

Methinks, I hear thee, in whispers low,
Say to my heart—as I come and go:

Here is the shrine
Of the Lord Divine!

For Him, do I daily and nightly glow.

While my ray round the altar its pale light flings
Spirits angelic, with snowy wings,

Are hovering there,
In adoring prayer,

Bending in awe near the King of kings

Kindly star, as thou shinest all day,

Wilt thou, from me, a fond homage pay,

Since I, too, would fain
Near my God remain,

Did duty not summon me now away.

Tell Him, the worries and pains I meet

Shall, for His sake and His love, seem sweet,

Oh! brightly burn,
Till I return,

To rest again at my Master's feet.

Faithful star when the night-shades fall
Over the earth, like a sable pall,
 Then doth thy gleam
 More radiant seem
And the love of that burning Heart recall.

With redoubled light, shed thy tender glow,
Round the hidden Lord, in His home below,
 Through the night hours dim,
 Keep thy watch near Him,
When all beside from His shrine must go.

FAREWELL.

THAT pensive sound, I seem to hear,
In all around—remote or near;
'Tis echoed from my native shore,
Half mingling with the ocean's roar,
And breathed from hearts, all bowed with care,
As friends from friends have parted there,
Who may not meet on earth again,
How doubly sad its import then!
How is each chord of feeling stirred,
When falls that trembling, touching word

With listening ear, and long-drawn breath,
I've heard it from the couch of death;
From feeble lips, which strove to bless,
With true maternal tenderness.
And yet, in hopeful accents, there
It blended with a dying prayer,
A little while, a meeting then—
A meeting, ne'er to part again—
So did our loving glances tell,
While gently uttering "farewell."

In sombre characters, I trace
That word upon Creation's face;
I hear it in the perfumed air,
Whispered by all things bright and fair
In every stream that craves for rest,
Within the mighty ocean's breast,
With ceaseless movement, hurrying on,
Wave after wave, has come and gone.
Now, blithely dancing with delight,
And in a moment lost to sight.

In every flower that meets the eye,
I read, "farewell, I bloom to die,"
And, ere another day is past,
The little flower has lived its last.
I hear it from the golden west,
As sinks the wearied sun to rest,
Soft stealing thro' the leafy trees,
Upon the gentle, twilight breeze,
As dies each new succeeding day,
"Farewell, farewell," it seems to say.

My heart, thou dost but vainly seek
A rest, where all things change bespeak
Where joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
Sunbeam and cloudlet, smiles and tears,
In quick succession come and go,
As do the rapid streamlets flow,
And fleeter far than even they
Our fancied treasures fade away.
In Heaven the heart securely dwells,
Where are no partings or farewells.

PRECIOUS THINGS.

PEARLS that deepest lie,
 In ocean's cave,
 Hidden from mortal eye,
 'Neath the dark wave,
 Testing the diver's skill—
 In the deep tossed,
 The more are they valued still;
 Greater their cost.

Roses that thorns shield,
 Are best arrayed;
 Perfume the sweetest yield,
 Slowest to fade;
 Culled from their thorn-stem,
 Gathered with pain;
 The more do we cherish them,
 While they remain.

Is their some valued prize,
 Which we would fain
 (Though it far distant lies)
 Strive to attain?
 Counting no costs, until
 Safely we hold
 That, which, far dearer will
 Then seem than gold?

'Tis in that moment, when
 Storms that rushed,
 Fiercely around him—then
 Suddenly hushed;

The mariner no more hears
 Tempest or squall ;
Then, 'tis that calm appears
 Sweetest of all.

Toilers, with weary hearts,
 Plodding life's way,
From whom, too oft, departs
 Courage, each day ;
When they reach Heaven's home,
 Doubly shall hail
Rest, which is sure to come—
 Never can fail !

Is there a precious thing,
 Free from alloy ?
Toil doth that measure bring,
 Gives it its joy.
Dearer the prize, hard-won,
 Sharp though the test ;
When the day's work is done,
 Sweeter the rest.

A LEGEND OF JUDEA.

In a flush of golden splendour softly beams the
 setting sun,
With its glow all nature tinging, ere the day its
 course hath run,
Shedding an unwonted radiance over palace, dome,
 and tower.
As o'er Jerusalem, it shines at evening's tranquil
 hour ;
O'ermantling with its burnished hues the hills and
 woods behind,
'Till earth and sky and sparkling sea in loveliness
 combined.

No marvel that the heated streets forsaken were
 awhile,
That nature to her sylvan haunts the wanderers should
 beguile.

“How beautiful—how beautiful!” the artist Ezra
 thought,
As, ’neath a shady olive-tree, cool shelter he had
 sought,
And thence his eyes had feasted on those scenes
 surpassing fair,
Where’er his ravished gaze had turned, new beauties
 met him there.
“Oh! could I paint those glorious scenes? Oh!
 could I see a face,
A human face of perfect mould, of loveliness and
 grace,
Which I to canvas might transfer, and thus arise to
 fame,
And so,” said Ezra, to himself, “immortalise my
 name.”

And wishing thus, and dreaming on, the artist lay
 until
The sun had gone and twilight dim enveloped vale
 and hill,
The night-breeze softly murmuring around him
 ’mid the trees,
As gently from the sea it came in whspered
 melodies.
But soon a deeper sound he hears, still nearer and
 more loud,
A hurried tramp of many feet and lo! he sees a
 crowd,
An eager, joyous multitude, of every age proclaim :
“Hosanna to the Son of David, glory to His
 name!”

And women spread their mantles there, as Jesus
nearer drew,
And held aloft their little ones that He might bless
them, too.
The artist Ezra wished to see the "Prophet," happy
chance !
That face divinely beautiful had met his wondering
glance.
His inmost heart was thrilled to find that here, at
last, at last,
Was more than realised each wish and longing of
the past.
And nearer, nearer, doth he press unto the Saviour
there,
Entranced by that majestic form, that mild and
God-like air.
Still closer doth the artist draw, his rapturous joy is
such,
Until that graceful seamless robe his trembling hand
could touch.
Christ stands awhile upon a hill, and see ! He gazes
now
Upon Jerusalem with tears, with sad and sorrowing
brow.
While o'er the queenly city, then, the silvery moon-
light swept,
How fair it seemed, and yet o'er it the great Messiah
wept.
Oh ! who can say how fathomless the anguish and
the gloom
Which filled that mighty Heart while there He
pondered on its doom?
That look of mingled grief and love upon the
Saviour's face
Had haunted Ezra ; naught had power its memory
to efface.

He hastens to his quiet home, but all the long night
through
No object save that face divine his sleepless eyes
can view.
At grey of morn, with trembling haste his easel doth
he seek,
And while arranging for his work, no words his
thoughts can speak ;
Nor e'er of failure dreams he now—too well that
image lies
Impressed upon his youthful heart, portrayed before
his eyes.

Line after line is slowly drawn, and as the day
wore on,
The outline of a faultless face upon the canvas
shone.
Well pleased thus far, the artist seeks once more the
model face
And having found, he looks again—new charms doth
he trace.
The “Prophet’s” brow is loftier, His eyes more
tender seem,
So strangely sweet, he knew not how—beyond his
brightest dream.
Again he seeks his canvas—but less likeness sees he
now
To that face he lately gazed on, that matchless,
wondrous Brow.

And again the daylight found him changing, touch-
ing o’er and o’er,
Seeking daily the “Great Prophet,” to observe Him
more and more.

Sitting child-like in His presence, as He preached
upon the mount,
And his soul unconscious quaffing from that deep,
mysterious Fount,
Days passed on, but raptured Ezra heeded not their
quiet flow,
But one great desire—one only—doth his yearning
spirit know;
To paint aright that perfect face—yet each succeed-
ing day
His efforts flag, his hopes grow less—he sees how
vain are they.

One day while at the Master's feet he rested like a
child,
That tender Saviour turned on him with look benign,
and smiled;
What felt he then, when Christ on him that loving
look had cast?
What flooded his awakened soul? The gift of faith
at last!
"Oh! Master, I believe!" were all his quivering
lips could tell:
He saw, and knew, and felt it all; and, weeping,
prostrate fell.
O'ercome by deep emotion then, the artist knew no
more,
'Till on his couch, at home he lay, his mother bend-
ing o'er.

"Mother," he gently said, "at last hath the Messiah
come;
Would that mine eyes could see Him ere I leave my
earthly home."

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Behind his loved Judean hills had sunk the setting
sun ;
Within the artist's quiet room life's sands shall soon
have run,
One last look upon his picture, still unfinished, yet
how strange,
Lo ! the once imperfect image underwent a wondrous
change :
There He seems distinct before him—naught else
save the face divine—
Christ's in every look and feature ; Christ's in every
curve and line.

And as deeper grew the twilight, and as weaker
Ezra grew,
'Mid heavenly light, a form drew near—that form
well he knew.
The Saviour stood beside His child, on whose cold
pallid brow
His lips divine are pressed in love, while bending
o'er him now.
A smile of untold love o'erspread his dying face and
wan ;
A look of peace ineffable and joy was stamped
thereon ;
His sole and last desire fulfilled—his dear "Messiah"
near,
The artist's soul its flight had winged unto a brighter
sphere.

DIVINE COMPASSION.

WITH measured pace, the sad procession moved,
 Bearing the widow's last and dearest joy—
 He whom her widowed heart had so much loved,
 Her treasure all—her own and only boy!
 Scarce had life's summer even yet begun,
 Ere death had snatched him, as some precious
 flower,
 Whose leaves, just opened to the morning's sun,
 Are nipped, alas! ere cometh noontide hour.

Amid the crowd of mourning friends was she,
 But saddest there was now her childless heart,
 Needing a more than human sympathy—
 A ray divine which could some balm impart.
 She wept as only tender mothers weep,
 Yet strove, despite her grief, to feel resigned;
 For utterance her sorrow was too deep—
 Ah! soon shall she alleviation find.

Who is this that to the gates of Naim,
 With noble mien and serious look, draws near?
 Jesus, it was, who to the weeping mother came,
 And who, in pitying mercy "touched the bier."
 "Weep not," were the gentle words He said,
 In accents that with deep compassion thrill—
 Then, with merciful intent approached the dead,
 While the silent, moving multitude stood still.

They gaze in wonder on that face benign—
 Which spoke such pity for the widow's cries,
 Still more they marvelled when those lips divine
 Command the youth in death to now "arise!"

He, in whose hands are life and death, commands,
And instantly His mandate is obeyed—
“The dead sat up” and cast aside the bands
And darksome shroud in which he had been laid.

Then to that grateful mother Jesus gave
The son whom she so sadly mourned as dead,
Whom, with breaking heart she followed to the
grave,
And o’er whose corse her bitterest tears were
shed.

Replete with joy and gratitude profound,
She thinks who may that wondrous prophet be
Whose heart with such compassion doth abound,
Who saw her grief as none beside could see?

How oft, our dear ones with regret we give
To the cold grave, and view them as no more,
While in a new and brighter sphere they live,
Whom God to us shall one day, too, restore.
How vain is human solace, and how weak
To heal the heart by sorrow sorely crushed!
But scarce do we the heart of Jesus seek
Than tears are dried and vain repinings hushed.

THIRTY-THREE.

BLEST years of my Saviour! thirty-three—
All spent on this cheerless earth for me,
Each moment of which, from His sacred birth
To the last, last sigh which He drew on earth,
Was marked by poverty, toil, and pain,
Nor roughest labour did He disdain,
But gave them an impress all divine,
Lest my coward heart should their weight decline.

Blest years ! with divine instruction fraught,
For me had He ceaselessly prayed and taught ;
Taught, e'en when helpless He seemed to be,
In the feebleness of His infancy ;
While seeming to need the sheltering hold,
Of those Virgin arms which now enfold ;
While trusting Himself to His creature's care,
Sublime is the lesson He teacheth there.

Years—seemingly like all other years,
As they glided on in this vale of tears ;
Each moment still in its rapid flight,
Possessing a value infinite !
In lowly Nazareth, how obscure,
How hidden, His boyhood among the poor !
Yet Heaven had counted each act and word
Which angels, enraptured, saw and heard.

In the humble guise of an artisan,
That greatest of earthly lives began ;
Nor would He have more of that life displayed,
Than, that He was subject—that He obeyed !
O wondrous lesson ! O marvel new !
Each day, as the Man-God older grew,
Replete with profoundest mystery,
Till He breathed His last at thirty-three.

Blest years ! of a God on earth unknown,
Save to two devoted hearts alone —
His sinless Mother, whose tenderness
Nor words of a seraph can express,
And Joseph, whose faithful, fostering care
Was chosen to guard this treasure rare.
None else, save adoring angels, knew
How great the years which at Nazareth flew.

As they passed in oblivion, toil, and prayer,
Watched over with jealous and tender care,
In their onward, simple and tranquil move,
Breathing the incense of perfect love;
Until, matured like some precious flower,
They reached the fulness of manhood's hour;
When, bidding to parents and home "adieu,"
The hidden Saviour came forth to view!

Three blest years more were but needed then
'Mid the busy and lowly haunts of men,
That life of perfection to complete,
Since its very hiddenness was replete
With marvels, greater to gaze upon,
Than the works in His public life which shone.
That one sole object—His Father's will—
He came 'mid obscurity to fulfil.

MINUTES.

SCORN them not, they are the sands of time,
 Fleet-winged as dreams and shorter do they last,
 Holding within them treasures, e'en sublime;
 In one, our endless weal or woe is cast.
 We know not which our destiny shall seal,
 While page on page of life each day unfolds;
 Some one, at last, shall suddenly reveal
 How much a brief and fleeting moment holds.

Do hours seem wearisome, at times, to thee?
 Does time, for thee, creep on, with sluggish
 pace?
 But pause—the minute-hand upon the dial see!
 Its quiet, ceaseless movement onward trace!
 E'en while thine eye upon it rests awhile,
 That warning finger seems to beckon on,
 And while it seems thy fancy to beguile,
 It tells thee that another moment's gone.

Hast thou seen the restless waters on the beach?
 Wavelet there to wavelet ever doth succeed;
 Thus, are moments lost beyond our reach;
 As surely gone and with a swifter speed.
 Time is the boundless ocean which receives,
 Within its bosom, what to us but seem
 As light and valueless as withered leaves,
 Nor e'en to be remembered as a passing dream.

O weary eyes! of vigils long grown tired,
 O weary hands! that yet have work to do,
 Remember in whose vineyard thou art hired,
 Nor falter, with thy Master's will in view.

One moment saw thy cherished hopes all bright,
Another moment saw them fade and die ;
All pass alike, and nearer draws the night,
Nor count thy labours since reward is nigh.

Near us lives a wondrous life each day—
An angel sent to guide and guard us here ;
Well doth he mark the moments pass away ;
To him, how great their value doth appear.
Time upon his golden pinions leaves no trace,
On his joyous, happy spirit rests no gloom ;
The light of God shines on his glorious face,
While near us, even from the cradle to the tomb.

Ah ! did one reflex from that radiant brow,
But fall upon our anxious hearts each day,
The hours which seem so dull and tedious now,
Would then glide sweetly and rapidly away.
Minutes are of life the woven threads,
Then, be it ours to beautify each one ;
While each its own peculiar lustre sheds,
When all is ended, and the fabric done.

GENTLE WORDS.

LIKE to the unseen angels,
Who guide us on our way,
Whose influence curbs our waywardness,
And checks, when we would stray ;
Like to the sweet resistless joy
Their presence blest accords,
Is that, our restless, tired hearts feel
At sound of gentle words.

From out the depths of peaceful hearts,
Where dwell no thoughts of strife,
They glide with tranquil, even flow,
To gild our path of life ;
Like zephyrs, when the fervent heat
Of sultry noon departs,
Do gentle, kindly little words,
Fall soothingly on hearts.

Who utters them knows not the power,
The magic they possess,
Our rebel natures to subdue,
Our daily lives to bless ;
While half unconsciously they fall,
They sweetly lead to right ;
While fretful tones and angry words
Home's happy aspect blight.

In gentle words, a secret dwells—
A blessedness, their own,
Whose potency is only felt
Where passion's storms have blown ;
Stilled are the feelings which held sway
Within the heart's domain,
Whose ceaseless, noisy tumult there,
Begets unrest and pain.

As does the slumb'ring earth awake,
Beneath the summer breeze ;
As 'neath the freshening dews, revive
The fragrant flowers and trees ;
So gentle words, where'er they drop,
Bring comfort, calm and rest,
And countless blessings every day,
Their wondrous power attest.

THE SCULPTOR'S DREAM.

FROM the early dawn of reason, genius marked him
as her child,

And the plaudits daily earned showed him not in-
aptly styled.

Well were it for John Van Euel, had his misspent
talent brought

Fruit, proportioned to the wondrous skill with which
his fingers wrought.

Statues of the rarest beauty had his native town
bedecked,

Still, a thriftless, idle bearing had the sculptor's
progress checked ;

Soon the sunshine of his homestead, with a steady
waning, grew

Less and less. The merry carols of his young wife,
now were few.

Mirthful strains no longer floated, from her soft
voice, on the air ;

But the plaintive tones of anguish from her sad
heart echoed there ;

Soon the unused chisel darkened, with a time-con-
suming rust,

And the still unfinished carvings groaned beneath a
weight of dust.

There she sits—that gentle housewife—with her
starving children 'round,

Listening, in the midnight hours, for a footfall's
faintest sound ;

Working, weeping, and still watching, with alternate
hope and fear,

Still, the slowly-pacing hours brought the erring one
not near.

And the fervent, trusting prayer blended with the
night wind's sigh,
For, 'gainst the hope she kept on hoping, tho' the
brave heart knew not why.
To her ceaseless, daily toiling, which no respite ever
knew ;
To her long and weary vigils was their scanty pit-
tance due.

O'er the bridge, which spanned the Diore, as the
night lamps dimly glowed,
With uncertain, faltering footstep, John Van Euel
homeward strode.
Cold and pale, the moon shone o'er him, sending
forth a fitful light
As, through storm and rain, it struggled forth, on
that eventful night.

Wildly, from the lofty belfry, out the midnight bell
rang clear !
With its peals the sculptor startling, as they fell
upon his ear ;
Rousing up that stern warner, conscience, to awa-
kened life ;
With a sudden pang, recalling home neglected—
children—wife.

While, in accents loud, bewailing the "ill-luck"
which brought him there,
As he stood alone and trembling in the cold and
silent air,
"Ill luck!" he hears repeated in a clear and mocking
tone,
Yet around him sees no figure, in the moonlight—
save his own.

Now, a peal of mocking laughter answers to the
query : ' Who,
" Who are you ? " A fragile figure, old and quaint
appears in view.
Small of stature seemed the stranger, in a dingy
suit attired
And, in words of seeming kindness, begged to know
what John desired.

" Better fortune," said the sculptor, and the stranger
then revealed,
With a magic wand—the treasures 'neath the flow-
ing tide concealed.
And, 'mid weird, wild strains of music, pointed
to a statue fair
Of a gentle, ancient matron, carved in classic beauty
there.

" This," said he, " is but the spirit, who those trea-
sures all doth guard,
Make me such another statue and they shall be your
reward !"
Then, the wond'ring child of genius marked each
feature, line and grace,
Which his spell-bound gaze had noted in that statue's
form and face.

Soon the wished-for, secret promise, which must
never be betrayed,
John Van Euel, to the stranger-dwarf upon his
rapier made :—
Six months hence, to be completed by his deft and
skilful touch,
Like the matron's marble statue—just another carv-
ing such !

And a smile of earnest meaning lighted up that unknown face,
As the artist's slumb'ring instincts, now aroused, his eye could trace,
Ere the figure had departed, as a last though strange farewell,
From his yet unsheathed rapier, blows upon the sculptor fell.

* * * * *

O'er the Diore's glassy waters, shone the morn's resplendent ray,
As the chilled and wearied sculptor, on its bridge awakened lay.
There, with head and limbs all aching, 'neath the sun's unpitying beam
Thus, himself he (wondering) questioned : " Has it all been but a dream ? "

In his hand a sharp incision quickly all his doubts effaced ;
Then with life anew and vigour, homeward doth the wanderer haste.
Now, the matchless Grecian carving, he had seen beneath the wave,
Impetus and inspiration to his future action gave.

Soon the long-neglected chisel is resumed, and, day by day,
On a pond'rous block of marble, it has worked with skilful sway,
And the brightness has returned to his cottage hearth the while,
'Neath the sunshine of his gentle wife's contented, happy smile !

Never from his mental vision hath his *beau ideal*
gone ;
To produce a perfect copy, still the artist laboured
on,
Till complete success had crowned him and his
finished work displayed
Faultless symmetry and beauty, in its every line
portrayed.

As he gazed on it with rapture, and retouched it
o'er and o'er,
The delighted, hopeful sculptor saw that he could
do no more.
Never came the dwarf to claim it, though six months
elapsed were now,
But his meed of earned laurels rested on the artist's
brow !

In the city hall his statue shone, a masterpiece of
grace—
“Industry,” in golden letters, was inscribed be-
neath its place ;
And the homage of his townsmen, which they
could not now withhold,
And the joy of self-exertion were by him more
prized than gold.

Surely, 'twas his Guardian Angel, who, in strange,
mysterious guise,
Had, in loving care and mercy, opened John Van
Euel's eyes.
And the patient, faithful Bertha (so the grateful
sculptor thought),
By her ceaseless prayers and pleadings, had the
change within him wrought.

Love divine—inventive ever—would employ the
bubble fame,
To allure the slothful worker, until virtue's holier
flame
Should attach to home and duty and true happiness
disclose ;
Soon he tastes that sweet contentment, honest
industry bestows.

Later on, a rare Madonna, found its way beside the
shrine,
Where, within his native chapel, doth repose his
Lord divine !
Thus, a reckless, idle dreamer had a better man
become,
Peace and plenty, crowned with virtue, reigned
within his happy home.

SILENT PREACHERS.

WE enter, Lord, this grand majestic dome,
Where Thine ever-burning faithful star we see ;
This is, then, Thy sacred chosen home,
Where all things speak with eloquence of Thee.

The font, at which the precious robe of grace,
In all its pure, baptismal, spotless white,
We had received—within this hallowed place
As sweet reminder, first appears in sight.

The cross Thine image vividly recalls ;
Thy passion, 'wakening tenderness anew ;
Each touching scene upon the rich-stained walls
Brings, day by day, Thy deathless love to view.

The sacramental lamp, whose peaceful glow,
Invites the weary heart, with cares oppressed,
Still nearer, nearer to that shrine to go
And there, from anxiousness to find a rest.

The censer wafts its perfumed clouds aloft,
In loving homage, 'round thine earthly throne—
Sweet, silent preachers, that, with whispers soft,
Thine ever-living presence here make known.

Hark ! the "Gloria" now ascends above,
Nor need those faith-inspiring tones to tell
Who rests enthroned within this shrine of love,
Who here, within this temple vast doth dwell !

He knows Thee not who doth not honour Thee,
Who doth not kneel in worship at Thy feet.
Each object all around—whate'er it be,
With blest and holiest meaning is replete.

Those countless tapers, blazing at Thy shrine,
In voiceless prayer, a mute devotion show ;
Anointed hands now raise the host divine,
A benediction falls upon the earth below.

Believing heart—what gifts are here for thee :
What joy to know that Heaven no greater hath,
Thou need'st but ask thy hidden Lord, and He
Will grant thee light and grace upon thy path.

ST. VINCENT'S OAK TREE.

Few countries there are, how delightful soc'er,
That have not some bleak spot, unfruitful and bare,
Even fair sunny France has its own dreary waste,
Which, for miles, on its Western coast may be traced ;

Still, the Landes, tho' they are isolated and lone,
Have an interest and charm entirely their own,
And the natives so cherish this place of their birth,
As to deem it the loveliest spot on the earth.
The shepherd of Landes is known ever to prize
With peculiar attachment, his own azure skies,
But their proudest and highest attraction of all—
They have cradled the glorious St. Vincent de Paul !

Three centuries ago was this desolate wild
Illumed by the birth of that marvellous child—
A Heaven-sent star, to enlighten an age,
When heresy widely and fiercely would rage.
Near the home of St. Vincent, for centuries is seen
A noble old oak tree, majestic and green ;
'Neath its branches, in boyhood, he went to seek rest,
And pour out the fervour that glowed in his breast.
How oft, when a child, would he clamber up there,
That naught might obtrude to disturb him at prayer.
With the blue sky above and the free air around,
In this tranquil retreat he might often be found.

In soul as in body uplifted above,
With none by to witness his raptures of love,
All unmindful was he of the bustle of life,
While unconsciously fitting himself for its strife ;
And still, watching over his charge as they browse,
The shepherd-saint sat on the tree's shady boughs.
O faithful old tree ! spread your branches out now,
And hide from the sun's glare this saintly young
brow ;
Shield, shield him, and closely your aged arms twine,
For, awaiting him yet is a mission divine,
And doubt not, a boyhood to Heaven so dear
Is guarded by angels, too, hovering near.

Oh ! who without reverence and awe, could behold
This time-honoured sentinel—centuries old,
In whose history, the longest life seems but a day,
Which, giant-like, baffles both time and decay.
Could its old hollow trunk tell the secrets it knows,
How many a precious one would it disclose
Of high aspirations indulged 'neath its shade ;
Of holiest, earnest petitions there made ;
Of closest communion with God, heart to heart,
Who would to the boy-saint his treasures impart,
Compassion and confidante day after day,
Was this tree 'neath whose shadow he so loved to play.

Oh ! must not its branches have longed to impart
Their fresh, cooling shade to that guileless young
heart,

Whose tenderest feelings were breathed in prayer
As he knelt, all unseen, 'neath its foliage there ;
This mighty old tree might be hollowed by years,
But a charm more potent, and one which endears
It a thousand times more to the fond hearts of all—
'Twas the tree that had sheltered St. Vincent de Paul.
Three centuries have gone by, and still it remains ;
Still kept by an all-ruling hand, which sustains.
In Gascony now, e'en the tourist may see
St. Vincent's old favourite and far-famed oak tree.

A FRANCISCAN LEGEND.

THE sunset shed its golden hues o'er mountains,
wood and lea,
And in its soft and mellow light shone forth in
majesty ;
Those peaceful hills, like sentinels, which guarded
night and day !
The little town of Orthez, from the Huguenot's
fierce sway.

So gracefully it nestles there, beside the river
Gave,
It seems now half reflected in its lovely, sunlit
wave,
Whose limpid waters (so unlike their wonted rapid
flow)
Appear as in a restful mood, and bath'd in evening's
glow.

From out a convent belfry comes that dear and well-
known sound—
The Angelus, whose hallowed strains are softly
floating 'round,
That sacred "Ave"—heaven inspired—had scarce
come to a close
When, borne upon the gentle air, fiendish shouts
arose.
The peace of Heaven had ever reigned those cloister
walls within;
Outside them hell is raging now with fiercest strife
and din;
"Death to the Papists!" Ah! thatcry, St. Francis'
sons knew well
It boded worse than death for them, as on their ears
it fell.

Again are heard those savage shouts—a tramp of
footsteps nigh
Reveals the foe, now in their midst, and vowing
they must die.
Nor shrank they from their cruel fate, nor quailed
those sainted men,
But, like true heroes, met their doom with dauntless
courage then.

Oh! who, without a shudder, can that scene of
horror paint,
Where curses, oaths and blasphemies the breath of
evening taint?
While, sword in hand, the Huguenots now rush upon
their prey,
Meek and defenceless as they stand—yet knowing
not dismay.

Scarce from the tower pealed, once more, another
silv'ry chime,
Than blood-stained swords too plainly told of dark-
est deeds of crime,
Nor is their malice sated yet, for see! they search
again—
One victim has escaped their rage—where hidden
has he lain?
Unweariedly and long, they seek, through cloister,
choir and cell,
The Father Guardian, who, alas! must share their
hate as well.
Ye Angels! guard him—guard him, since he must
shield his Lord;
Ah! soon the crown of martyrdom shall be his blest
reward.

Scarce had the holy man perceived the infidels draw
near,
Than (quite regardless of himself) his heart was
seized with fear
Lest they, with sacrilegious touch, their impious
hands should lay
Upon the Sacred Host. No, no; it must not be their
prey.

With breathless haste he seeks the Church, and, oh!
 how lovingly
He takes his dear Ciborium now—how truly blest
 is he,
While pressing closely to his heart what held his
 Treasure all,
But ere a hiding place he found, his murderers on
 him fall.

Unpityingly they rush on him and fiercely try to
 wrest
From out his clasp, the cherished prize, held tightly
 to his breast—
So tightly, that their strength combined, had failed
 to match the power
Which God into that priestly grasp infused in that
 dread hour.
'Neath heavy blows, without a groan, the noble
 martyr fell,
Still firmly in his loving clasp does the Ciborium
 dwell.
Nay, even with more vigorous hand, does he his
 treasure hold,
While, all unmoved, the infidels the wondrous sight
 behold.

Into the flowing Gave, his corse those ruthless
 demons threw,
When, lo! a scene presents itself, which, to it,
 thousands drew;
Upon the surface of the waves, as tho' in tranquil
 rest,
The lifeless martyr floats along, still holding to his
 breast
The sacred vessel which contains his Saviour and his
 King.

Oh! marvel not that countless eyes gaze on it
wondering;
A look of holy earnestness is pictured on that
brow,
As though death's stern seal had not been fixed upon
it now.

At last it paused at Bayonne near another convent,
where
St. Francis' holy rule was kept in all its strictness
there.

Beneath its walls it rests, as if it wished to here
abide.

How sweet and blest the burthen which the Gave
bears on its tide!

All, all who saw the miracle, with one accord
rejoice;

While glad exultant hymns of praise rang out from
every voice.

None dared approach the sacred corse, their reverence
was such,

Anointed hands alone must now those precious relics
touch.

From out the grand cathedral church on that event-
ful day,

A vast procession issued forth, in all its best array.
(What need to tell the fervour of that awed but
happy throng,

As towards the prodigy they went with eager steps
along,

And at its head a Prelate came, in cope and mitre
dressed.

Who reverently bent and drew, from off the martyr's
breast,

That blest Ciborium, which so long his faithful arms
held fast,

Which impious hands defied, yet now, yields readily
at last.

From out that lofty belfry, peal on peal of gladness
rings,
To hail the glorious wonder wrought—to greet the
King of kings.
Onward the great procession moves, and to that
sacred shrine
They bear the Sacred Host and bear the guardian
of his Lord divine.
Beside Him in His temple does he find an honoured
rest,
While many miracles his fame and sanctity attest.
Still in that old Franciscan church does that Ciborium
lie—
Held precious as a hallowed thing, and viewed with
reverent eye.

THE HARVEST MOON.

PALE and calm, its splendour shedding
O'er the waving, ripened corn ;
Silvering with its own sweet radiance,
Ere the first bright rays of morn
Throw their burnished hues around it,
As it stretches o'er the plain ;
Ere the rough and sturdy sickle
Shall have touched the golden grain.

Lo ! the harvest moon is shining
On the ripened fruits around,
As if, benedictions pouring
On the kind, prolific ground ;
While in rich profusion bending
To that queenly orb of night,
How it seems to gently bathe them
In its soft and mellow light !

Typical of Mother Mary
Is its mild and peaceful glow,
Watching o'er the silent slumbers
Of this restless world below.
Shielding, 'neath her radiant mantle,
With a fond, surpassing love ;
Shedding on the earth a blessing
From her glorious throne above.

From its bosom vast come treasures,
Yet, those gifts and products all
Are bestowed at Mary's bidding,
And responsive to her call.
Is she not our mediatrix,
Nearest to the Throne of God,
Graces for our hearts invoking,
Richest blessings for our sod ?

Unlike the waning orb above us
Ever is her brow unveiled ;
Ever is her eye upon us ;
Never hath her shining failed.
Brighter than the brightest sunbeam,
Doth she 'circle us at noon,
And throughout the silent night hours,
She is our true harvest moon.

Rain and dew have richly nourished,
Precious sunlight warmed the earth,
And a thousand, thousand beauties
In its fertile soil had birth.
Still, a mother's voice is ever
Pleading for us more and more,
And a heart benign and tender,
Ceaselessly is watching o'er.

A LAST REQUEST.

On a cross, beside his dying Lord,
 'Neath grief and shame all bowed,
 Dimas had hung—his meet reward—
 The sorrowing thief avowed.

How came that look of penitence
 Upon his lately hardened brow ?
 No word he speaks in self defence ;
 He is his own accuser now.

One drop from out that crimson tide,
 The ransom of a fallen race—
 The life-stream from the Saviour's side—
 Had touched him with its wondrous grace !
 The adamant heart is moved ;
 With tears his dying eyes are dim ;
 While contrite sighs his love have proved
 With faith and hope he looks on Him.

“ Remember me,” he said, “ O Lord,
 When Thou in Thine own kingdom art,”
 With love did Jesus then regard
 That prayer, from out an humble heart.
 Nor did his mercy once recall
 The many years of crime, that sped
 (Unreckoned and unheeded all)
 O'er Dimas—now the past is dead !

List to the answering words that fell,
 Like music from those lips divine—
 “ With me thou shalt for ever dwell,
 To-day a kingdom shall be thine ! ”
 O pity ! of a generous heart,
 Forgetful of its dying throes,
 That, even in death, would now impart,
 A balsam to another's woes.

O bounty ! not to be outdone—
The sinner a remembrance craves ;
A look, a sigh, and he has won
A kingdom on that cross which saves.
How royal was the faith and true
Which, 'mid opprobrium and shame,
His God and his Redeemer knew,
And would his worship now proclaim.

When even the favourites whom He chose
Had quitted then their Master's side,
The contrite Dimas feels and knows
His Lord and God—the crucified !
He rests, with hope, his pleading eyes
Upon that livid, thorn-crowned brow ;
His faith has won him Paradise ;
He shares its bliss and glory now !

OTTAWANTA.

FULL eighty summers have passed o'er
The Indian's aged and whitened brow ;
His tribe have gone to rest before,
And he must soon rejoin them now :
Beneath a spreading oak-tree, lie
The graves of all to him most dear ;
Oft doth the lonely chieftain sigh,
With yearning heart, to rest him here.

Within the wild-wood stands a cross,
And at its foot he kneels each day ;
Nor kneels to mourn his loved ones' loss,
But trustingly to plead and pray.
His cherished rosary is all,
And more than all the world to him ;
How fondly doth the old chief call
On Heaven, with tearful eyes and dim.

Release—how sweet to him that word,
Whose every tie to earth is rent ;
Oh ! could he know his prayer was heard,
His drooping heart would be content.
A *sign*—he asks his heavenly Queen
To send, as token of her love,
So child-like hath his pleading been,
Swift came the answer from above.

Though wearied by his vigil long,
Beside the cross he knelt him still,
While myriad birds, the trees among,
Sang out a joyous matin trill—
The foliage more luxuriant seems,
The wild, gay-tinted flowers more fair ;
While morn's resplendent, glorious beams,
Found Ottawanta rapt in prayer.

The noon-tide rays disturbed him not,
The hours of evening came and went
The deep'ning twilight on that spot, ,
Still saw his trembling form bent.
The full moon shed its placid light,
In silvery radiance, o'er the wild,
While, all unconscious of the night,
His fervent prayers the hours beguiled.

“ O Mother of the sinless one !
O Lady, beautiful and blest !
When will my earthly course be done ?
When wilt thou bring me to my rest ?
Oh ! by each joy and by each grief,
With which thy heart alternate flowed ;
My pilgrimage—oh ! make it brief,
And take me to thy bright abode !”

Thus prayed the agèd chief, when lo !
The Virgin and the Child divine
Appear, in moonlight's softened glow,
And gaze on him with looks benign.
"My son," she said, "I've heard thy call,
In answer to it have I come,
I've reckoned well thine 'aves' all,
And soon shall take thee to my Home.

"This grove a sacred spot shall be,
A holy place of hallowed fame,
Memorial of thy love for me
Which myriads shall one day proclaim."
The lovely vision passed away,
Nor lingered long the old chief there,
His soul, at no far distant day,
Was borne to realms more bright and fair.

PROVIDENCE.

THE blue vault which hangs o'er our heads,
The stars which there sparkle at night ;
The sun which its radiant beams sheds,
Illuming our path with its light ;
Awakening again into birth
New beauties, which charm the eye,
Which, but for its smiles on the earth,
Must speedily perish and die ;
The gay-plumaged birds on the wing,
And poised so securely in air,
Who in concert so cheerily sing,
All speak of a Providence there.

Not chance that has painted the rose,
Or the myriads of tints which we see
In each exquisite flower that grows,
Each blossom, and leaflet, and tree;
Nor chance that has given them scent,
To fill with their fragrance the air;
No! all was by Providence meant—
The touch of His finger is there.
The Sovereign Artist is He,
Whose delicate pencil would trace
Whatever around us may be
Of loveliness, beauty, or grace.

The fathomless, billowy sea,
When its proud waves rush in on the beach,
Goes so far, and no farther, than He,
In His goodness, permits it to reach.
Now wildly it bursts on the shore—
Now gently and calmly subsides;
Is there not an eye watching o'er,
Which o'er the fierce billows presides?
Should calm to the tempest succeed,
And darkness be followed by day,
We everywhere Providence read,
His power over all holding sway.

In the wonders around we survey,
Do we not see a wisdom above?
In the gifts which are strewn on our way,
Do we not feel an infinite love?
Ah! why should we doubt of His care
Who guards e'en the humblest flower,
Which, beauteous soever or rare,
Is still but a thing of an hour.

Should riches abound on our way,
Of fortune, we say, "she is kind;"
Should trials press sharply, we say,
"Against us the fates are combined."

While Providence still watches o'er,
And wills what we have or have not,
His wisdom and love go before,
Assigning to each one his lot.

VIATICUM.

THE tinkle of that silver bell, ah! well I know its
meaning;
My God is surely drawing near, and on His creature
leaning,
Some dying soul, some feeble one, requires His
strength to aid her;
Who better knows her feebleness, since He Himself
hath made her.

Who knows so well her every need, when earth is
fading by her?
The boon she craves is, even Himself, and will He
that deny her?
Oh! no, He comes! bow down my soul, in prostrate
love adoring!
Thou, too, hast got thy wants, and now thy time is
for imploring.

Bow down—the blind man, long ago, knelt by the
wayside pleading,
Tho' sightless, still his lively faith no clearer vision
needing.
He humbly asked that he "might see," distrusted
not the power,
And begged the "Son of David," too, for mercy in
that hour.

His pleadings more importunate, and louder still
were growing,
While Jesus—vanquished—turned to him, a look of
love bestowing:
“Receive thy sight”—oh! blessed words! their
import who can measure?
With earthly vision He bestows on him diviner
treasure.

And shall I hear this little bell, to tell me He is
passing?
And let this source of grace depart, without some
goods amassing.
Like him of Jericho, my soul needs, too, the gift of
seeing,
That I may know Thee, as Thou art—great Author
of my being.

And see myself, as what I am—a creature weak and
lowly,
Depending on thy hourly care—great God, all wise,
all holy.
Thou’rt very near to me, I know, tho’ from my gaze
thou’rt hidden;
Thy gentle voice now calleth me, tho’ seeming here
unbidden.

Nor do I fear to weary Thee, while all my wants
revealing,
For well I know Thy pitying eye regards my every
feeling.
Grant me, in life, the grace to love whatever Thou
dost send me;
Grant me, in death, to find Thee near, to solace and
befriend me.

MISEREMINI MEI!

COULD we but hear that touching cry,
 Which now from each poor soul ascends,
 Whom Heaven regards with pitying eye,
 Whose ceaseless longing towards it tends:
 Ah! poor imprisoned, helpless one!
 Beloved by God, yet doomed awhile,
 A new, but suffering, course to run,
 Ere Heaven's splendours on thee smile.

Could we but hear each pleading tone
 Which begs from us a slight relief
 From fires, whose rigours are unknown,
 Whose pains we may e'en render brief.
 A short but earnest, fervent prayer,
 How small a boon is, surely, this!
 And yet some anxious sufferer there
 It hastens on its way to bliss.

A wish, a sigh, an alms bestowed,
 Possess a power of healing, too,
 Which, in that gloomy, drear abode,
 Descends like cool, refreshing dew.
 Nearer and nearer they draw to Him,
 For Whom so ardently they pine!
 Whose glories (once all veiled and dim)
 Shall soon resplendent on them shine.

With outstretched hands and upturned gaze,
 Some loved one makes this sad appeal,
 And now, with piteous accents, prays
 That friends, at least, its sufferings heal!

Must that sad cry unheeded rise,
When 'neath the sharpest pains they bow?
Will none with pity hear their sighs?
Will hearts that mourned not aid them now?

For them a trial, calmly borne,
With gratitude do they regard;
And tho' themselves 'mid sufferings torn,
Procure for us a sure reward;
They fondly pray and plead for those
Still groping 'mid earth's care and gloom,
Who earned for them a sweet repose,
Who loved them e'en beyond the tomb!

O joyful, happy moment this,
When Heaven's portals open wide,
Revealing all its untold bliss
To souls who long have wept and sighed.
When Mary clasps, in fond embrace,
Each cherished child whose debt is paid,
Who reached, at last, its destined place,
So much desired, so long delayed.

THE DEATH-BELL.

It tolls! A soul from weary earth has gone:
Perchance some loving heart has passed away,
Some form, wherein youth and beauty shone,
Relentless death has chosen for its prey.
For whom life's morning had but just begun,
Nor care nor sorrow cast its shadow there,
Whose brief, bright race is still already run;
Blooms now no more on earth this flower fair,

And sorrowing hearts, all wrapped in grief and
gloom,
Now bend in anguish o'er her early tomb.
And yet, why grieve that Heaven had claimed that
heart
Ere to it, earth would shade of guile impart.

It tolls ! Perhaps some noble heart to-day,
In all its high aspirings has been stilled ;
In all the pride of manhood snatched away
Ere yet his years seemed more than half fulfilled.
To those bereaved, how drear that dismal knell,
Breathing deep sadness in its every sound ;
Some cherished one has bidden earth farewell,
Just when its pleasures seemed to most abound.
Yesterday some home was gladdened by his smile ;
To-day his presence sheds a joy no more ;
Summoned to rest and bliss, yet mourned the while
As one whose loss no time can e'er restore.

It tolls ! Again that measured monotone—
It may be age is borne to its final rest,
White with the snows of years, and grown
Old in the virtues which make old age blest,
Revered by all who came within his sphere.
For him how brightly glowed life's setting sun,
Has he not earned at least a grateful tear,
For well and wisely his career was run.
An aged partner may his loss deplore,
Whose heart, as yet unchilled by frost of years,
Feels now that life can yield her joy no more,
How sadly falls each knell upon her ears !

It tolls ! Mayhap to the silent grave is borne
A saint, whose life a saintly death has crowned,
Whose blissful close bids us rejoice, not mourn.
O'er such, no gloom lurks in the death-bell's
sound.

Again it knells its solemn, joyless tone,
Warning equally the aged and the young,
Whom death some day shall claim alike its own.
How stern, but truth-telling, is its iron tongue.
O gloomy harbinger ! you toll, and not in vain ;
From every knell, and from each solemn pause,
My pleasure-seeking heart may wisdom gain—
It hears your warning, and from it profit draws.

AT THE CHURCH DOOR.

AN angel with golden wings stood nigh,
Regarding the worshippers who passed by,
And the quick, clear glance of the spirit's eye
Read a tale on each heart—a tale its own,
And lovingly (though not seen, nor known)
It whispers to each in a soft, sweet tone :

“Tired heart—would'st thou seek a safe retreat ?
Come, rest near the Saviour's wounded feet ;
Thou'lt find it a refuge calm and sweet,
No chosen language is needed there,
For, well does He know thine every care ;
Thy weary heart is to Him laid bare.

Poor, lonely heart ! draw near, draw near,
For He, too, is lonely, waiting here ;
O, sweet companionship—blest and dear,
In this shrine of love He resides all day,
And few, save the angels, their homage pay
Too long, too long thou hast kept away.

Rest thee, beside Him, in wordless prayer,
Asking no comfort but glad to share
In the loneliness, which surrounds Him there
To that Heart of tenderness feeling nigh.
Thine only prayer—a glance, a sigh,
A silent homage of heart and eye.

Draw near, draw near, poor timid heart,
No longer thou needest to fear or start,
For, hope and joy He will soon impart,
Nor dread the ascent to life's toilsome mount,
Of courage and strength is not here the Fount?
Each weary step does thy Jesus count?

Poor, grief-wrung heart, to whom joy seems o'er,
Oh! seek Him, nor fear He will crush thee more,
Thy long-lost peace He will soon restore.
Place all thy griefs in that Heart divine,
In that Home of love shall He then enshrine,
And a new-found joy shall, ere long, be thine."

Thus—gently whispered that angel fair,
As his wings o'ershadowed the portal there,
And he marked each worshipper rapt in prayer.
Ah! soon, he sees on each heart and brow,
The solace it needed, depicted now—
And, in prostrate thanks, does the spirit bow.

EVER AND NEVER.

WHEN the last sweet aid to the soul is given,
When the last link that bound it to earth is riven,
When we open our eyes to the bliss of Heaven,
When the light of glory, our fairest dreams
Have never pictured, upon us gleams,
How long shall we bask in those radiant beams?
Ever!

Ever to dwell in an endless rest,
To share in the calm and peace of the blest,
When life's sun shall have set in the golden west;
All the toils and worries of life when past,
And the haven we longed for reached at last,
Shall trial again our joy o'ercast?—
Never!

When Mary's maternal gaze shall dwell
(With a tenderness language cannot tell),
On the faithful children who loved her well—
To meet the fond glance of that Mother's eye,
And feel to her loving heart so nigh,
No longer an anxious wish or sigh

Ever !

When hearts that are weary and lonely here
Shall rejoin their long lost, loved and dear,
Without whom existence had been so drear ;
When the tear of sorrow is dried, and when
Joy shall o'erflow around them then,
When, when shall the shadow come again ?—

Never !

Never a fear their delight to mar—
Their new-found pleasures more blissful far
Than all the delights on this earth which are
To hear the strains which are floating 'round
The countless victors, who there are crowned—
How long, how long shall this bliss abound ?—

Ever !

Ever to gaze on that face divine,
To meet those dear looks so benign,
To know that His heart and His love are mine,
To plunge my soul in those depths of love,
In His glorious presence to breathe and move,
And, oh ! to be severed from Him above—

Never !

TO A DAFFODIL.

How meekly doth thy radiant face
Its rich and shining tints unfold,
Nor seekest thou e'er, with haughty grace,
To proudly show thy wealth of gold.

When thy gay form bedecks our vales,
In all its lustrous beauty dressed,
Softly the rough and lingering gales
Of early spring, are lulled to rest.

Blithely the wood-bird trills his note,
Responsive to the brooklet's call ;
Mildly the gentle zephyrs float,
Their perfumed breathings fanning all.

Amid thy foldings, we can trace
The touch of Him who painted thee,
And on thy bent, yet beauteous face,
How much of love may we not see.

Thy varied forms, so rich, so fair,
In language mute but eloquent,
Bespeak the great Creator's care,
Who, for our pleasure, thee hath lent.

While gazing on thy petals gay—
Blooming as though they meant to last,
We sigh to think how soon decay
Its withering breath o'er thee shall cast.

Life's spring—how meet a type art thou,
Sweet gem, of its fast-fleeting years,
When freshest bloom is on the brow
And in the heart, then disappears.

THE PARTING.

THE sun shone brightly o'er the tide,
As blithely danced each wavelet there ;
While boats upon its surface glide,
Buoyant and fleet as birds in air.

A gay-rigged steamer anchored lay,
Which soon shall bear a motley weight
Beneath its massive wing to-day,
Of hopes and cares a living freight.

Oh! mark that worn and feeble form,
With silvery hair and saddened brow,
Who leans upon a manly arm;
Both on the beach are standing now.
Tears dim that aged father's eye,
As now, with quivering lips and tone,
He strives to say that sad "good-bye,"
Which leaves him in this world alone.

Unconscious of the bustling crowd,
Who quickly hurried to and fro;
He heeded not the gay and proud,
Whose laughter seemed to mock his woe.
One thought his drooping spirit cheers,
One gleam of hope his fears have stilled,
That yet his last declining years
Shall see his child's bright dreams fulfilled.

His only son, his joy and pride,
Is forced in foreign lands to roam,
Since fortune all her gifts denied
When sought in honest toil at home.
Ah! well he knew, that noble heart—
Let whatsoever may betide—
Shall ne'er from duty's path depart,
Till years restore him to his side.

And now, with filial reverence, kneels
That son, to beg one blessing more;
One more embrace. Again he steals
One look upon his own loved shore.

Then fondly clasped the shamrock green,
Dear relic of his native isle.
Tho' chequered there, his life had been,
He dearly loved his hills the while.

That sad, sad word, "Farewell," is said;
He wipes away a tear in haste,
And soon, with firm and manly tread,
Upon the steamer's deck he paced.
So swiftly o'er the waves it sped,
Soon farther and farther from his gaze
Old Erin's hills receding fled,
All tinged with autumn's mellow rays.

A humble cottage might be seen,
Beside the deep Blackwater's tide,
All mantled o'er with ivy green;
No marks are there of wealth and pride.
That night, ere sleep his eyelids sealed,
Upon its hearth an old man wept;
His sorrows soon in dreams were healed,
From all life's cares he calmly slept.

AN OLD LEGEND.

ONCE a noble count and wealthy
Dwelt upon a fair estate,
Yet nor wealth nor titles only
Made this pious noble great.
Love of Christ, the poor, the suffering;
Daily alms, from out his store,
Had endeared him more to Heaven,
Added to his greatness more.

He knew that e'en a cup of water,
For the sake of his dear Lord,
Given to His needy members
Met from Him a rich reward.
Wonder not that from his coffers
Bounteous offerings were bestowed;
That from out his stores, in plenty,
Food and raiment on them flowed.

His delight it was to serve them
With a tender, loving care,
In their poor and lowly cabins,
As though Christ were present there.
'Mong the sick were even lepers,
Whom his charity had sought,
Quite regardless of his titles
Or the rank he prized as naught.

One, who dwelt beside his castle,
Seemed to claim his special love,
And each day the saintly Count would
Visit him—that love to prove.
From his noble steed alighting,
He would there the leper seek,
Wash his feet, give alms to aid him,
Words of solace gently speak.

Then depart, with heart o'erflowing,
With a joy to earth unknown—
He had helped a fellow creature
For his Saviour's sake alone;
How the eyes of angels glisten
As they gaze upon this earth,
And behold a heart unfettered
By the pride of rank or birth!

Summoned from his lordly castle,
He is absent for a while ;
How the poor will miss his presence,
His kind words and cheering smile.
And the leper whom he cherished
Felt his absence day by day
(Though by other hands still tended),
Till he pined and died away.

Now the Count again returns
To his lands and princely hall ;
As of old, he deems his leper
First of those who claim a call.
To the cabin, where he left him,
Soon, with eager haste, rode he
And again he gladly sees him,
Serves him once more, tenderly.

Tells his menials with what gladness
He had now been at his side,
Till they gaze on him with wonder,
And relate how he had died.
Still the holy Count, with firmness,
Would again to them repeat
How he saw him on his pallet,
And had washed the leper's feet.

Reassured at last—the noble
Saw the wondrous grace bestowed,
Christ it was, who as a leper,
Had received the care he showed.
Now the joy he felt was greater
Than he ever knew before,
While his alms grew more abundant,
And Christ's poor he loved the more.

MAY EVE.

HARK ! the sound of distant voices
 Softly echoes through the trees,
 Nearer, nearer, gently swelling
 On the perfumed evening breeze.

And the harmony grows sweeter
 As it doth the nearer steal ;
 Fervent hearts their love outpouring
 Round the shrine of Mary kneel.

Now doth Ave, Maris-Stella,
 In a dulcet chorus rise,
 Doubtless borne on angel pinions
 To her throne beyond the skies !

Can that loving ear, that harkens
 To her children's faintest call,
 Turn aside nor list with rapture
 To those earnest pleadings all !

Ah ! that " Monstra te esse matrem "
 With such trustfulness replete,
 Never angel's song hath music
 To that mother's heart more sweet.

Mary, show thyself our mother,
 In the future as the past.
 What maternal, loving glances
 On the kneeling group are cast.

Now a wreath of sweetest fragrance —
 All her precious names combined —
 Blend in richest strains around her,
 Through her litany entwined.

Most august of all her titles,
That which now falls on the ear :—
“ Dei Genitrix ”—still mother
Of her exiled children here.

Youthful hearts—you need a guardian,
In the devious paths of life,
And a helping hand to aid you
In its daily toil and strife.

Aged ones—you need a haven,
As life's race draws to a close,
As still deeper grow your yearnings
For a blest and sweet repose.

Ask that gentle, tender mother,
While in unison you pray,
To bestow on each the graces
Each may need from day to day.

MY FIRST BOUQUET.

I'VE culled the first, sweet offerings
Which spring could now bestow ;
I've watched the graceful daffodils,
As one by one they blow ;
Snow-drops and fragrant violets,
And lovely pansies, meet,
To place upon our mother's shrine,
To lay at Mary's feet.

I've gathered sweet forget-me-nots
With eyes of azure hue,
Nor simple daisies have I scorned,
But culled in clusters too ;

'Mid tulips gay, they mingle there
With winning, artless grace ;
And at our dearest mother's feet
Shall find a welcome place.

The hawthorn, for its odours rare,
Now gladly do I choose,
The scented wall-flowers with it blend
Their sweet breath to diffuse.
The hardy, budding crocuses
Scarce o'er the soil are seen,
Then in my bouquet they are placed
To offer to my Queen.

I've plucked the lily of the vale,
All stainless in its hue
(Meet type of spotless innocence),
And pale narcissus too ;
Methinks, of all the gentle flowers
Which at her feet I lay,
Our Mother shall the last named prize
Beyond the rest to-day.

My humble bouquet doth not now
Exotics rare enclose ;
Nor can I e'en present to her
The bright and blushing rose ;
Such as the welcome, early spring
Has kindly deigned to yield—
The simple offerings, sent to deck
Each garden, vale and field.

All these, and many more, shall I
Upon her altar lay ;
Each simple emblem meant from me
Some loving things to say.
I've culled them all with tender love
To place at Mary's shrine,
And asked that Mother dear to take
With them this heart of mine.

Q U E R I E S .

Does that lovely vale look as peaceful now
 As when viewed of old from the mountain's brow ?
 For no fairer landscape could meet my gaze
 Than it seemed to me by my childhood days ;
 Rich, verdant meadows, and woodland fair,
 Orchards and gardens all clustered there,
 Enlivened by sparkling and laughing rills ;
 All fondly shielded by those dear hills.

Do the old trees lift their proud heads as high
 As when they seemed touching the azure sky,
 And their richest garb they had gaily donned,
 When my youthful fancy knew naught beyond ?
 And do they give the same pleasant shade
 As when, 'neath their branches, in youth I played,
 Or sat awhile in the heats of noon,
 To weave bright visions which faded soon ?

Does the river flow on unchanging still,
 As it used of old, to the noisy mill ?
 And does it glisten the same at night,
 When the moon sheds on it its silvery light,
 In the tranquil hush of that pensive hour,
 When night's dull mantle wraps bird and flower,
 Whose silence then had a magic spell,
 Calming the heart as no words can tell ?

Is the springtime now as it used to be,
 When the little lambs frisked so merrily,
 And the boy was seen at his busy plough,
 And the thrushes warbled in branch and bough ?
 When I saw around me the budding trees,
 And the spring flowers scenting the gentle breeze,
 And nature awakening to life again,
 Is the springtime now, as I knew it then ?

Then birds and streamlets would all unite
In mingled raptures of pure delight,
As though they hymned their Creator's praise,
In their own sweet, simple, untutored lays ;
Whose gladsome chorus alone was heard,
Save when a zephyr the branches stirred,
No longer jarred by the dismal wail,
(Through leafless trees) of the wintry gale.

Does the summer bring the same sunny hours,
And the same rich offerings of fruit and flowers ;
And the autumn, too, with its ripening grain,
In its rich brown garb stretching o'er the plain ?
Dearer to me seemed that golden time,
Than all spring's freshness or summer's prime ;
My heart held closer the fading hues
Of that lovely landscape, it soon must lose.

Oh ! yes ; all, all is unaltered there—
All nature still seems as bright and fair ;
The feathered warblers as blithely sing,
And hail, as ever, the voice of spring ;
The trees and meadows all look as green,
As if no loved one had left the scene ;
But the friends who sat 'neath the shady bough,
And shared my pleasures—where are they now ?

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

WHEN fortune's frowns come with withering blight,
And one by one, all life's joys take flight ;
When hearts of gladness are now bereft,
And there has sorrow its traces left ;
And happy homes are o'ercast by care,
Your mite of kindness withhold not there ;
Oh, worse than callous who could deny
A tender word or a pitying sigh.

When death relentless, shall fix its seal
On dear and loved ones, and from us steal
Those who had brightened our "hearts and homes,"
The balm of friendship then timely comes.
In a cheering look and a soothing tone,
What magic power is felt and known ;
Re-kindling joy on the faded brow,
Than sweetest music more welcome now ;
A secret key to our feelings best,
Well-spring of all that is pure and blest.

A precious balsam, whose healing power
Is only known in affliction's hour,
A wonder-worker, which ne'er grows old,
Whose seed produces a hundredfold—
Unfruitful never—where'er 'tis shed,
Its blossoms 'round them sweet perfume spread.
Tho' small the kindness which we bestow—
To aid a want or to soothe a woe,
A friendly glance or a gentle smile
It may from sadness the heart beguile.

At times arresting the starting tear,
Awakening trust and dispelling fear,
Reviving feelings which slumbering lay,
Recalling hopes which must soon decay
Had not sweet kindness, with loving eye
Beheld with pity and hastened nigh.
A little act in an hour of need
Has greater power than a brilliant deed.
As a ray of sun cheers a drooping flower,
A word may brighten life's darkest hour.

How oft unkindness and cold neglect,
The noblest aims in their flight have checked,
They soar awhile and alas ! sink down
'Neath the icy chill of the world's frown.
But, oh ! what marvels does kindness work ;
What wondrous charms beneath it lurk,

Like sunshine gilding life's chequered scene
Its genial influence on hearts has been.
Its impress surely must be divine,
Since heart to heart does its power entwine.

A PRECIOUS MEMORY.

BRIGHT, on the vista of long and chequered years,
One speck undimmed, unclouded there appears,
One dear vision, ever vivid, ever new,
Dearer than aught else—fond memory brings to view
One recollection, no lapse of time can fade,
Till life and memory both shall have decayed.
Ah ! feeble seem my words when striving to convey
Her goodness—whose image, remembrance would
portray.

A sweet face, whose soft expression showed
A heart wherein the tenderest feelings glowed ;
Eyes, whose depths were stirred by sorrow's wail,
And with pity, ever moistened at a tale
Of woe, she quickly hastened to relieve,
Or fortunes wrecked, which she would fain retrieve.
A voice, whose soothing tones my fancy seems
To hear again, but now, alas ! in dreams.

An anxious mind, solicitous for all
Who claimed her care, lest aught of ill befall ;
Of self, forgetful—every wish and thought
She gave her charge, whose happiness she sought.
Their future weal, she lived but to promote,
And to this end, her life-time would devote ;
She warned, counselled, encouraged and consoled ;
With the gay rejoiced, and with the sad consoled.

With the poor she freely shared what she possessed,
And God her slender store had amply blessed ;
The homeless and friendless touched her tender
heart—

To all in need she fain would aid impart.
Rare were the virtues in her good life which shone,
Which we oft recall and love to dwell upon ;
Gentle, loving, indefatigable, kind,
Possessing feelings exalted and refined.

When death's stern mandate had summoned her from
earth,
When her absence from our home caused so sad a
dearth,
We saw her worth and virtue, beyond cost,
We fully realised the treasure we had lost !
Oh ! no, not lost—for does she not regard
Us lovingly, from Heaven—her sure reward ?
This patient, gentle being was no other
Than her, whose memory I revere—my mother.

WHAT IS JOY ?

Ask the artless child at play,
With gleeful voice and spirit gay,
Whose laugh is like the rippling brook,
Sweet innocence in every look ;
His heart, unsullied yet with guile,
Sees all things wear for him a smile,
Which brightens up his beaming eye—
He's happy, though he knows not why.

Ask that ardent, high-souled youth,
Whose manly brow is stamped with truth,
Whose heart, to noble deeds aspires,
And glows with generous, good desires ;

Whose path of duty, clearly traced,
At once is cheerfully embraced ;
No gloomy presage clouds his way,
For virtue is his guiding ray.

Ask him who, on his fellow-man,
Sheds blessings when and where he can,
Who, though in wealth does not abound,
Shares with the needy all around.
Whose virtuous life with good o'erflows,
Whose heart no restless craving knows,
Who dreads no ill that might befall,
But finds true happiness in all.

Ask the silvery brow of age,
Whose long career, in every page,
Bears record of each worthy deed,
Borne by youth's good, fruitful seed.
Joy dwells within his tranquil breast ;
In home, he finds a haven of rest ;
Scarce furrowed is his placid cheek,
His looks an inward peace bespeak.

Ask the sufferer racked with pain,
Who will not murmur or complain,
But joyfully accepts the lot
Assigned by Heaven ; repining not,
Who only wills what God shall send,
And tranquilly awaits the end ;
'Mid anguish, who may still be seer,
With brow unruffled and serene.

'Mid earthly crosses, earthly woes,
Who seeks in God a sweet repose,
Finds true enjoyment and content
In all that He has wisely sent ;

So pure, so blest a joy is this,
A foretaste it of Heavenly bliss!
A joy, that words but feebly say,
Which earth gives not nor takes away.

THE DAISIES.

MYRIAD daisies, are, one by one,
Lifted in joy to the summer sun,
Catching its beams in their petals gay,
While near them a hoe awaits its prey.
Oh! not with a gentle touch and tame,
But with merciless, sure, and sturdy aim,
Despite the radiance around them shed,
It severs each golden, star-like head.

There they gleamed in their rustic pride,
While the gentle zephyrs of evening sighed,
Shedding, 'tis true, no perfume sweet,
As they bloomed in lowliness at our feet,
Nor dreaming with fragrant flowers to vie,
Yet gazing, like them, on the azure sky,
With even more simple and artless grace
Portrayed on each upturned, joyous face.

Little they dream who behold them now,
How fitted to rest upon childhood's brow,
How tenderly cherished by infancy,
Were the dead and unheeded gems they see.
The little ones gazed with a fond delight
On their petals shining 'mid virgin white,
Scattered for them o'er the verdant sod,
As tokens of love from a loving God.

Sudden the blight which had come on them,
As each is cut from its parent stem,
Heeding no more, with a laughing eye,
The balmy breeze as it floated by.

Tempting no more, in their winsome way,
Childhood to wreathe them in garlands gay.
Alas ! in the height of their summer bloom,
The daisies meet with a woful doom.

Nurselings of woodland glade and field !
How lasting a pleasure thou would'st yield
In safety, wert thou content to dwell
In verdant mead or in dewy dell,
Where the buoyant steps of children stray,
Joyous, like thee, in their holiday ;
And like thee, too, with a guileless art,
Winning affection from every heart :
Happy wert thou in some tranquil wood,
Where never does garden hoe intrude.

A MYSTIC VEIL.

THE veil which hides the future years,
Beneath which we would often pry,
With anxious and with curious eye,
How dim and misty it appears.

And yet, in mercy o'er them thrown,
For ah ! too oft life's onward path
Too many pointed thorns hath,
Better, to weary hearts, unknown.

Nor should we wish to lift its folds,
Nor shrink from what it may conceal,
What'er it be, time shall reveal ;
The present all our treasure holds.

The past, with all its memories, may
Arise—but only like a dream,
So transient does the vision seem,
So swiftly did it pass away.

The cloudy future may affright,
Did we but know the cares that wait,
The burthens and the sorrows great,
That blessed veil hides from our sight.

There may be hidden joys beside,
And better, too, unknown to us—
Concealed a little while, that thus
We may in God's sweet care abide.

How blest, who there contentment finds,
Takes what each little moment gives,
And in the present only lives,
Nor casts a lingering glance behind.

Save of regret, for misspent grace,
With lavish hand on us bestowed ;
Unheeded blessings often flowed,
Which memory may, at times, retrace.

Seek not to lift the veil, which He
Has wisely o'er our future cast ;
The present, soon, shall be the past,
The future, shall the present be.

“RABBONI.”

In earth below or Heaven above,
One only object she desires,
And with that eagerness which love—
Intense, devoted love inspires.
She seeks her Lord—her tearful eyes
Look wistfully upon His tomb,
A stranger, Magdalen, describes—
Not Him she seeks—she knows not whom.

That last, last tender, dying gaze,
Which had so lately met her own ;
That pleading voice in which He prays.
She sees, she hears, but them alone.
Fain would she once again embrace
Those wearied, sacred, bleeding feet,
Which had procured for her such grace ;
Fain would she make them her retreat.

O ! lonely penitent ! whose heart
Has now no earthly solace left,
What more hast thou from which to part,
Who of thy Jesus art bereft ?—
Without Him Paradise has nought,
Her bliss, her Heaven, in Him had shone
Her heart bereaved its treasure sought,
For now her all from her has gone.

And, yet, she recognises not
Her dear and newly-risen Lord—
“ Mary ” her grief is soon forgot,
That voice has touched her tenderest chord.
A flood of joy has filled her soul,
Prostrate she tries His feet to kiss ;
Not yet, not yet, she must console
Her generous, loving heart—not this.

She cries “ Rabboni ! ”—simple word,
Yet eloquent with rapturous joy,
With grateful heart the Saviour heard,
Word sweeter, tongue could not employ.
Love prompted that endearing call,
Love breathed through its every sound
Her only good—her life—her all—
The faithful Magdalen has found.

Again, again, that voice to hear!
Which thrilled her inmost soul before ;
To feel His sacred presence near,
To know His sufferings all were o'er.
"Rabboni!"—oh! the flood that pours,
Of sudden joy, through every vein;
She kneels before Him and adores—
But must not touch those feet again.

Content to see, content to find,
Her cherished Master and her Lord ;
Her docile heart is well resigned,
Nor seeks it any more reward.
She meets that glance of love divine,
And feels He is her Jesus still,
Whate'er the work He shall assign,
She longs with ardour to fulfil.

"NOTHING TO GIVE."

"NOTHING to give," when the hand of the poor
Is outstretched for pity to-day ;
Go, traverse each bye-lane, unknown and obscure,
What misery crowds on the way !
The half-wasted form, the wan, sunken cheek,
Wherein a sad tale may be read,
The accents, which wretchedness truly bespeak,
Haunt every pathway we tread.

Hand in hand are seen poverty, suffering and woe—
Distress which the heart scarce endures.
And you, who complain who have nought to bestow,
You know not what riches are yours.
The kind word which lights up the poor pallid face,
The sweet smile, like sunbeam, which falls
On the heart, where no longer has joy left a trace,
Which long-vanished feeling recalls.

"Nothing to give"—oh! words heartless indeed,
 When a mite from your all in that hour
 May win from the destitute blessings instead,
 Though little, how great is its power.
 The gift may be scant, but the pitying sigh
 Which longs its compassion to prove,
 The soft glance of kindness which beams in the eye,
 The offering enhance by their love.

We know not the magic contained in a word;
 It opens a fountain, long sealed,
 In hearts, where for years not a chord has been
 stirred:
 By sorrow and wretchedness steeled.
 Neglected, unsought for, unloved, and unknown,
 Too oft are they spurned by all,
 While a friendly voice, and a kind gentle tone,
 Like soft drops of dew on them fall.

"Nothing to give" oh! how callous they sound,
 Those pitiless words on the ear,
 From lips which might then diffuse pleasure around,
 And only make hearts still more drear.
 Tho' misery's cup may be o'erflowing there,
 A word to their lot may resign.
 None so needy, who may not at least breathe a
 prayer
 For the joyless, who often repine.

Christ loves them, and counts all their labours and
 pains,
 For dear are the poor to His heart,
 They know not how then e'en, His arm sustains;
 How He bears of their sorrows a part.
 At least drop a kind word, and tell them how brief
 Are life's passing shadows and cares,
 And tell them of Heaven, where sweetest relief,
 Where joy and repose shall be theirs.

M U S I N G

WE are sighing, sighing ever,
 For some fair but distant prize ;
 For some good which glowing fancy
 Pictures to our longing eyes,
 Life sheds much of brightness on us,
 Fain would much enjoyment give,
 Still, we only aim at shadows,
 Only in the future live.

Spring presents to us its freshness ;
 Summer suns us in its ray,
 And we hardly see their charms
 Till decayed and passed away ;
 Light serenely shines around us,
 Fain would cheer us by its gleams,
 Yet, no throb of joy awakens,
 For we only dwell in dreams.

Fortune, tho' it gives much promise,
 Oft from duty may beguile ;
 O'er and o'er tho' it aludes us,
 Still it bids us wait awhile.
 Still, time's stream is onward gliding,
 Bearing with it, in its flow,
 Goods which would have so enriched us,
 Did we but their value know.

Autumn comes, and finds us longing,
 Waiting still, with patient wait,
 For the talisman which lured us,
 As some false and shining bait ;
 Shining ever on before us,
 Until in its gleam we bask,
 Till life's winter, stern and truthful,
 The enchantress will unmask.

Great or small the sphere assigned us,
Whatsoe'er the path we tread,
We may find true riches in it,
And may sunshine on it shed.
Little trials, sweetly borne;
Tiresome duties, bravely done;
Day by day and hour by hour,
Every day anew begun.

Little kindnesses which scatter
Countless blessings all around,
Like those sweet but simple flowers,
Which in fragrance so abound.
Present moments are ours only,
Ours to treasure and improve,
And shall bring us all we seek for,
In whatever sphere we move.

A LIFE WITHOUT SORROW.

A LIFE devoid of sorrow, where no tempering shade
is seen,
Where never cloudlet overhangs, where never care
has been,
Which has not felt the healing balm, bestowed in
some dark hour,
The grace which springs from out the cross, with
sweet sustaining power.

Ah ! such a life is arid since it lacks that heavenly
dew,
That, softly falling, cools its heats, refreshes it
anew,
Rekindles purer ardours, till we long to do and
dare—
What hitherto so weighty seemed, we now have
strength to bear.

Should dew not nightly fall upon each rich parterre
and field,
And gentle showers not water them, how scant would
be their yield ;
But let the lowering sky send down its pitying meed
of rain,
And flower and leaf and thirsty shrub are all revived
again.

And when again shall reappear the sun's awakened
smile,
We greet it with redoubled joy, for being hid
awhile ;
So with life's joys, we prize them most when suffer-
ings are the cost,
And even find in sorrow's train new joys for those
we lost.

A life devoid of sorrow is a life devoid of love—
No suffering and no sacrifice our good desires to
prove ;
The cross's loving mystery unfelt and all unknown,
For what is love but eagerness to suffer and atone.

How sweet, to cheer the sadness of the Saviour's
tender heart,
To ease its heavy burthen, by e'en trying to bear a
part ;
How blest the pains which liken us unto a suffering
God,
How blest the thorns that trace for us the rugged
path He trod.

Not all unaided, as He bore, do we our sorrows
bear,
His grace the trial lightens while He bears for us a
share—

Grant me, dear Lord, to treasure well the crosses
sent by Thee,
And view them but as precious gifts bestowed in
love on me.

THE CRIB.

THE pale stars shone, with unwonted light,
In the still serene of that wintry night,
As they shed their beams, o'er this favoured earth,
Round the humble crib, where a God had birth !
And legends say, at His natal hour,
In spring-time verdure—in leaf and flower
All Bethlehem then became arrayed,
And nature there her charms displayed ;
While strains angelic went floating round
Whose tones through the midnight air resound

Now earth has caught up the blest refrain,
And echoes the joyous, heavenly strain ;
Till men and angels, with one accord,
Together welcome the new-born Lord.
Come, let us enter that cheerless shed ;
Where now reposes His infant head ;
No couch of down does that regal brow
And that form of loveliness rest on now,
Oh ! marvel—gazing—what do we see ?
A weeping Babe—and in poverty.

A Virgin Mother, in rapture kneels,
And the depth of her mother-love reveals ;
A guardian father, in wordless prayer,
Loving, adoring the Child-God there ;
Tasting a bliss which none else can know,
Save those favoured mortals on earth below ;

Drinking deep draughts of a purer love
Than angels know in their Home above ;
Shielding the Treasure bestowed on them,
In the lowly manger of Bethlehem.

A trembling Infant, but Monarch still,
Who ruleth all by His sovereign will !
No royal garments His limbs enfold,
Though keen are the winter blasts and cold.
A straw couch !—yet, is He King of kings,
Whose advent a choir angelic sings,
Whom shepherds and wise men now adore,
And hasten to place their gifts before.
This crib—this manger, whereon He lies
Is here transformed to Paradise !

Kneel, kneel, my soul, for thou mayest share
In the holy ardors awakened there.
No gifts hast thou—thou art poor, indeed,
Yet, Jesus knoweth thine every need ;
The best of riches will He impart,
From out the stores of His loving Heart,
And what asks He ? Nor more, nor less
From Thee, than an equal tenderness ;
A love responsive, whose fervent glow
Is all the treasure thou need'st bestow.

O Babe divine ! How great art Thou,
Even while tear-drops bedew Thy brow,
Even while feeble and frail I see
Thy sacred form in infancy.
No less a welcome to-day Thou hast
Than that bestowed in the far off past,
When angels sang on that Christmas night,
As thine Infant eyes first beheld the light.
Ring out, ye bells—your sweetest ring,
To hail the birth of our new-born King !

BAPTISM OF JESUS.

WELL may the great Precursor shrink—
 His office angels dare not claim—
 When near Him to the Jordan's brink,
 For baptism, the Saviour came ;
 That weary road from Galilee,
 Each step His blessed footsteps trod ;
 Well may the Baptist, tremblingly,
 Behold a bowed, a humbled God !

Still must he to the mandate yield,
 Which bade him o'er that sacred brow
 The waters pour, while Heaven revealed
 How great is the baptised One now.
 Awe-struck and reverent, while yet
 He longed and sighed to meet his Lord ;
 His eyes that glance Divine have met,
 His heart is touched in every chord.

That Head, where dwells supremest power,
 Sublimest wisdom to command,
 O marvel ! See it in this hour
 Bent low beneath a creature's hand !
 Angels adore It—wonder not,
 Tho' great the Baptist among men,
 That, awed upon that hallowed spot,
 He tremblingly baptised Him then.

By inspiration from above,
 St. John (beyond each earthly sense),
 Discerned with deepest awe and love,
 That here had stooped Omnipotence—

That here the Jordan's favoured tide
Upon its great Creator pours
Its waves, while Paradise opes wide,
And, lo ! a dove above Him soars.

He prays—the Heavenly Court attends
With wrapt adoring ecstasy ;
And soon, that Spirit-dove descends
Upon Him, tho' replete is He
With all the highest gifts of Heaven ;
His Father's tender voice proclaims
Him " well-beloved," and thus has given
His Son, the dearest of all names.

Not nearer to the Baptist's touch,
And to his heart, Oh ! not so near,
As thou'rt to me ; and yet, is such
My reverent awe, my love and fear ?
O Jesus ! o'er and o'er to me
Thou comest—still I feel no dread ;
Naught save Thy loving heart I see,
And those dear Wounds for me that bled.

THE BOOK OF GOD

How numberless its pages,
With what rich lore they teem ;
Now, after countless ages,
As fresh to-day they seem.
The stars which glitter nightly,
Nor less of lustre shed,

That centuries have lightly
And swiftly o'er them sped.
The soft, pale moon comes ever,
Unaltered and serene,
O'er changing tides, yet never
With tired or ruffled mien.

The glorious sun, illuming
Each vale and mountain height ;
Its task of love resuming
Each morn we hail its light ;
Around the myriads, treading
Upon this chequered earth,
Its beams as kindly shedding
As when God gave it birth.
Earth's shadows still dispelling,
With tireless aim and true,
Its story hourly telling
As wondrous and as new.

The vast majestic ocean,
Whose huge and heaving breast,
Is now in angry motion—
Now sinks in placid rest ;
Fierce storms at times disturbing
Its great mysterious deep—
A mighty Power then curbing—
It calms to tranquil sleep.
Oh ! type of types the meetest
Of Him who rules thee so !
“ God ! God ! ” thou still repeatest
From out thy depths below.

We read in thee His glory,
His greatness and His power,
Nor weary of thy story,
Though told us every hour.

In tiniest bud, unfolding
In garden or in mead,
While with delight beholding
What loving things we read ;
Those tints so richly blending
Their sweet and odorous scent,
Are to our pleasure tending—
Are love-gifts to us lent.

Nay, even the wayside flowers,
The blossoms of the field,
Which, in our childhood's hours,
So much of pleasure yield ;
While near them blithely straying
Upon the fresh green sod,
Those gems are all displaying
The ceaseless love of God.
His Name are ever crying,
And yet, how few take heed,
While nature all is sighing
We do not pause and read.

THE COTTAGE SUNBEAM.

WHEN clouds are lowering in the sky,
And storms are howling fierce and high,
And snow-flakes, too, are drifting by,
In winter dreary,
Of summer sun no need have I—
My home is cheery.

A little merry blue-eyed one,
Who summers four has scarcely run,
And full of mischief and of fun,
Flits near me gaily ;
Whose joyous prattle, never done,
Consoles me daily.

She plays about like sunbeam bright ;
Her tiny feet, from morn till night,
Scarce on this earth of ours alight ;
 Her ringing laughter
Dispels my cares and sadness quite—
 Leaves no pain after.

Life's sorrows are to her unknown,
Tho' from her little life has flown
A wealth of love—all, all her own—
 A tender mother ;
Yet, she and I have dearer grown
 To one another.

Around our fireside you might see
Our little "sunbeam" on my knee—
Her harmless prattle full of glee—
 And hear her singing
Her pretty childish songs to me,
 Like music ringing.

Then, would you know how she employs
Her infant hours ? What are her joys ?
Arranging skilfully her toys,
 Then proudly viewing,
And then, 'mid mirth, and fun, and noise,
 Again undoing.

Life's weary journey, but begun,
Lies all before my precious one.
Of thorns, oh ! may her path have none ;
 May angels guard her !
And when her course is happily run,
 May bliss reward her !

OUR MAY QUEEN—WHO IS SHE ?

FAIR, as the dawn of a beautiful morn,
 Before which are scattered the dark shades of
 night,

Aurora—whom graces the rarest adorn,

She seems to our wistful and wondering sight
 Lovelier far, than all creatures that are,
 Our hope, amidst exile—our beacon, our star !

His Mother—whom Jesus bequeathed when dying,
 A pledge, the most precious His heart could bestow,
 Bequeathed to us, as our Mother—while sighing

His last breath of love, on that mountain of woe.
 Ah ! yes, 'mid the shadows that deepen around,
 A refuge, an advocate, there have we found.

Who is she ? None but the blest who behold her,
 None but the angels who hail her as Queen,
 Can tell of the glories all bright, which enfold her,
 The dazzling splendours 'mid which she is seen.
 And yet, 'mong her titles, none dearer has she
 Than " Mother "—the dearest and sweetest to me.

Fairest of lilies, in Paradise blooming !

Mystical Rose ! with a fragrance divine ;
 Day Star ! the wayfarer's pathway illuming ;

Brightly o'er earth's dreary way thou dost shine.
 Hearts, that are saddest are joy-lit by thee,
 Surest of beacons on life's troubled sea !

All nature, to-day, seems with gladness resounding,
 While youth and old age in her praise seem to vie,
 And all with a filial devotion surrounding

Her shrine, 'neath the gaze of a fond Mother's eye.
 The prayers and hymns, in her honour entwined,
 Are all in that Mother's heart fondly enshrined.

Who is she ? Empress and Queen of high Heaven !

Not even a seraph is worthy to pen

The glories and graces, which to her are given ;

Still, Mother of tenderest mercy to men.

Sweet Lady ! the halo, which 'circles round thee,

Shall ne'er hide thy Mother-heart, even from me.

A day shall yet dawn, when, with hearts overflow-
ing,

With rapture and love, we shall kneel at thy feet,
And those hands, which delighted in favours bestow-
ing,

Shall kiss, while we hear thy dear accents so
sweet.

Even now, when thine own precious month shall
have past,

“ Our Mother ” is still the best title thou hast.

DIVINE TEARS.

WHILE Angels poured their jubilant strains,

In songs of rapturous mirth,

And humble shepherds left their plains,

To greet Him at His birth ;

While Heaven and earth, with one accord,

A joyous advent kept,

Jesus—the newly born Lord,

Amid rejoicings—wept.

Ah ! why those tear-drops, now that flow,

Upon His infant cheek ?

Source of all joy ! whence comes this woe ?

What is it Thou dost seek ?

Those precious tears were shed, that we

In Him delight may find ;

And that our hardened hearts may be,

Touched, softened, and resigned.

In manhood, too, with moistened eye,
He views Jerusalem—when,
With saddened heart and pitying sigh,
Those tears He sheds again;
How gladly, would His sheltering care
Have folded her, with love!
And now—constrained to mourn her there,
While tears His sorrow prove.

Above the grave of him He loved—
Where Lazarus in death sleeps,
Again, His loving heart is moved,
Again, the Man-God weeps.
In wonder gazed they, who stood by,
Upon that saddened brow;
“See, how He loved him,” was their cry,
“For, see He mourns him now.”

Blest are those hallowed drops which fall;
Each tear a priceless gem;
Nor could the wealth of monarchs all,
In worth, compete with them.
Oh, softening, healing, heavenly dew!
Fall on each icy heart,
Which ne’er Thy tender influence knew,
And to it heat impart.

Then, who could ever doubt the love
With which that heart o’erflows;
When, now its tenderness to prove,
It thus such weakness shows?
Oh, sacred tears! Oh, happy tears!
All fruitful and divine!
No joy to me so sweet appears,
As does this grief of Thine.

SEVEN SORROWS.

CLOSER, does she her precious child enfold;
 Simeon's words (prophetic words are they)
 For her a deep, a poignant meaning hold,
 And sink into her tender heart to-day—
 That infant brow, on which she loves to gaze,
 A cruel thorny wreath shall one day crown;
 That fragile form, which now such grace displays,
 Beneath a cross shall helplessly fall down.
 No sword hath edge as piercing or as keen,
 As this foreshadowing to her soul had been.

Again she hears the mandate from on high,
 Which bade her o'er the trackless desert speed,
 'Neath Joseph's faithful guardianship to fly.
 Ah! now she clasps, with tenderness indeed,
 That cherished Babe, to her maternal breast,
 Whose guileless life so eagerly is sought.
 When wilt thou, patient, dearest Mother, rest;
 Since here repose or comfort thou has nought?
 Perhaps, when safe beyond the tyrant's power,
 Thou mayest know some calm and restful hour.

Oh, blissful rest, how short-lived and how brief:
 Her Son divine she misses, and must find—
 How great is now this anxious Mother's grief.
 To losses all, save this, she is resigned.
 Her lonely heart must seek Him everywhere.
 Oh, will she not redoubled love bestow
 On Him—when once again beneath her care?
 Who now can understand her deep, deep woe?
 Console thyself, sweet lady, no harm can befall
 Him whom thou seekest—thy child, thy God, thy all

Later on, when manhood's years were reached,
Bearing His cross, He met her saddened sight;
Those, even for whom He laboured, lived, and
preached.

Would thus His zeal and tenderness requite.
Meek as lamb, beneath the load which pressed,
With leaden weight, upon His shoulders bare.
What now the sorrow which her heart oppressed,
As with breaking heart, she gazed upon Him
there.

Oh, mark His looks of tender love, which meet
His Mother's glance in that cold, friendless street

Of sufferers, truly thou art now the chief,
As 'neath the cross, besprinkled with His blood,
I see thy tender heart, nigh crushed with grief,
And as tho' fastened to its cruel wood.
Oh! harder, e'en than adamant, the heart,
That could, unmoved, behold thine aspect here,
All lonely, desolate, and stricken as thou art!
Pause, pause, my soul, and shed for her a tear.
Solace, if thou canst, this sorrow-laden heart,
Which feels, as none e'er felt, grief's sharpest dart.

In her maternal arms enclasped once more,
I see Him, not as I have seen of old,
In all the loveliness His infancy then wore;
Ah! here, a pale, disfigured form I behold.
That blood-stained face—that cold and pallid brow,
Can this be Him—her own and treasured child?
Ah, who can fathom half her anguish now?
A queen of martyrs—well and fitly styled.
I see her pluck the thorns from His brow,
But, alas! no life-throb lingers in it now.

Those countless wounds—each wound a wordless
pain,
Had made thy Jesus to thy heart more dear ;
Nor long with thee thy treasure must remain ;
They bear Him hence, and leave thee still more
drear,
Thou model blest of true devoted love !
Chequered, indeed, hath been thy life-long path,
But now the glory thou enjoyest above,
For thee a recompense more ample hath.
To share the bliss of thy dear Son, is thine,
And see those wounds for ever glorious shine.

SIGHS OF AUTUMN.

LISTEN to the plaintive sighing,
Of the autumn winds to-day ;
Louder now, then softly dying,
Like a requiem passed away.
Weird-like do their sounds float o'er me,
Memories old come crowding fast ;
Fancy conjures up before me
All the dear and buried past.

Friends and scenes that no to-morrow
Can to warmth and life recall ;
And a gentle wail of sorrow
Seems upon my ear to fall.
No Æolian harp doth render
Softer, sweeter strains than these,
As they steal, in tones so tender,
Through the russet-tinted trees.

Is it nature's voice complaining
For the sunny hours that sped ;
For the golden glories waning
Which the summer round her shed ?

Ah ! ye zephyrs, cease your weeping
Autumn still hath beauties fair,
Though the shadows dim are creeping,
And less fragrant is the air.

Gentle winds ! ye breathe of sadness,
Which the spirit seems to haunt ;
Yet I love no song of gladness
As I do your plaintive chant.
Strange, the spell ye fling around me,
In which potent magic lives ;
Sombre fancies ye have found me,
Kindred sighs my sad heart gives.

Though at times as roughly shaken
As the falling, rustling leaves,
Though responsive echoes 'waken
To the plaint your music weaves,
Joys we may not even number,
Countless gifts to us are left
Still within the autumn slumber,
While it seems of all bereft.

THE END.

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Archibald
Memorial

WITHDRAWN

